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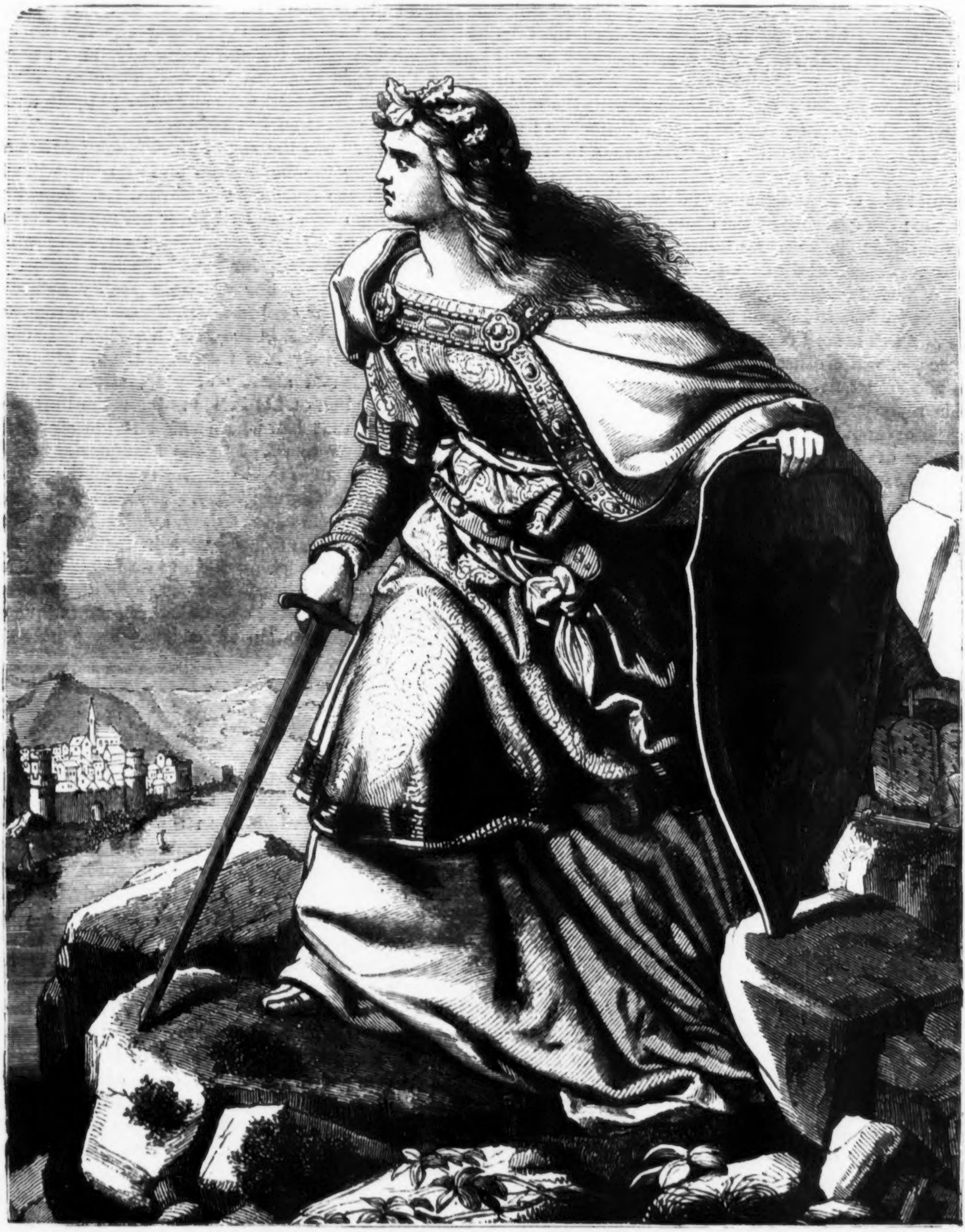


THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—GERMANIA AT THE RHINE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By Archibald Forbes.

In the nature of things all wars must be studded thick with dramatic incident. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" exist, indeed, chiefly in the poet's imagination; for soldiers leave off the gaudy gewgaws of peacetime when the actual hard marching and hard fighting have to be done, and only put on their gauds again should it be their fortune to return victorious from the campaign. Just as a ship meets the hurricane under bare poles, so does an army in the field clear for action by laying aside the plumes and epaulets and tinsel generally that make up its "pomp and circumstance" on the peaceful parade-ground at home. But war has intrinsically a singular force of dramatic interest. The *Ausmarsch*, as the Germans call it, pregnant alike with proud aspirations and with bitter anguish—the heart-swelling at the strains of "The girl I leave behind me" contending with the other heart-swelling; the eagerness for martial distinction; the whirl and turmoil of the battle, the "rapture of the fray," as Kinglake styles it; the spasms of hope of success alternating with those of apprehension of defeat; the long strain of suspense; the cheering of the charge and the groaning of the wounded; the swelling triumph of the victory or the bitter realization of the defeat—all these things present a drama of varied emotional interest, the lurid fascination of which never fails to inthrall the world.

But while this is so, the story of some wars is comparatively prosaic, while others teem with sensations outside that of the actual fighting, and so present an exceptionally wide range of melodramatic incident. Of no war of modern times can this be more truly said than of the Franco-German war of 1870–1. Its story abounds with what in stage parlance are called "situations"; its every episode was sensational. It was a strife, not so much of political friction, but of great nation against great nation. The hearts of the people were in it: empires and dynasties were the stakes; monarchs and the offspring of monarchs were in the field; it shattered one imperial dynasty and it created another.

The difficulty is not to find its melodramatic incidents, but to make a selection of them out of the wealth of those which are the most striking. In the early days of June, 1870, the atmosphere of Europe is that of profound peace. Earl Granville, the British Foreign Minister, has made the statement that there is not a cloud, or the shadow of a cloud, in the political sky. A few days later King Wilhelm of Prussia is quietly rusticating at the little watering-place of Ems. There besets him there Benedetti, the French Ambassador to his Court. Benedetti demands, in the name of his master, the Emperor Napoleon, that King Wilhelm will disavow his sanction to the candidature of his kinsman, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, for the throne of Spain. Wilhelm replies that his sanction has not been asked, and Prince Leopold simplifies matters, and seemingly resolves the difficulty, by declining to be a candidate. But this does not satisfy Benedetti's master. Benedetti is instructed to obtain from King Wilhelm a categorical promise that in the future, under no circumstances, will he permit a German Prince to become a candidate for the throne of Spain. Then the old man's blood is stirred. He declines to give any such promise. Benedetti, pursuant to instruction, persists in the endeavor to exact the promise, or to sting Wilhelm into an angry refusal. He accosts the old king on the promenade. Wilhelm's face flushes with hot wrath; but he forgets not the dignity of his kingship. Looking over Benedetti as if he were a worm on the pavement, he says to his aide-de-camp, Count Lehndorff, "Tell this gentleman I have nothing to say to him!" and then he turns on his heel and stalks away, leaving the Frenchman *planté là*.

And so begins the war that, sought by that Frenchman's master, is to hurl the latter from his throne—a war none the less that the declaration of hostilities comes from France, the preparations for which had been maturing in Germany, under the superintendence of Moltke and Roon, ever since Bismarck, when he left the Tuileries three years before, took away the conviction that war between France and Germany was inevitable, and that the task before him was to get Germany ready for the contest, postpone the crisis till she was ready, and bring it on when that consummation had been attained. Napoleon, Wilhelm and Benedetti were alike the puppets and playthings of the great burly Chancellor.

"*À Berlin!*" was the cry of the French soldiers as they marched along the boulevards of Paris amid the frantic applause of the spasmodic boulevardiers. The braggart cry came from an army that never got nearer Berlin than the frontier of France—came from an army which Le Boeuf warranted ready for war to the last button on the last soldier's gaiter, but which in reality lacked every attribute of an army save the gallant courage that, with all his faults, is inherent in the French soldier. In Germany there was infinitely less throat-splitting, but infinitely more method and alacrity of preparation. Moltke had touched that bell of his in his room in the bureau of the general staff, that bell whose sound is the signal for the telegraph wires to speed to the headquarters of the respective army corps the signal for the mobilization of the reserves of the German army. That army is a national army, a microcosm of the nation, and the hosts which hurried to the German frontier were in reality the flower of the German nation going forth to do battle for King and Fatherland. Just because this was so, there was at once an unique glow of patriotic enthusiasm and an unique volume of subdued lamentation throughout the land. For the greater part of the reserve men were husbands and fathers; and so wherever rose high the din of the cheers, there was an undertone of quiet sobbing alike from castle and cottage.

The Guard Corps of Prussia is defiling across the bridge over the canal, and marching up Unter den Linden on its way to the railway-station on the outskirts of the capital. One of the lower windows in the Royal Palace is wide open, and at it stands the venerable King Wilhelm, Queen Augusta, his wife, and his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess, whose gallant husband has already left Berlin to take command of his army. The same night the King himself is departing from his capital; for he, too, old as he is, will make the campaign; and he stands here in the familiar window, at once to greet his troops as they march forth to the battle and to say farewell to his Berliners. The rays of the slanting Summer sun ere they strike his snow-white hair light up the statue of Frederic the Great, sitting there on the warhorse over against the palace-front. *Alte Fritz* looks grimly down on his own descendants and on the descendants of the stalwart warriors whom he led so often to victory. Wilhelm is no orator, and oratory on such an occasion would jar on the German character. He says a few plain, manly, feeling words to the throng outside that is hanging on his accents; speaks of his reluctance for war, of the justice of the cause, of his trust in Providence, of his confidence in the valor of his soldiers; then he tells the Berliners that he leaves to them the care of those nearest and dearest to him; and the old man has said his say with a glisten in his eyes and a break in his voice as the last words come from him ere he turns from the window to get ready for the road.

On the early morning of August 2d it happened to me to be riding with a German patrol along the foreposts in front of Saarbrück. On the Spicheren height, over against us, within easy rifle-range of us, was camped Frossard's division of the French army. As we rode there came to us from Frossard's camp great gusts of clamorous cheering. One of the Uhlans with me opined that the cheering was caused by the news of a French success somewhere; the other ascribed it rather to an extra issue of wine. How were we to know, what was the actual fact, that the French Emperor had come down to the frontier to make a military promenade, wherewith to encourage his Parisians, and that the boy Prince Imperial, the lad whom the Uhlans called "Lulu," had been brought with his father, that he might obtain what was grandiloquently termed his "baptism of fire"? Five hours later that rite was being duly administered to the lad whom, nine years later, I saw lying a mangled corpse on the bloody sward by the Ityotyosi River. The skirmish of the 2d August was not the only occasion on which the Prince Imperial was under fire in the Franco-German war. He told me in Zululand that on the morning of the 15th August, the day after the battle of Borny, he and his father were breakfasting in the garden of the chateau of Longueville, on the southern side of Metz. A German battery audaciously galloped up within range and opened fire on the battalion covering the chateau. Shells crashed through the roof of the building and fell among the soldiers. One burst in a group of officers breakfasting in an adjacent *bosquet*, and killed three of them. The chateau of Longueville became overhot quarters for Napoleon and his son, and the same afternoon the Imperial cortége left Metz and the army of Bazaine altogether, and hied itself inland to Chalons.

What scene in history is more dramatic than that which occurred on the hill of Donchery, over against Sedan, on the afternoon of the 1st September, 1870? Twice before daylight the German hosts, fighting hard, had been pushing their way to grip, in their iron clasp, the doomed army that MacMahon had led into the valley of the Meuse. At length the environment had been effected, and the French army was struggling in vain to break the circle of steel that had girdled it about, all in a chaos of confusion and bewilderment as it was. The picture of that terrible afternoon rises before my eye as I write, the cruel ring of German fire, ever gathering in more closely on that plateau, whereon stood the Frenchmen, as in a shambles; the storm of shell-fire that tore lanes through the dense masses all exposed there to its pitiless pelting; the impotent yet vehement protests against the inevitable, in the shape of furious sorties; now a wild, headlong charge of Marguerite's cuirassiers, thundering in glittering steel-clad splendor down the slope of Illy, with a whirl of impetus that seemed resistless, till the biting fire of the German infantrymen smote the charging mass fair in the face, and rolled riders and horses over into swift, sudden death; now the frantic gallop to their death of a regiment of light horsemen on their gray Arab stallions, up to the very muzzles of the needle-guns that the German linesmen held with so unwavering steadiness; now a spurt of red-trousered foot soldiers darting against a chance gap in the stern ring of environment, quelled too surely by the ruthless flanking fire. No semblance of order there; no symptom of leadership; simply an inferno, in the heart of which writhed an indiscriminate mass of brave men, with no thought save of fighting it out to the bitter end!

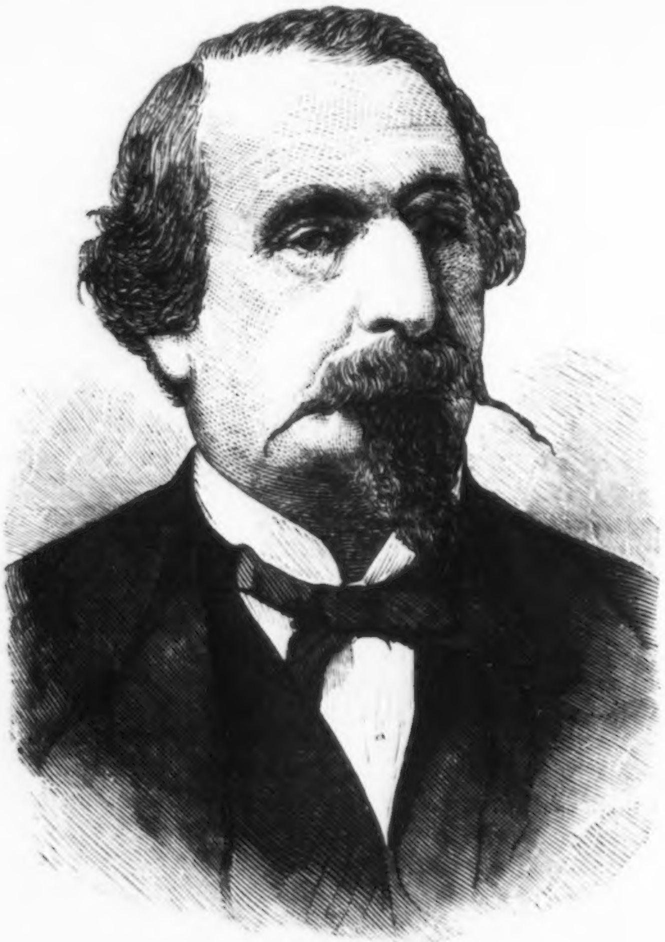
But the bitter end—the dire extremity of annihilation—is averted by Napoleon, who for once since the war begun takes heart to think and act on his own inspiration. From the Prussian King's headquarters, on the hill of Donchery, is discerned a horseman riding from out the smoke that envelops Sedan, accompanied by another, bearing a white flag fluttering from the end of a lance. He must be the bearer of a flag of truce. As he approaches the King, who has risen at his approach, he dismounts; and a Prussian officer, who had ridden down to meet him, announced him as General Count Reillé, personal aide-de-camp to His Majesty the Emperor of the French. At the word a thrill runs through the staff of the German monarch, for it has not been hitherto suspected that Napoleon is down there amidst that cloud of fireflecked smoke. Reillé's lip quivers as with a low bow he hands a letter to King Wilhelm, who goes a little aside to read it, accompanied by Bismarck. The note is signed "Napoleon," and it runs:

> "Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I tender my sword to Your Majesty, and ask you to receive my surrender."

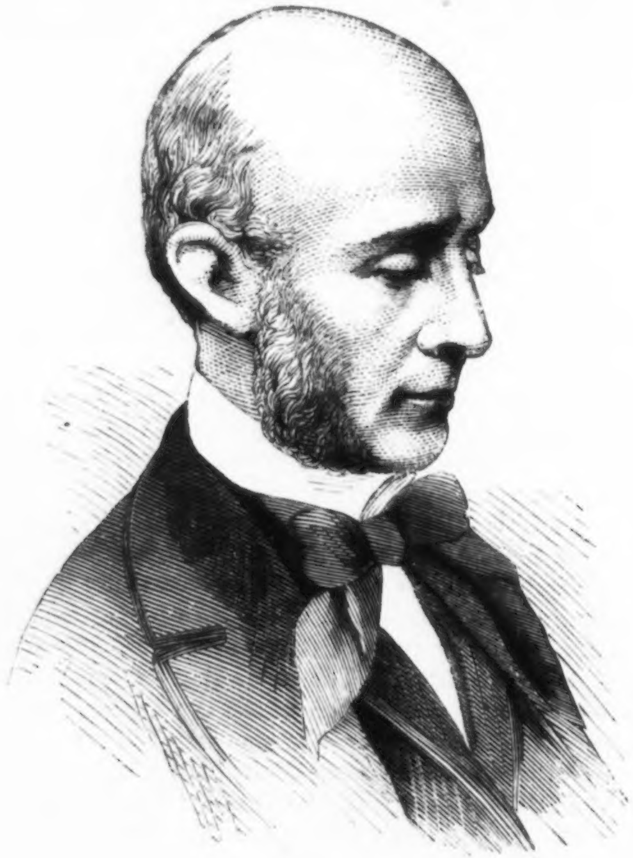
I wonder whether, as he realized the significance of these lines, Wilhelm thought of his mother, and of the heartless indignities which the First Napoleon heaped upon Louisa in her own palace at Berlin, when she appealed to him for forbearance in the hour of her own and her country's need, after Prussia's defeat at Jena by the *grande armée* of Napoleon?

Political and military reasons alike demanded the postponement of the acceptance of Napoleon's surrender; and Reillé, with drooping head, rode back into the fortress-city, with a reply that asks for explanations. Meanwhile the news that the Emperor is inside Sedan has spread through the adjacent soldiery; the shout "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" as every forefinger points into Sedan, darts through the excited ranks with the swiftness of lightning, till it culminates in a roar that drowns the rattle of the musketry fire.

The scene changes to the following morning, and to that stretch of *chaussée* between Donchery and the village of Frenois. See Bismarck spring suddenly from his horse, at the sight of a face in that shabby carriage that is coming toward him from the direction of Sedan! Is he excited for once, that he lets the beast go, forgetting even to keep hold of the rain, as he approaches the carriage, and doffing his cap, bows low? Well may he be stirred from his wonted composure! Note him to whom he bows—the man with the leaden-colored face, the lines of which are drawn and deepened as if by some spasm—the man with the disheveled mustache and the weary—oh, so weary!—stoop of the shoulders! That face is familiar to all Europe, but with a different expression; it is the face of Napoleon the Third—and last. Bismarck has recovered his impassiveness ere the Emperor alights, and engages in that strange conference with him outside the weaver's cottage by the edge of the road. Surely that conference is the spectacle of the century for the Old World! And yet so few witness it; only the passing men of the German provision-trains, uncouthly bellowing as they pass, "*Wo ist denn der Napoleon?*" only a handful of German staff chatting on the grass with the three French generals who are Napoleon's companions; only the two stalwart white cuirassiers who stand sentry with drawn swords behind Napoleon's chair, formally constituting him a prisoner; only my companion and myself by the garden hedge, listening to the hoarse murmur of Bismarck's voice, and



NAPOLEON III.

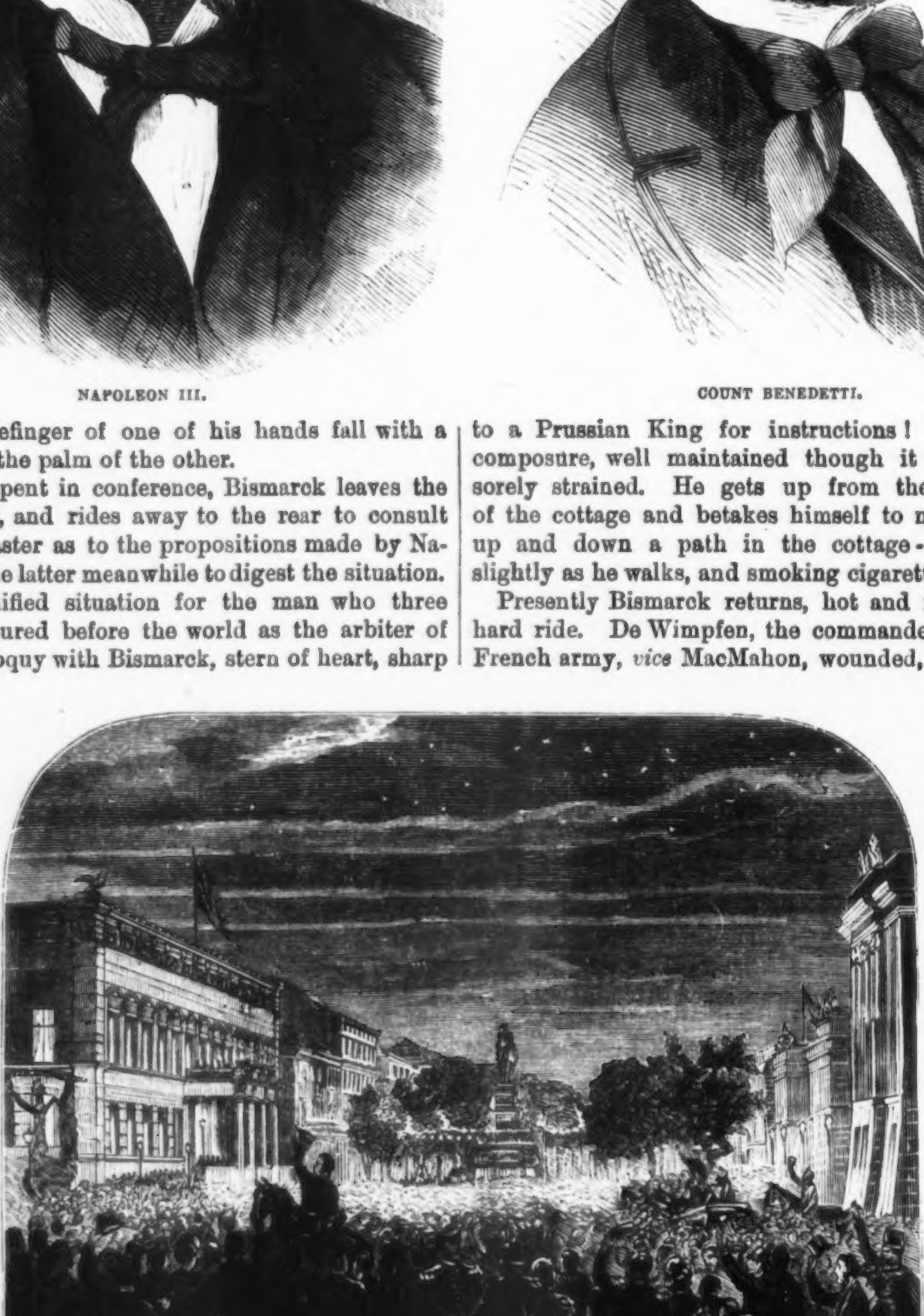


COUNT BENEDETTI.

watching the forefinger of one of his hands fall with a little smack into the palm of the other.

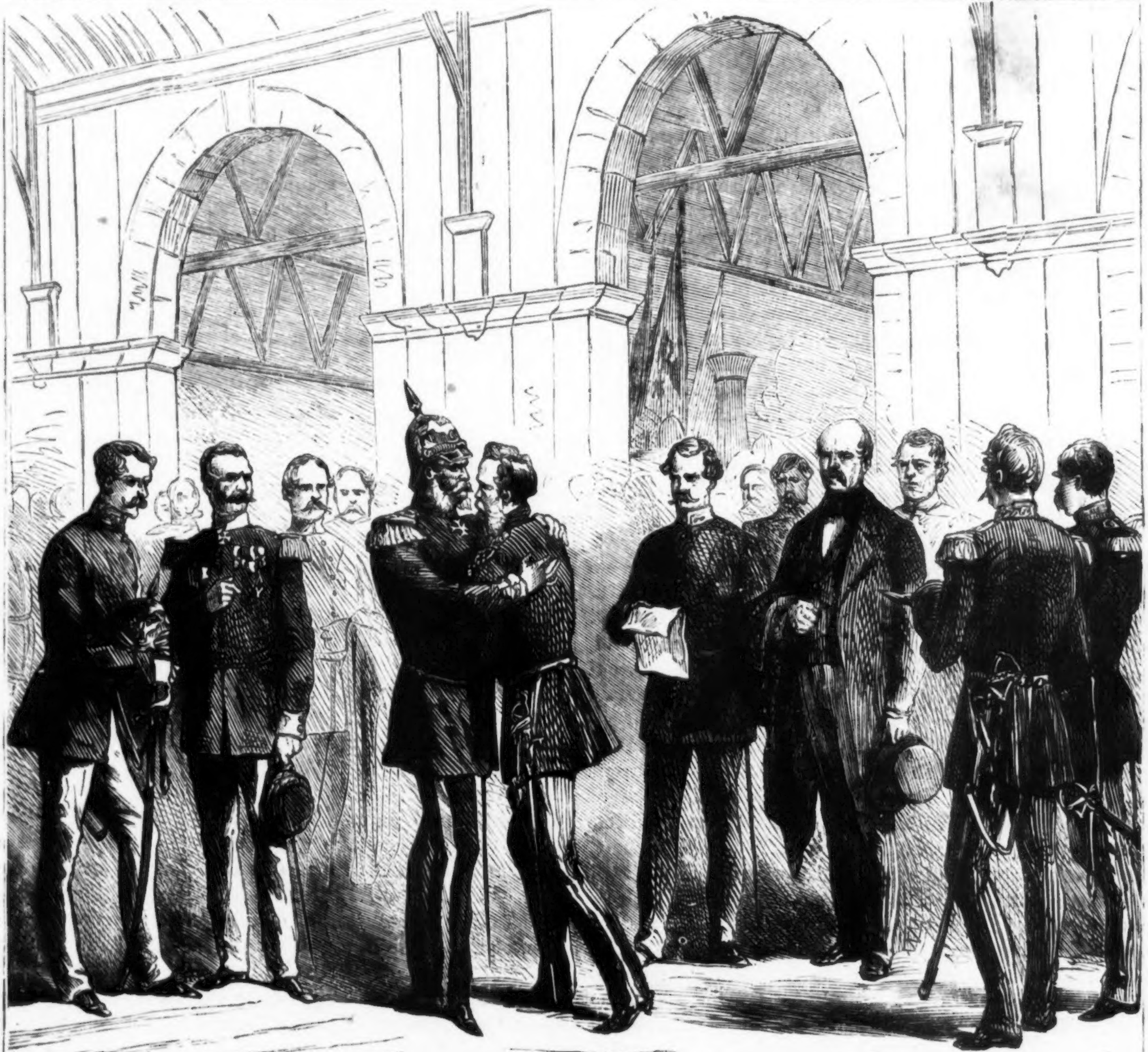
After an hour spent in conference, Bismarck leaves the French Emperor, and rides away to the rear to consult his own royal master as to the propositions made by Napoleon, leaving the latter meanwhile to digest the situation. It is not a dignified situation for the man who three months ago postured before the world as the arbiter of Europe! A colloquy with Bismarck, stern of heart, sharp if courteous of speech, unyielding in resolve, for an hour or more; for another hour or more a spell of suspense while the man who had vanquished should pronounce the destiny of the vanquished. He, the Emperor of the French, the proudest monarch in Europe, kicking his heels on the roadside by a weaver's cottage, while a Prussian Count gallops to a Prussian King for instructions! The Emperor's composure, well maintained though it be, is obviously sorely strained. He gets up from the chair in front of the cottage and betakes himself to moodily tramping up and down a path in the cottage-garden, limping slightly as he walks, and smoking cigarette after cigarette.

Presently Bismarck returns, hot and flushed from his hard ride. De Wimpfen, the commander-in-chief of the French army, *vice* MacMahon, wounded, hesitates to conclude its capitulation, and until that is completed, Wilhelm declines to see Napoleon and to recognize his individual surrender. So Napoleon re-enters his carriage, and, accompanied by Bismarck and escorted by the cuirassiers, he is conducted some distance on the road back toward Sedan, until the Chateau Bellevue is reached. Here he is permitted to alight,



SCENE BEFORE THE KING'S PALACE, BERLIN—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF WAR.

and he wearily trails himself up its steps and throws himself upon a sofa in the drawing-room to wait until the argument is ended between Moltke and De Wimpfen. The latter is very obstinate; but Moltke has certain logic at his command that is sternly convincing. He begs the French general to accompany him from the dining-room of the Chateau Bellevue, where the conference as to the capitulation is being held, out on to the little esplanade that commands a wide view of the adjacent country. There he grimly points out how a ring of over four hundred Prussian field-guns, each gun unlimbered and ready for action, encircles Sedan and the broken army huddled up under its ramparts, ready at the word to commence a bombardment that would have been a butchery.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA EMBRACING THE CROWN-PRINCE BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR THE FIELD.

"It is now twenty minutes to twelve," quietly remarks Moltke. "Our cannon are ordered to open fire at noon; and the order will only be countermanded if the capitulation is signed before that hour!"

De Wimpfen sees the force of Moltke's arguments, returns to the chateau and affixes his signature to the capitulation. Napoleon's surrender as a prisoner of war is consummated with the surrender of his army. No obstacle now exists to the meeting he has craved for between Wilhelm and himself. Soon a clatter of scabbards is heard on the road leading to the chateau, and Wilhelm canters up on his black charger, accompanied by the Crown Prince and a large escort of staff officers. As Wilhelm dismounts, Napoleon comes down the steps to salute him.

What a greeting! The German, tall, upright, bluff, square-shouldered, with the flash of victory from the keen blue eye under the helmet, and the flush of success on the fresh cheek. The Frenchman, bent, leaden-faced, his eye drooping, his lip quivering, bare-headed and disheveled. As the two clasp hands silently, Napoleon's handkerchief is at his eyes, and Wilhelm's face is working strangely.

A dramatic scene, truly, in itself; but how much more dramatic when the occasions of the previous meetings between these two men are remembered! So far as I know, these were but two. In the year 1814, when the Prussians and Russians were in occupation of Paris, and Napoleon I. had already been relegated to his exile in Elba, there was living in the Chateau of St. Leu, some ten miles to the north of Paris, a Queen without a throne—for she was the wife of a monarch who had abdicated—along with her two surviving sons, the elder of whom was about eight years of age. This Queen's chateau, undoubted Bonapartiste as the lady was, came to be regarded as neutral ground. The coterie in her drawing-rooms was sufficiently enticing. It was dull times for the conquerors, and the great men among them were fain to mix in the sparkling society that was open to them on the neutral ground in the chateau of St. Leu. Hither came once and again the Russian Emperor Alexander, with his minister, Pozzo di Borgo. Blucher preferred a skirmish to a *conversazione*, but Prince Augustus of Prussia would look in, and sometimes there came with him a slim, yellow-haired lad in a lieutenant's uniform, and with the down not yet budded on his lip. The mistress of the pleasant chateau was Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage, and wife of Louis Napoleon, that Bonaparte who preferred Lausanne and his library to the throne of Holland. The yellow-haired lad in the lieutenant's uniform of 1814 is to-day the white-haired monarch of Prussia, the victor of Sedan, and the elder of Hortense's two boys is he who is now standing with his handkerchief at his eyes on the gravel in front of the Chateau Bellevue.

Later these two men met again; this time in Paris, in 1867. Napoleon was in the zenith of his mushroom supremacy. The year before, his intervention had staid Prussia's hand when its clutch was closing on the throat of Austria, as the Prussian hosts lay on the Marschfeld, within sight of the spires of Vienna. All the nations of the earth had gathered to Paris to witness the varied splendors of that Great Exposition that filled the pavilions and corridors of the huge structure which flanked the Champs Elysées. The Emperors and Kings of Europe were the guests of the Tuileries, and King Wilhelm of Prussia, with his great Chancellor, Bismarck, and his illustrious general, Moltke, had the boy of St. Leu for host. The germ of the war, of which Sedan was an episode, had, it is true, sprung from an interview between Napoleon and Bismarck, in the course of this visit of the Prussian monarch to Paris, and the shadow of Sadowa had dulled the warmth of the greeting that the Parisians had given to Wilhelm; but the Prussian King had eaten the salt of the French Emperor—of the broken man who now stood crushed before him, waiting to learn what was to befall him. It was not strange that neither of the actors in this wonderful scene could restrain his emotion.

Two days later, while Napoleon was being escorted to Wilhelmshöhe as a prisoner of war, Paris was in the throes of one of its many revolutions. Grammont and Ollivier had collapsed, and the "gentlemen of the pavement," as Bismarck contumeliously styled the Provisional Governments, are in the ascendant. It is twilight in Paris on that turbulent 4th of September. A quiet brougham is waiting outside a little door on the river-front of the Tuileries, close by the Pont Neuf. There is no imperial crown on its panels, no imperial bees stud the plain harness; it is waiting, it is true, for an Empress, but it is no imperial carriage, but the brougham of Dr. Evans, a well-known American surgeon-dentist, long resident in the French capital. As the gloom darkens there emerges from the door a tall woman, plainly dressed, pale, but more self-possessed than the few friends who are her escort. She enters the brougham and it drives away, carrying into exile Eugenie, the wife of the man who is on his journey to the captivity of Wilhelmshöhe. France is a Republic, and the Empire is a contemned memory.

Perhaps the siege of Paris by the Germans was the most startling event in the modern history of the Old World since Napoleon the First, broke loose from his Elba exile, rode under the archway of the Place de Carrousel. Which was the stranger thing—that the rest of the world should be closed out from that city, which is, so to speak, the trysting-place of the world, or that Paris, the high change of the *flaneur*, the *canard*-monger, the shrewd leader of the *haut finance*, should be cut off from the rest of the earth, and utterly isolated for the space of four long months? It was, as it were, an ossification for the time of the heart of Europe, and the circulation of the continent's blood was broken and erratic, till the functions of its social heart were restored again. And that Paris should not only be isolated, but that in her isolation her great caravansaries and her sumptuous places of amusement should be turned into hospitals, wherein wounded men lay groaning; that her volatile population should become fighting men and Sisters of Mercy; that hostile shells should smite her high places, and hunger and torture her citizens! The writer of fiction who would have dared to introduce such an episode into his story would have been cried down by the critics for his wanton disregard of abstract possibility!

Fiction would not have dared to be so strange as the stern truth embodied in that environment of Teuton soldiery that surrounded the Queen City of the Old World from September, 1870, to February, 1871. While inside Trochu planned, ever unavailingly, outside, in Versailles, Bismarck grimly waited for the "physiological moment," and the palace of the *grand monarque*, with its proud inscription "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," was in use as an hospital for the wounded German soldiers. But on the 18th of January, 1871, the grandest *salle* of that palace, the sumptuous *Galerie des Glaces*, was cleared of the truckle-beds of the wounded soldiery, that it might be the scene for the proclamation of a new Emperor. The great mirrors that once reflected the splendor of the Court of Louis reflect to-day the varied uniforms of the German armies. Not Prussian uniforms alone do the mirrors reflect, but Bavarian, Würtemberger, Saxon, also, for to-day witnesses the consummation of German unity, and the creation, or rather the resurrection, of a German Empire. The raised dais at the upper end of the long hall is thronged with the princes and potentates of Germany, gathered there to proclaim as "the German Emperor" the square-shouldered, white-haired monarch who stands in the centre of the forefront of the throng. Behind and on either side of him are the men who have made that Empire—Bismarck, the planner; Moltke, the strategist; Roon, the army reformer. By his side, flushed with pride in his father, stands the gallant Crown Prince, scholar, general, patriot. Suddenly there stands forth the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with a clash of his sword as its scabbard-point rings on the polished floor. He waves his plumed helmet aloft, and shouts, "Hurrah for the German Emperor!" The deep-noted "Hoch!" is caught up vociferously by the throng; it is repeated over and over again, till the echo of the cheering booms out over the Place d'Armes below. The wounded soldiers in the adjacent galleries hear it as they lie, and they give it back in feebler, but not less earnest, tones. The Crown Prince is on his knees before the Emperor, his father, kissing the hand of father and Kaiser. The cannon bellow out the salute, the noise of which mingles with the firing of the fighting line out to the front by Montretout and Ville d'Avray. There is a flush of triumph on Bismarck's dark face, for the unity of Germany has been formally consummated, and the Empire of Charlemagne has been resuscitated.

The "physiological moment" came at last, postponed long enough to vindicate the heroism of Paris. She had succumbed only to direst need. It happened to me to be the earliest witness, from the outside, of the plight of hungry misery to which she had been reduced before she brought herself to suffer the humiliation of surrender. Wan citizens crept by on the unlit boulevards, before and since a parade of luxury and sleek affluence. No *cafés* invited the promenader with brilliant splendor of illumination and garish lavishness of decoration; for there were no promenaders to entice, no fuel to furnish gas, no dainty viands wherewith to trick out the plate-glass windows. The gayety, the profusion, and the sinfulness of that Paris which one had known of yore had given place to sombre dejection, to utter depletion, to decorum at once beautiful, startling and sad. The Red Cross floated from almost every house, indicative of sick and wounded inmates; bandaged cripples limped along the streets, and the only traffic was furnished by the interminable procession of funerals.

But there was to befall Paris a yet sorer humiliation than surrender—the entry within her gates of the conquering army. It is curious how history repeats itself. In 1814, when Blucher carried the heights of Montmartre and led his soldiers down into the city, a Prussian bandmaster composed a marching-tune for the occasion, which he called the "Pariser Einzugs-Marsch"—the "March for the Entry into Paris." It was brought into requisition again in 1815, when the Allies occupied Paris after Waterloo; and now once again Paris was to hear the appropriate strains, as the Teuton columns tramped past Napoleon's Arch of Triumph and flowed like a broad river down the Champs Elysées. But before the entry into Paris there was held a grand review on the plain of Longchamps, on the skirts of the Bois de Boulogne. To this day the foresters of the Bois point out the faint traces of long trenches in its glades, which they aver to having been the cooking-places of the Prussian army that camped there in 1815. And if you ask of a forester why there are no large trees in the Bois, notwithstanding that it is one of the most ancient forestal domains in France, he will assign the reason that the allied forces after Waterloo wrecked the old forest by cutting down the trees wherewith to boil their camp-kettles. A glorious pageant this review, as the old Kaiser on his strong, black horse cantered along the serried lines that stretched from the Cascade down to the verge of the village of Auteuil! Wilhelm himself refrained from leading the way into the subjugated city, and rode quietly back to Versailles, past the gaunt, fire-blackened skeleton of the once beautiful Chateau of St. Cloud. But his soldiers tramped on through the Bois to the Porte Maillot, and thence spread over that portion of the French capital which by arrangement was assigned for the temporary German occupation. From the Trocadero a whole division looked forth on the beautiful city. Lo! before the Teuton host lays Paris as in a panorama. Over against it, rose the gilded dome of the Invalides, below which lie the ashes of the great Napoleon. Behind, the grand pile of the Arch of Triumph reared its head. In the distance rose the towers of St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, Notre Dame. At the feet of the Germans wound the Seine, striped out with its beautiful quays, esplanades and bridges; beyond, the Champ de Mars, clad with the white tents of the French. Another division, marching straight down the Champs Elysées, saw from its bivouac-place on the Place de la Concorde, the garden-front of the historic Tuileries.

In the Place, the allegorical statues of the French city are draped with crape. Profounder than those hooding the others are the trappings of mourning on the statue of Strasbourg, the fair Rhine city that has been torn from France. And who is this tall, square man on the big horse, who, helmet on head and clothed in undress cuirassier uniform, sits in his saddle in the shadow of the statue of Strasbourg, and looks fixedly through the leafless trees of the garden at that corner of the Tuileries which is next the Rue Rivoli? Bismarck, from underneath the emblem of the province he has reft from France, as he sits here amid the consummation of that enterprise of which he has been the life and the soul, is looking at the windows of that room in the Tuileries wherein he and Napoleon had the interview in 1877, from which the former came out with the fixed conviction that the only solution of the problem at issue between France and Germany must be war. The conviction has been fulfilled, and to his triumph. Who shall say to what extent has it been that his conviction that the war was inevitable has been the cause of that war?

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

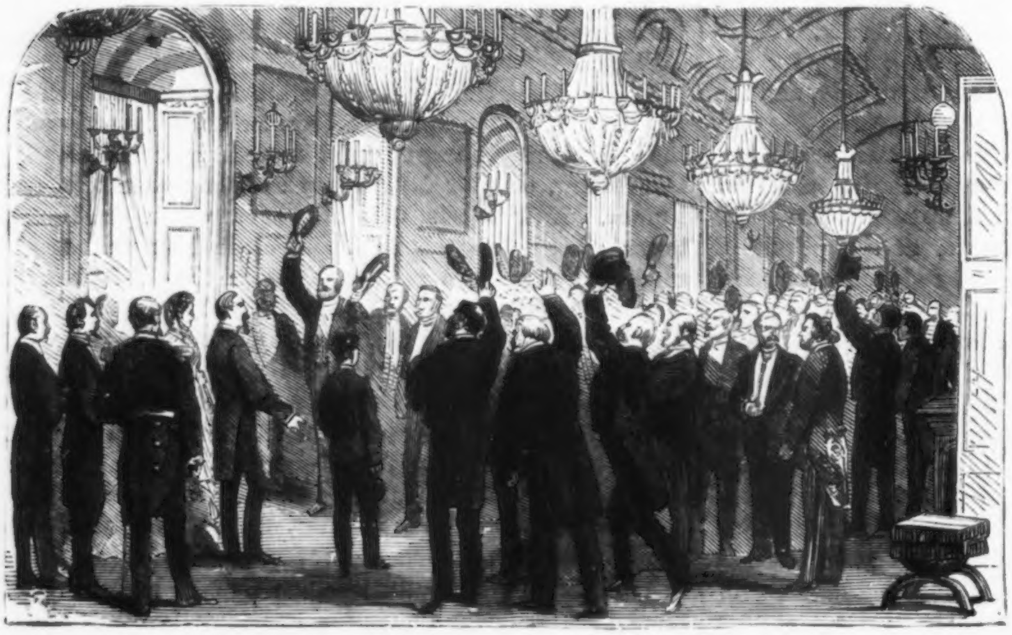
JOSEPH ADDISON, when the Right Honorable Robert Boyle knocked at the door of the garret in the Haymarket; the Heir of Linne, when the ceiling broke over his thriftless head, and the one "faithful friend" left to him stood confessed—were joyful men; but never a man, in fact or fiction, was more joyful than I, when, on a certain morning in the month of September, a letter was put into my hands bearing a country postmark. London, at all times odious to me, is peculiarly odious in September.

Since February I had been close locked in the embraces of the "stony-hearted stepmother," and I could see no remission of my doom. Others might repair the wall, but I could abide only in my breaches; and for the most insipid of all reasons—for the reason that there was no other place whereto I could betake myself. For me no door of hospitality creaked on generous hinge; no friendly hand beckoned to me; no voice, I could not hear, summoned me through the penny post. So in London I staid, and cursed my fate; for to go a-touring as my own host was beyond the question.

A combination of untoward events had for some time past confined me to a simple and retired mode of life, and had, indeed, brought me into disagreeable proximity to that "eternal want of pence" which, if Mr. Tennyson will permit me to venture on a more than conjectural emendation, is by no means confined to public men, among whom I have no pretensions to range myself.

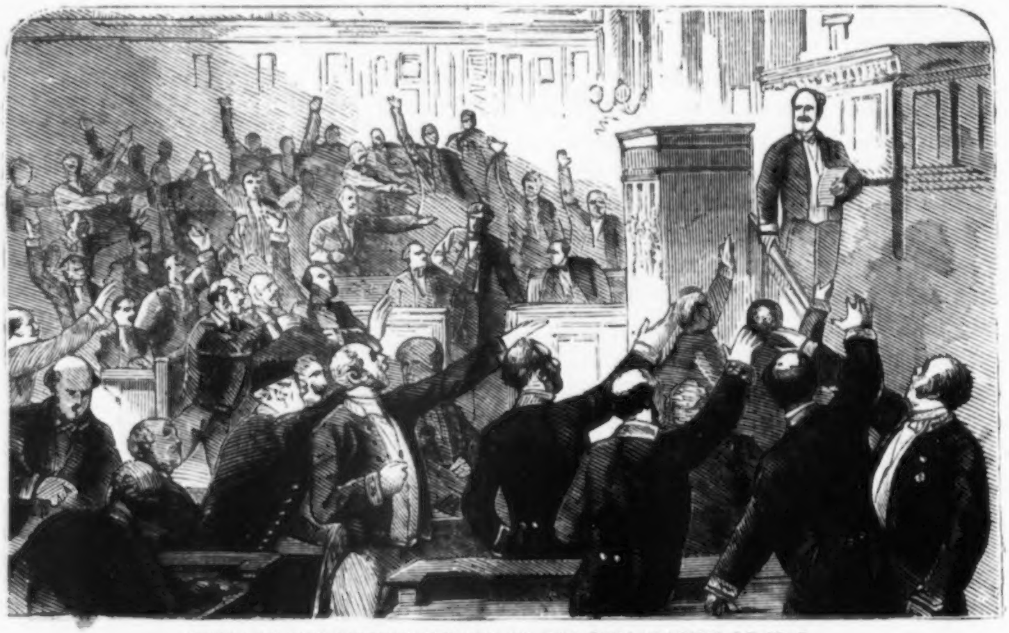
The letter was from my old friend and comrade of school and college, Matthew Morley. "Come down," it ran, "as quick as your own engagements and the Midland Counties' line will let you. Bring everything that you have necessary for hunting, shooting and fishing, save horses, birds, and fishes, which I will provide. Bring your best spirits and your best appetite, and stay till you have exhausted both. There is no party—only Jacky." Was ever written or read so perfect an invitation?

My preparations were soon made, and before almost I



NAPOLEON III. RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS OF THE SENATE.

had fairly realized my deliverance, I found myself whirling away through a sunny English landscape to fresh air, pleasant quarters, good company, and above, perhaps, and beyond all, to a blessed state of freedom, to a Utopia where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary one be at rest for a time.

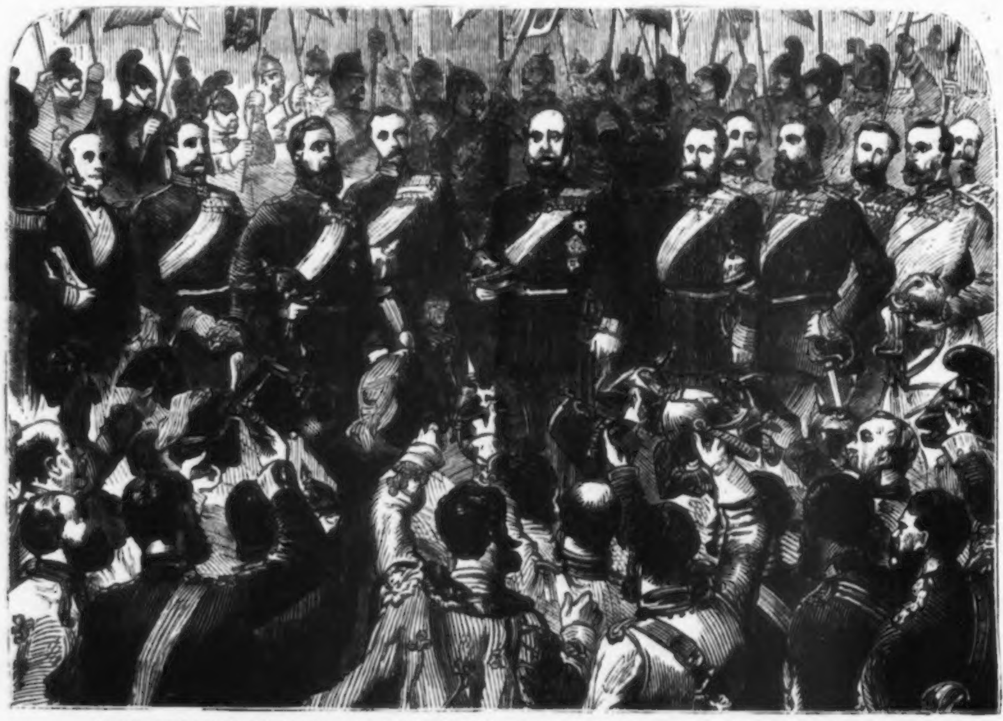


SCENE IN THE FRENCH SENATE ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

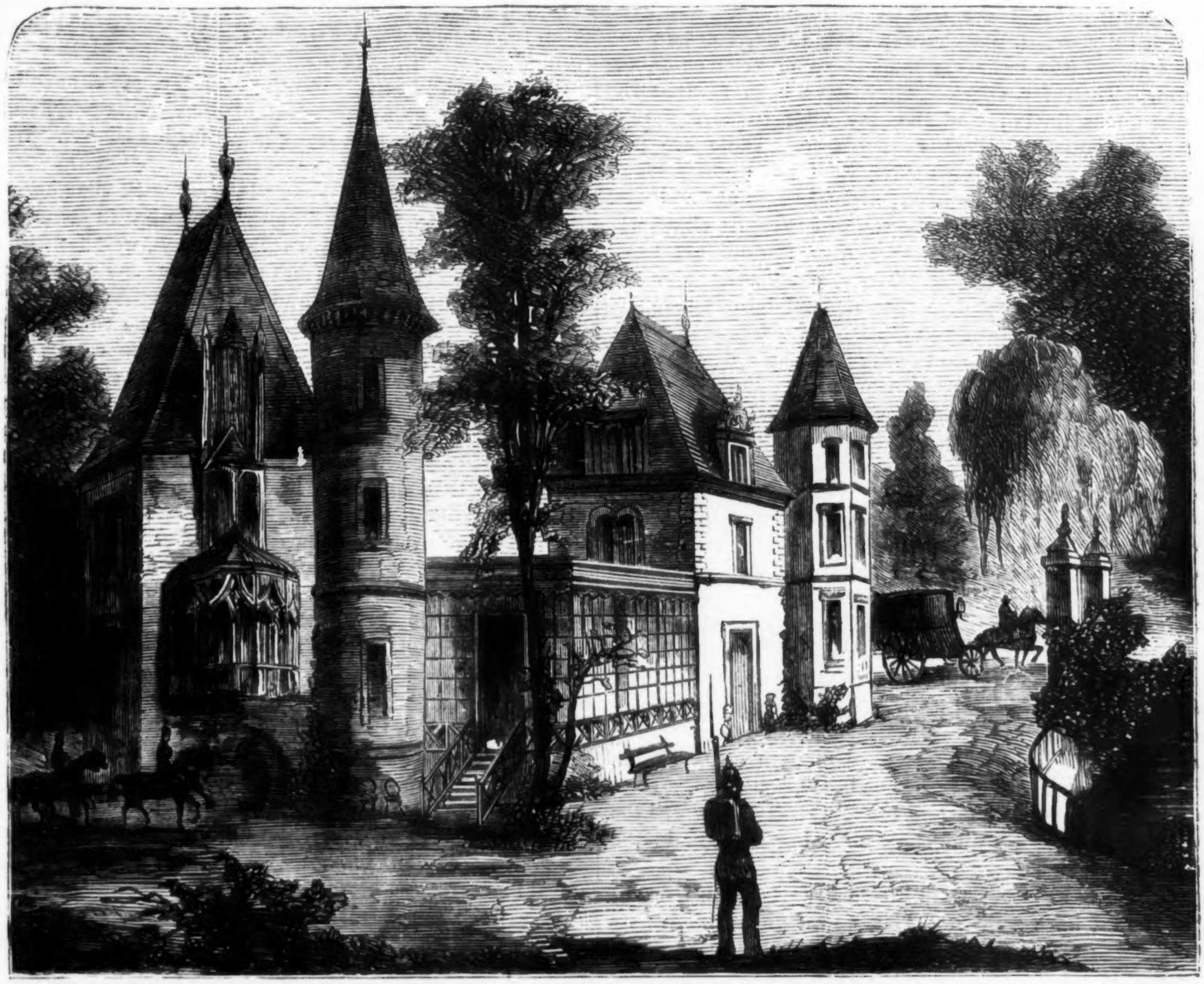
My friend Mat was universally acknowledged to be the "best fellow out." Whether he truly merited this tremendous distinction, I cannot undertake to decide; but he certainly was a very "good fellow." Handsome, clever, agreeable, and sufficiently rich, he was one of those rare and happy individuals who are equally popular with both sexes — nobody's enemy, in short, and least of all his own. His wife was a little, plump, sweet partridge of a woman, not precisely pretty, but very pleasant to look upon — well read, a capital talker, yet withal an excellent housekeeper. They had one child — a fat, curly-headed, blue-eyed boy, who promised, as his father said, to take a deal of spoiling. Altogether, they were a very charming couple, and kept a very charming house.

Jacky merits few words to himself. His name was Johnson, but he must not be confounded with the common wearers of that vulgar patronymic. A strange peculiarity gave him a status and a personality of his own, and that was an extraordinary affection for Ireland, and all people and things Irish. To pass for a son of that moist and melancholy soil was the master-passion of his heart, though he was English to the backbone, and had never, it was believed, set foot outside the country of his birth. But he had absorbed a vast amount of reading on the subject, chiefly of the romantic order.

Charles Lever, in particular, was the idol of his worship, and from him, and others who have written of the glories and the griefs of Erin's green isle, he had compounded a curious form of language which he

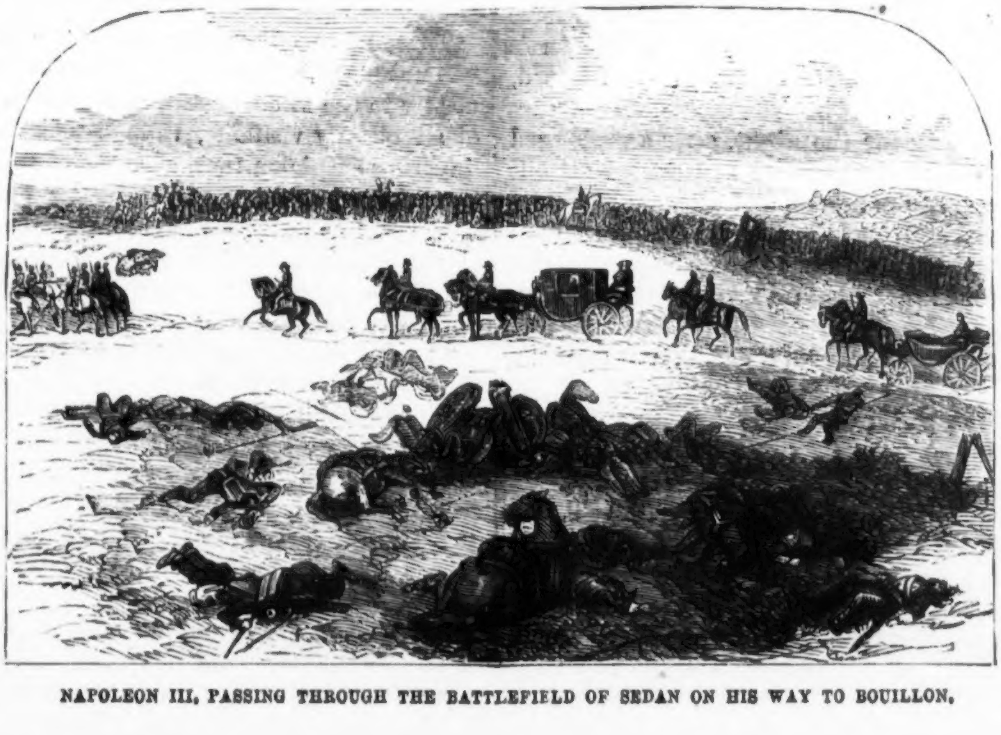


KING WILLIAM PROCLAIMED EMPEROR IN THE GALLERY OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES.



THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—CHATEAU OF BELLEVUE, WHERE NAPOLEON III. MET THE KING OF PRUSSIA. SEE PAGE 641.

delivered as one, he fondly conceived, to the manner born. For the rest, he was a vulgar, kind-hearted, merry little fellow, very liberal with his money, of which he always had a plentiful supply, and a past-master in all the theory of sport, though something less admirable in practice. How the friendship between him and Mat ever originated was a mystery, but firm friends they were, and for some years past there had existed a regular partnership between them in all their sporting arrangements. Such were the friends to whom I was bound.



NAPOLEON III. PASSING THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD OF SEDAN ON HIS WAY TO BOUILLON.

They were waiting for me at the station where I had been bid to alight. Jacky, on the platform, fat, radiant, and sunburned; and outside, Mat, in the neatest of dog-carts, with a wicked-looking bay mare between the shafts, in a mighty state of impatience to be quit of the broken-knee'd company in which she found herself.

"Jump up, my boy!" cried Mat. "The mare's a bit fidgety; your things will come on in the cart. Now, Jacky, gently with my springs. Sit tight!" and, with a tremendous bound, off we went. As we rattled along, Mat unfolded the plan of the campaign. He had got the place marvelously cheap, he said; as it was so big nobody would take it.

"It's a trifle out of repair, but we have put as much as we want in capital order.

One wing holds Jacky and us well enough. You'll be rather by yourself, but you won't mind that, I know; and old Parsons (the butler) is somewhere in your neighborhood. Then for sport. They have been rattling the clubs about finely; and the day after to-morrow they draw an outlying cover of my own. There are partridges, I know; and pheasants, I am told; and a moat, supposed to contain some pike of fabulous age and size. The cook is in rare fettle, and the last batch of claret will make your hair curl. Parsons says it does his heart good to see Jacky drink it. There, if these delights thy mind can move, come live with us, and be our love, till something better moves you!"

"Divil doubt him!" said Jacky; and he spoke my sentiments to a nicety.

We had turned off the high-road now, through a pretty, ivy-covered lodge, and were bowling along through rich, wide-stretching pastures, intersected with a variety of what Jacky was pleased to call most "gentlemanly" fences. Another gate, a sweep round a well-wooded little copse, and the house came in sight. Certainly it was a large and ancient-looking building. "A looming bastion topped with fire," it seemed, standing up square and grim against the setting sun. It formed three sides of a square, each wing being crowned at either end with a turret. In the centre a stone portico gave access to a long, low hall, paved with black-and-white marble. In front lay a well-shaven lawn, divided from the fields by a sunken fence, and a pair of light iron gates, of modern construction, hung between pillars of venerable stone. Behind, a large paddock, fringed with stately trees, stretched down to the home of the mighty pike, now gleaming crimson in the rich western light.

"A fine old place, indeed," I said, as I jumped down. "It should have a history, Mat, and a ghost, too, of its own."

Jacky looked at me, nodding mysteriously, and pursing up his fat lips, as though he could a tale unfold and he would.

"I don't know about the history," answered Mat, with a short laugh, "but some will swear to the ghost. But come, we have only just time to dress. Let me show you to your room."

'Twas a merry party sat down to dinner that night. Mat's wife seemed as pleased to see me as was her husband; the cook surpassed herself, and the claret was more than all my fancy painted it. Jacky must, I think, have drunk at least three bottles to his own share. "There's not a headache in a hogshead," he declared; and I hoped, for his sake, there was not.

As we were separating for the night, after a prolonged tobacco-parliament, during which we had settled all our own affairs and those of the nation, and after we had carefully corrected any possible acidity that might have lurked in the claret by the application of some very superior Scotch whisky, I asked Mat what he meant by his remark anent the ghost.

"Nothing," was the answer, with a yawn; "at least it's all nonsense."

"But what is it that's all nonsense?" I persevered.

"See here now——" began Jacky; but Mat stopped him.

"If Jacky once gets on the subject of ghosts he'll talk till the first Monday after eternity. It's some folly of the servants. There's a pretty kitchenmaid in love with one of the grooms, and she's reported by Parsons to have seen or heard something. You know what that means: if one servant begins, all the rest follow like a flock of sheep. Even old Parsons looks grave of mornings. Of course, as I say, it's all nonsense; but perhaps I should have warned you, if you have any particular fancies about that sort of thing."

"Not at all," I said; "on the contrary, my dear fellow, I look on this as a new proof of your generosity. It is not every man who provides a ghost for his friends. What do you think, Jacky?"

"Begorra," answered the little man, with the ghost, as it were, of a hiccough, "I don't know what to think of it at all, at all. But if there's a ghost, faith, we'll lay him in a Red Sea of Mat's claret, and what better can ye wish?"

This was unanswerable, and so to bed we went.

Whether it was the change of scene, the railway journey, the claret, or the whisky, or all these causes combined, I know not; but this I know, that I slept a deep, unbroken sleep, "like any christom child," till the sound of pouring water opened my eyes on the servant setting forth, for my delectation, a mighty tub; and that if all the ghosts that haunt the limbo of departed spirits were abroad that night, at least they disturbed not me.

Others, however, it seemed had been less fortunate. Parsons's face wore an air of severest gloom, as I encountered that worthy servant on my way to the breakfast-room, and his respectful greeting was clouded with a sense of injury. Within, I found all ill at ease. Jacky's appetite was almost gone—though that, to be sure, might have been the claret; but on his mind there evidently lay a weightier burden than all the claret that ever left the pleasant land of France could have imposed. Mat himself was short in speech and temper; while something far more serious than the fall of China had manifestly happened to render sweet Mrs. Mat no longer mistress of herself. That confounded ghost, I argued, mentally, for a ducat!

It was the ghost. It had been at its tricks again, and the cook had given warning. Here was matter for sorrow, indeed! The house was large, my nerves strong, my digestion good. All the ghosts that Mrs. Crowe ever heard of might, so far as I was concerned, have played their ghostliest on whomsoever and in whatsoever fashion they pleased; but the cook must not be disturbed. In her all our comfort, all our happiness, our very being, were centred.

> "She fills, she bounds, connects and equals all!"

For the first time I began to feel a real interest in the goblin.

There was no disguising the fact; the whole community was unhinged. Every one, I need scarcely say, from the master to the kitchenmaid, was loud in scornful disbelief of all ghostly visitants, though Jacky seemed to have a lingering suspicion that, as an Irishman, it did not behove him altogether to repudiate their existence. Despite, however, this universal skepticism, there was a sensation of uneasiness in the domestic atmosphere. Ghost or no ghost, the matter, it was generally felt, had exceeded the limits of a jest.

The day wore somewhat wearily away. We inspected the stables, but there was no proposal to have the horses out. We walked down to the moat, and stared at its muddy waters, speculating bitterly on the size of their inhabitants, but made no movement to put our speculations to the proof. We smoked a great deal, however, and all drank brandy-and-soda-water at luncheon. At dinner, as may be guessed, we were less hungry than thirsty.

The soup was pronounced excellent, and the claret attacked with a more than Bulgarian savageness. When our hostess left the dining-room, she left us for the evening.

Something, it was agreed, must be determined about this hideous goblin that threatened to destroy our peaceful home; and good Mrs. Mat was well aware of the importance of tobacco in masculine councils. An immediate adjournment was made, therefore, to the smoking-room; the "materials," as Jacky called the whisky, were produced; for in such a crisis our souls were too big for coffee, and Mat, of course, took the chair.

I need not particularize our deliberations. Unlike many of more national import, they had a practical result, and to that result I will come.

As I have said—or, as I think I have not said yet, as I will say now—a gallery ran round the house on the third and topmost story. Here were the rooms where the servants slept, and others, long dismantled, tenanted only by spiders and mice, and furnished mostly with cobwebs. In the centre of this gallery, fronting a deep bay-window, a wide staircase led to the lower story. Beneath the turrets, which crowned, as I have said, either end of the wings, a similar but smaller window admitted, through tiny diamond-shaped panes, a dim mysterious light. It was a gloomy place—a place of all others for a ghost; and here it was our particular goblin delighted to play its unhallowed pranks.

Here, then, it was resolved we should take our watch. It was from this gallery, or from its immediate neighborhood, that the sounds arose that disturbed the midnight slumbers of our domestics, and, as a natural consequence, poisoned the happiness of our own waking hours. If the ghost, then, came of mortal mold, and proved itself no more of phantom coinage than the Black Friar that visited Juan in the halls of Amundeville, here was the place where we should be most likely to lay hands on the rash intruder. If it came from below—I allude to the lower part of the house, not to that nether world to which disembodied spirits are vulgarly affiliated—it was obvious that it must pass to the scene of its operations by the staircase which we commanded. If in the gallery itself, or in the rooms opening on the gallery, was its lurking-place, then, at any rate, we could not be more conveniently posted to track it to its lair.

It had struck eleven when Mat gave the signal for departure. Armed each of us with a stout cudgel, and, stepping lightly with slippered feet, we set out for the scene of operations. A bright moon, shining nearly at the full in a cloudy sky, gave a fitful light to our passage. All around was at times as bright as day, but with an unnatural and fantastic brightness; and anon some passing cloud would plunge us and everything into a gloom peopled with all manner of spectral shapes and shadows. Whoever has made his way at such an hour and by such uncertain light through an old, half-empty house will understand the feelings with which we moved to our destined quarters.

"Foredoomed to ghosts and phantoms,
That gallant army came."

The disposition of our forces was as follows: Mat commanded in the centre, Jacky on the right wing, I on the left. There was no lack of concealment, of deep-set corners and umbrageous nooks, whence, like to beautiful-browed Œnone, we could see all, ourselves unseen. Ensconced in one of these coigns of vantage, a dusky recess at the extreme end of the left wing, and commanding the whole length of the gallery, up to the left of Mat's position, I watched and waited.

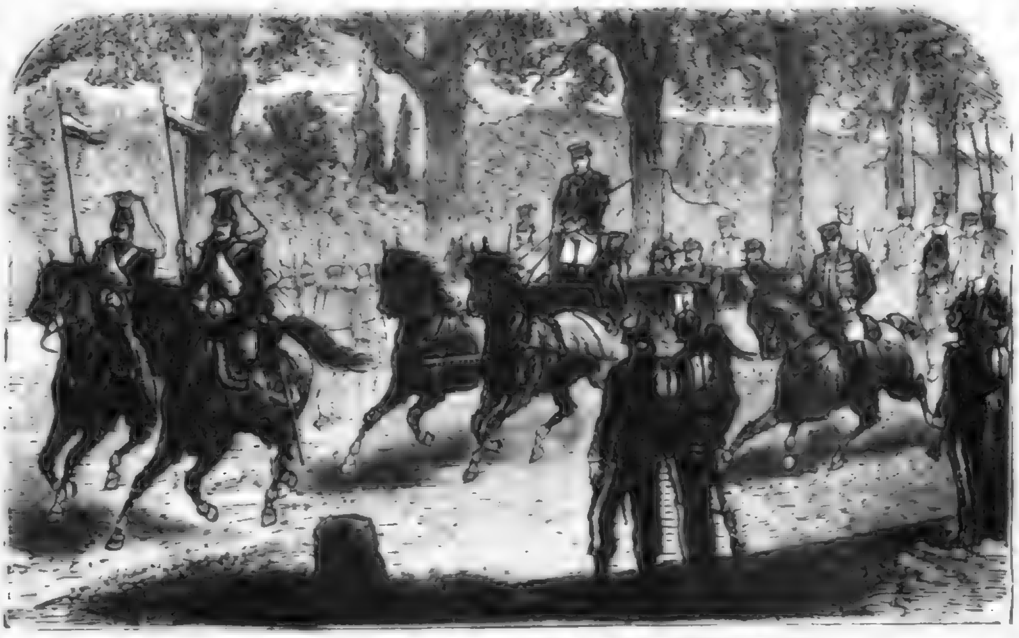
How long I had kept vigil I cannot precisely say, but I know that I had more than once caught myself nodding painfully. If only I might have smoked! The smallest and mildest of cigarettes would have been invaluable; but Mat had been careful to impress upon us the fatal objection to such a course. Tobacco, somebody once said—was it not Lord Beaconsfield?—is the tomb of Love; according to Mat, it was also the one tomb from which all ghosts, of the kind we expected to catch, distinctly refused to arise.

Cold, cramped, and comfortless, I had just been awaked to an unnatural consciousness by the sudden dislocation of my neck, consequent on a nod of abnormal violence, when there fell a sound, on what, in courtesy, I must term my listening ear, which set every nerve in my body tingling, and banished at once both the substance and the idea of sleep. It was a strange sound, unlike any I had ever heard before. It was not a cry, nor a groan, nor a sigh, but a compound, as it were, of all three—a very ghostly sound, indeed, and wide awake I was, from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, the instant I heard it.

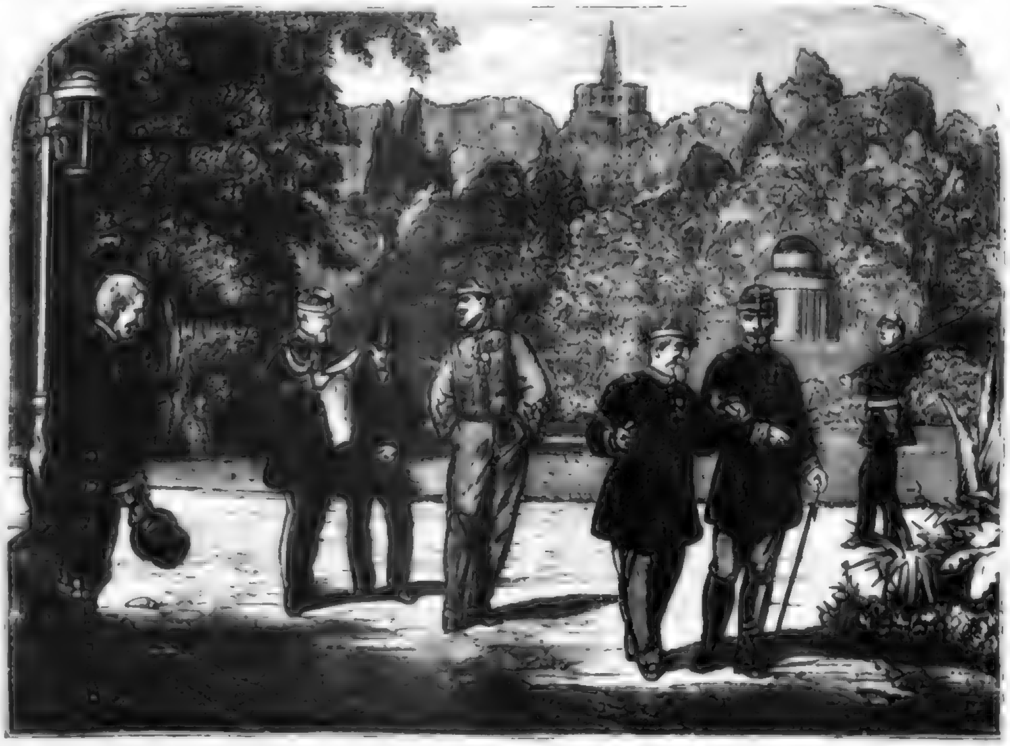
Whence it came I could not be certain, save that it was not from above or below, but on the level of the gallery itself; and as there was nothing behind me but the blank wall and the bow-window, it must obviously have come from some point between Mat's post and mine. Leaving my corner, then, I moved stealthily up to get touch, as the soldiers say, of the former's left. At that moment a larger and darker cloud than usual plunged the gallery into a deeper and more protracted gloom. As I passed by one of the disused rooms, through the half-open door of which the cool night-breeze, wafted in through a broken window, blew softly on my face, the cry was reflected with startling and sudden distinctness, while at the same instant something seemed to brush past my shoulder, so close as almost to touch me. Down the gallery, toward Mat, I heard a sound as of some rapid movement, through the upper air, for the oaken floor gave forth no sound of passing tread; and once again, but further this time and fainter, that strange ghostly wail rose and died away upon the night. I do not think—at least I like not to think—that I was frightened; but I set my teeth hard and took a tighter grip of my trusty stick, as, raising my voice as loud as I dared without waking the house, I called to Mat to be on his guard, and quickened my pace up the gallery. Once again, as I did so, I heard the cry, and that strange swooping sound, that "beat of invisible wings," as though some spirit of ill—Azrael, perhaps, himself—were abroad that night. The next instant I was round the corner.

No sight nor sound of either of my brothers on guard, though that cry, had they been on their posts, must have reached them as clearly as me! Had they played me false and sneaked off to bed, leaving me and the ghost to fight it out between us? What should I do? Follow their example, and leave the foe in undisturbed possession of the field? While I pondered, much perplexed and in no sweet temper, again the cry sounded, and this time, beyond all doubt, from Jacky's post on the right; but scarcely had it died away when another sound rose on the air, of a very different and less ghostly kind—a woman's voice, shrill and sudden; and close on it an exclamation, the purport of which I could not catch, but couched, unless my ears deceived me strangely, in Jacky's familiar tones. Even in the way of kindness, no ghost can be permitted to lift his hand against a woman! Off I set accordingly, burning with all manner of valiant resolves, and, turning the corner, ran full into the arms of one of the maids, a comely wench, with disheveled hair, far-streaming robe, and a petticoat thrown hastily over a pair of plump shoulders.

"The ghost, the ghost! It's got Kate!" was all the girl could gasp, as pointing down the passage, she disengaged



NAPOLEON ARRIVING AS A PRISONER IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.



THE CAPTIVE EMPEROR TAKING EXERCISE IN THE GARDENS OF WILHELMSHOHE.

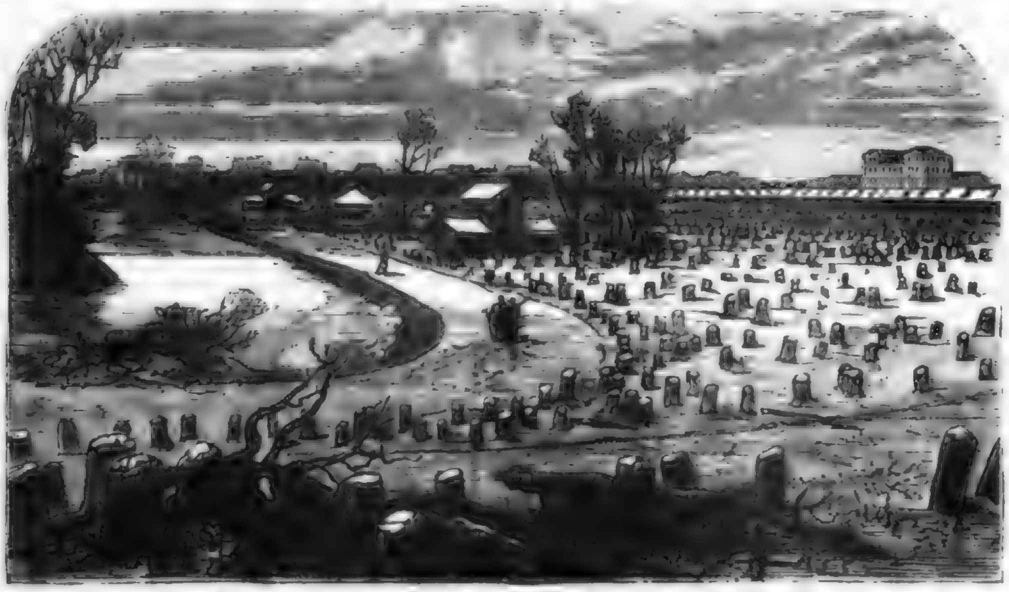
herself from my involuntary embraces, and leaving her upper garment in my hands ("Gods and men," sighed old Pan, "we are all deluded thus!"), was off like a lapwing. Strict orders had been issued that, no matter what tumult might rage without, no servant, unless specially summoned, was to leave his or her room that night. But this was more than flesh and blood could stand. The gallery was filling fast with white-robed figures and many twinkling feet,

> "With floating draperies and
> with flying hair,
> With eager eyes, and light but
> hurried tread,
> And bosoms, arms and ankles
> glancing bare."

It was useless to order them back to their rooms; in the presence of a ghost all men are equal. So summoning one of the footmen, who was rather more decently clad than the rest, and brandished, moreover, a poker in his manly grasp, I advanced against the enemy.

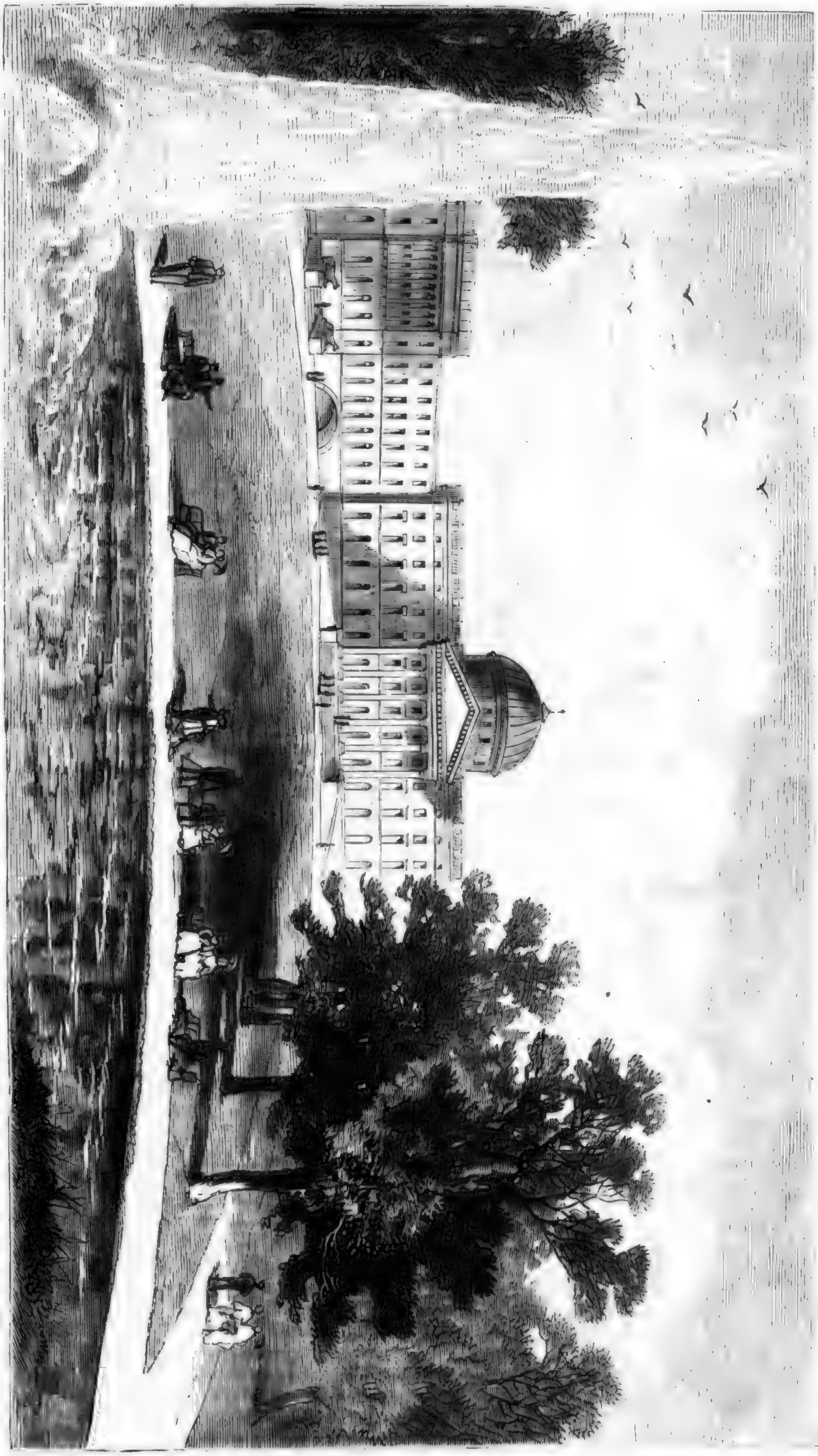
The two kitchen-maids were the only inhabitants of the wing over which Jacky had been set to watch. There were five rooms on the right-hand side, looking from the centre, and on the left six smaller rooms, scarcely more than large closets, which had never been inhabited within the memory of man. It was in the two first of these five rooms that the girls slept, a door between the two affording free communication and mutual protection. Ellen, the fat maid whom I encountered, had vouchsafed the information that the ghost had "got Kate"; and from unmistakable sounds emanating from Kate's room, it was evident at least that, ghost or no ghost, something had happened very seriously to upset that young person's equilibrium. The door was opened and in I rushed, closely followed by my stalwart ally.

What a spectacle of fear met my sight! In the centre of the room stood poor Kate, in no other garment than her night-dress, and revealing in



WHY THERE ARE NO OLD TREES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

the moonlight that streamed in through the window rather more of a stout and well-shaped person than, I trust, that usually discreet damsel was in the habit of submitting to male inspection; while the same tale-telling luminary brought into prominent relief—"alas, that e'er it should!"—the familiar form of—Jacky! Jacky himself, and none other, standing by the bedside, and staring at us with the most comical look of perplexity that ever human countenance wore. The situation was embarrassing, certainly, but ghostly—no; a more earthly pair I never set eyes on. The situation, I say, was embarrassing for all of us. Where the deuce was Mat? was my first thought. The servants, of course, were all crowding into the doorway; the girl was sobbing hysterically; Jacky was pouring forth, scarcely less hysterically, a torrent of voluble, but wholly incoherent, explanations; the men were tittering, and the women muttering, "Shame!" A pleasant



THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—CHATEAU OF WILHELMSHOHE, NEAR CASSEL, WHERE NAPOLEON III. RESIDED WHILE A PRISONER.—SEE PAGE 641.

predicament truly for a simple young man bent upon a happy, peaceful holiday from all care and worry! Where the deuce was Mat?

Happily, at this juncture he appeared upon the scene, followed by Parsons, in whose reverend presence the most questionable transaction could not but assume an air of respectability. Under such influence order was soon restored. The still sobbing Kate was consigned to the care of Mrs. Jones, the sympathetic, albeit sadly scandalized, housekeeper, and the rest were dismissed to their respective rooms. In a very few minutes the gallery had assumed its normal aspect and stillness, and we three were left alone.

"Jacky," then said Mat, with some reasonable show of temper, "what on earth does all this mean? What took you into the girl's room? and what the deuce have you been up to?"

"Sure, then," said Jacky, scratching his head in sore perplexity, "your last two questions are easily answered enough. It's myself took myself into the room; and it's nothing I've been up to at all, at all. But for what it all means, the deuce a bit I can tell. I heard a very queer noise—a very moral of my grandmother's banshee—and seeing an open door, made bold to peep in, thinking I'd be after catching the rascal, when out jumped a fine fat lass, with little enough on her, squeaking for all the world like a pig with its throat cut; and seeing there was another of them, with as good a pair of lungs in full play, I stepped up to her, poor soul! and let her see I was no ghost, but as good flesh and blood as herself, and plenty of it, by the same token, it's she that's got. An' then ye all came blundering in as though there was murdering and all manner of villany on. And that's all I know of the matter, Mat, me boy, as I'm a living man, and a mighty thirsty one, too, after all this pother."

"There, that will do," broke in Mat, yawning portentously; "for goodness sake stop that nonsense, and let's get to bed. See, here's the morning on us already, and we blinking here like a nest of owls. Come along; and, Jacky, for decency's sake leave the girls alone till we've had our sleep out."

"My dear fellow, I'm as innocent as little Mat himself. More by token, I couldn't keep my eyes open to look at holy St. Bridget herself."

Down-stairs accordingly we proceeded, and after we had seen Jacky safe to his room, Mat accompanied me to my own door. As we went, I related my experiences, and asked him if he had heard or seen nothing.

"Yes," was the answer; "I have heard a good deal, and seen—well, not so much, but quite enough. But no more of it now. You shall know everything in good time, and when we've all had our sleep—which I, for one, want most confoundedly—and are washed and clothed and in our right mind again, I think I can promise you a sight of this 'goblin damned.' So good-night, or, rather, good-morning, and pleasant dreams to you."

I rolled into bed without a thought of anything natural or supernatural, and almost before my head had touched the pillow was sleeping the sleep of the just. Far on into the day, and until the sun was high in the heavens, I lay in a dreamless slumber; yet it seemed to me that I had scarce closed my eyes when a servant stood at my bedside.

"Master's compliments, sir, and he's got the ghost, if you'd like to see it. He's at breakfast now."

"What!" said I, rubbing my heavy eyes, and devoutly wishing master, man and ghost anywhere but where they could disturb my rest. "Who's at breakfast? Your master or the ghost?"

"Both, sir, please."

"All right," I said, leaping on to the floor, for I felt to hesitate was to be lost. "Tell your master I will be with him in a moment."

The cold water of my bath revived me, and after a very hasty toilet, I started for the breakfast-room. On my way across the hall I was joined by Jacky, looking very sleepy and still more shame-faced.

"They've caught the beast," said he, with a mighty yawn, "and the saints be praised for it! But why would they be after catching him so early? Sure I haven't had as much sleep as would serve a donkey."

Within the breakfast-room was quite a gathering of the clans. At the head of the table sat Mat; the boy, with a half-puzzled, half-laughing look in his big blue eyes, stood at his knee; and over his shoulder leaned sweet Mrs. Mat, one glance at whose fresh, blooming face would have sent all the ghosts that ever churchyard disgorged howling back into their graves. At the other end were grouped the servants; in front the venerable Parsons, with a placid yet scornful expression, as who should say, "Lo! now, how small a matter has made fools of you all!" In the extreme rear, nestling close under the wing of good Mrs. Jones, stood pretty Kate, looking terribly ashamed of herself, and blushing like a peony as the portly form of Jacky waddled through the doorway.

But the ghost—where was the ghost?

On Mat's hand was perched a little hooked-nosed bird, with ruffled feathers of dirty white, and angry, staring eyes, blinking solemnly at intervals, as though unused to bear the light of day, and struggling over and again with beak and claw to free itself from such unwelcome companionship.

"Here you are!" laughed Mat, holding the little creature up as we came into the room. "The parent ghosts have flown, but here's one of the little goblins for you."

I looked at Jacky, and a wondrous sight he was. His mouth and eyes opened both to their widest stretch, as he bent forward to examine the awful phantom. His jolly round face flushed red as a November sun in a fog. With his right hand he slowly scratched his head, as though he would scratch into his puzzled old pate the full significance of what he saw; his left, plunged deep into his breeches pocket, rattled nervously the contents thereof. At last he broke the silence with a long, low whistle, and then, true even in that supreme moment to the idol of his worship, delivered himself of these memorable words:

"May the devil admire me, but its a *owl!*"

ANCIENT IRISH GOLDWORK.

Sir William Wilde believes that in all probability gold was the metal with which the primitive inhabitants of Ireland were first acquainted. A greater variety of antique articles of gold have been found there than in any other country in Northwestern Europe, from the Alps to the utmost inhabited limits of Norway or Sweden. Records of these discoveries can be traced through the archæological tracts and historical works relating to Ireland published within the last two hundred years, and in the unpublished minutes and published "Transactions of the Academy."

At the close of 1867 the museum contained over three hundred specimens of antique manufactured gold; these, however, constitute a small portion of the gold antiquities found in that country within the past century, the great bulk of which reached the crucible; and even since the opening of the Museum, thirty-seven years ago, many more of these valuables have so disappeared than have been preserved by all the collectors, public and private. The majority of the gold articles illustrative of the antiquities of the "Britannic Isles" now preserved in the British Museum are Irish.

But of all the singular discoveries made in Ireland, that which constitutes the greatest puzzle to antiquaries and archæologists is the Chinese Seals, which, within the last eighty-four years, have been found to the number of one hundred, and in districts widely apart and remotely situated, and under circumstances which have hitherto defied speculation and conjecture. They have been found in bogs and uplands, in the beds of rivers, under the roots of large trees, beside burial-grounds, and in the neighborhood of modern human habitations; "in fact," says Sir William, "in all localities where they might have been dropped accidentally."

These Chinese seals consist of cubical portions of white porcelain about five-eighths of an inch upon each side of the square, surmounted by the figure of an ape and embossed upon the reverse surface with characters of a very ancient form of Chinese writing. Impressions of sixty-three have been published, and all have been read by competent scholars. Many of them are highly poetical, such as "Pure is the breeze on the stream," "Heaven and water are of the same color," "The arrow returns to him who trusts to himself," "A friend like the Mei flower," etc.

A collection of golden antiquities discovered in 1854 in the County of Clare, while excavating for the Limerick and Ennis Railway, is reported to be worth not less than fifteen thousand dollars. The articles were gorgets, an immense number of rings and armillæ, several fibulæ, and some small torques. The whole were placed together in a small stone chamber made for their reception, immediately beneath the surface in dry alluvial soil.

It is only within the last few years ancient gorgets have been discovered, the only specimens of which are those in the Museum of Dublin.

A PERFORATED MOUNTAIN.

Torghatten is an insular granitic rock, one of the thousands of such islands that fringe the coast of Scandinavia. It is situated a few miles south of the Arctic circle, and composed of stratified granite, or "gneiss." When seen at a distance from the south, it is remarkably like a round-topped, broad-rimmed hat. It is 824 feet high, and pierced with a very curious natural tunnel, 530 feet long (Professor Sollas says 600, but this is wrong). This tunnel is 250 feet high at its western entrance, 66 feet high at its eastern entrance, and about 200 feet high in the middle. The floor slopes downward from east to west, being 470 feet above the sea-level on the east side, and 400 feet on the west. As the passenger packet passes on the east side, the daylight is seen fairly through the mountain.

Professor Sollas attributes its origin to mechanical disintegration, aided by joints. When I first visited this region, in 1856, but little was known of this remarkable perforated mountain, beyond what could be seen in passing. I then ventured to suggest an explanation of its origin, which the accurate measurements subsequently made by Norwegian surveyors help to confirm.

Torghatten stands out a short distance from the mainland of Norway, and to the west of it, of course. Every valley opening up on this coast is more or less terraced, and these terraces indicate a former submergence of this part of Scandinavia in varying degrees, the maximum reaching about 600 feet. By eye measurement at the time, I estimated the height of this tunnel at about 600 feet, and thus concluded that once upon a time the waves dashed against that part of the rock and battered out this tunnel, as one of those ordinary sea-caves that abound on every rocky coast where the material of the rock varies in hardness or friability. I was not then aware of the difference between the height of the east and west opening, only having seen it from the east.

The fact that the west side of the tunnel, which is exposed to the open sea, is about four times as high as the east mouth, confirms my theory, seeing that all the well-known sea-caverns of this kind on our own and other coasts have similar proportions in relation to their sea and inland extremities. The down slope of the floor corresponds in like manner, the west side being 70 feet lower than the east.

Besides this, the maximum height of the cavern corresponds remarkably with the height of the highest terraces, being 650 feet against their 600. The additional 50 feet is accounted for by the height of roof above sea-level, and the subsequent falling of the roof, as shown by blocks now lying on the floor. Such a cavern, started at the time of maximum submersion, would have its floor lowered as the land rose above the sea when they formed the lower terraces that abound in the valleys.

The "joints" described by Professor Sollas undoubtedly exist, and mechanical disintegration has taken place since the original excavation of the tunnel. This is proved by the blocks that have fallen from the roof and now cumber the floor, just as the boulders lie on the floor of a cavern under Dunluce Castle, which only differs in being now at the sea-level.

On a subsequent visit, nineteen years later, I observed several abortive attempts at similar caverns on the rocks of the neighborhood—that is, hollows which overhang on the face of the cliffs, where joints and the mechanical disintegration described by Sollas were exhibited. But mere mechanical disintegration, and consequent falling of rock, cannot excavate a long tunnel. Horizontal traction, as well as vertical fall, is required. The material separated by the joints must be carried away from one end to the other—530 feet in this case; or, at least, from the middle to each end—265 feet in each direction. The only agents we know capable of doing this with granite rock or pseudo-stratified gneiss are the sea-waves or a torrent river.

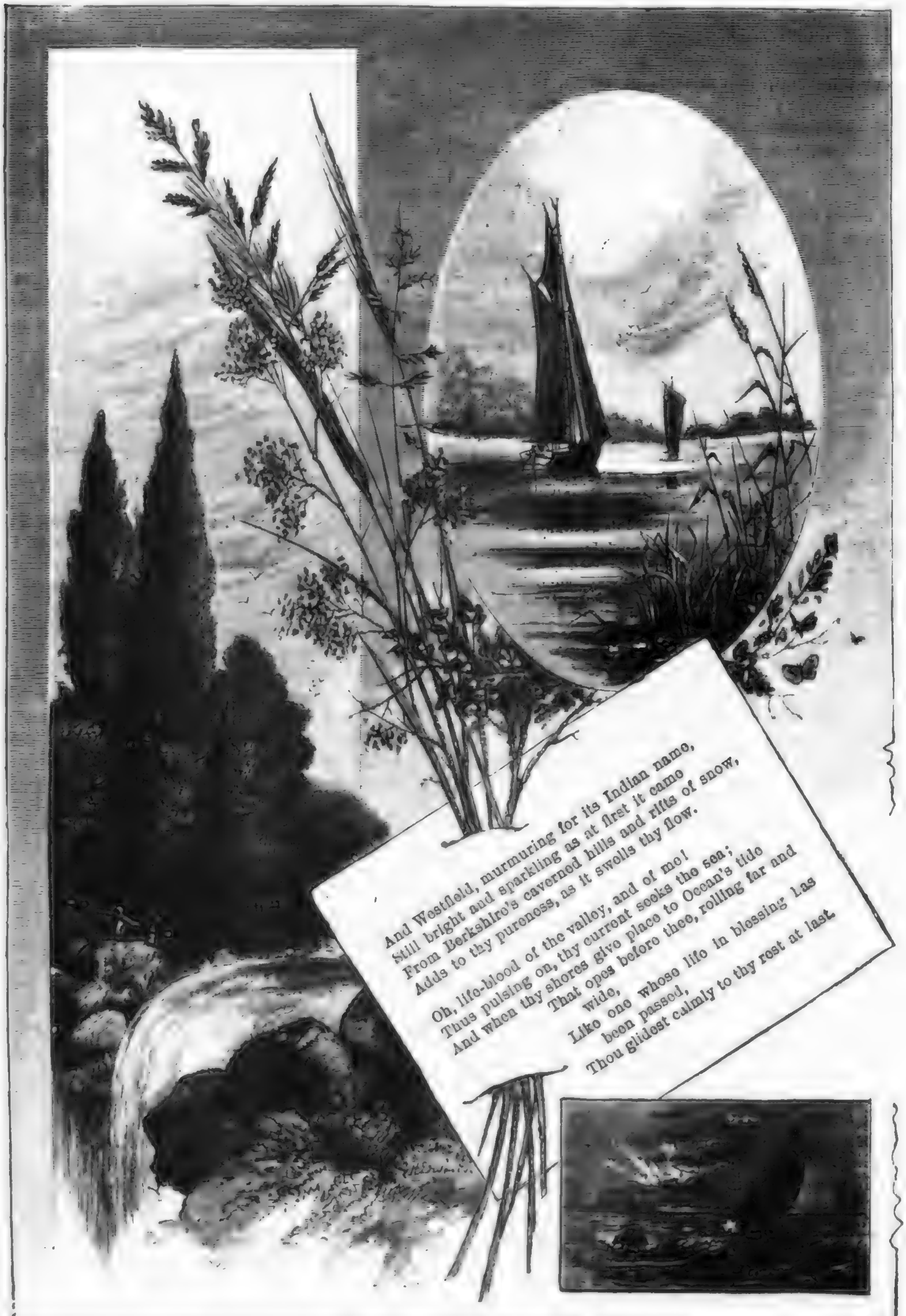
Such caverns abound inland in limestone, but these are due to the solvent action of water containing carbonic acid. It has no such action on gneissic or other similar metamorphic rocks, while every seacoast formed of such rocks exhibits more or less of such perforation by the waves. St. Katherine's Rock, at Tenby, is an insular mass perforated by a tunnel closely resembling Torghatten; the cliffs of Mohil, on the Irish coast, and the whole face of the serpentine formation of Cornwall about the Lizard, abound with such tunnels, arches, sea-caverns, etc., all visibly done by the waves hammering out the softer portions of the rocks.

THE RIVER.

On our cold border of Canadian hills,
Midst lonely lakelets and unnoted rills,
Thou hast thy birth, sweet River of the Vale,
Of fountains purest, and that never fail.
My fancy paints thee on thy march begun,
The infant river's first essay to run:
A sturdy brooklet, gathering the springs,
And giving "promise of much greater things."
So some bright genius, from a lonely birth,
Goes with his God-gifts to rejoice the earth.

On glides the stream, and with increasing length,
Receives in trust its volume and its strength;
Here, by wild mountain shagg'd with piney hair,
A brook comes tumbling down its rocky stair,
Leaps to thy bosom with a shout of joy,
Like some delighted, journey-promised boy;
There, more like maiden sweet, composed and still,
Steals from the plain the tributary rill.

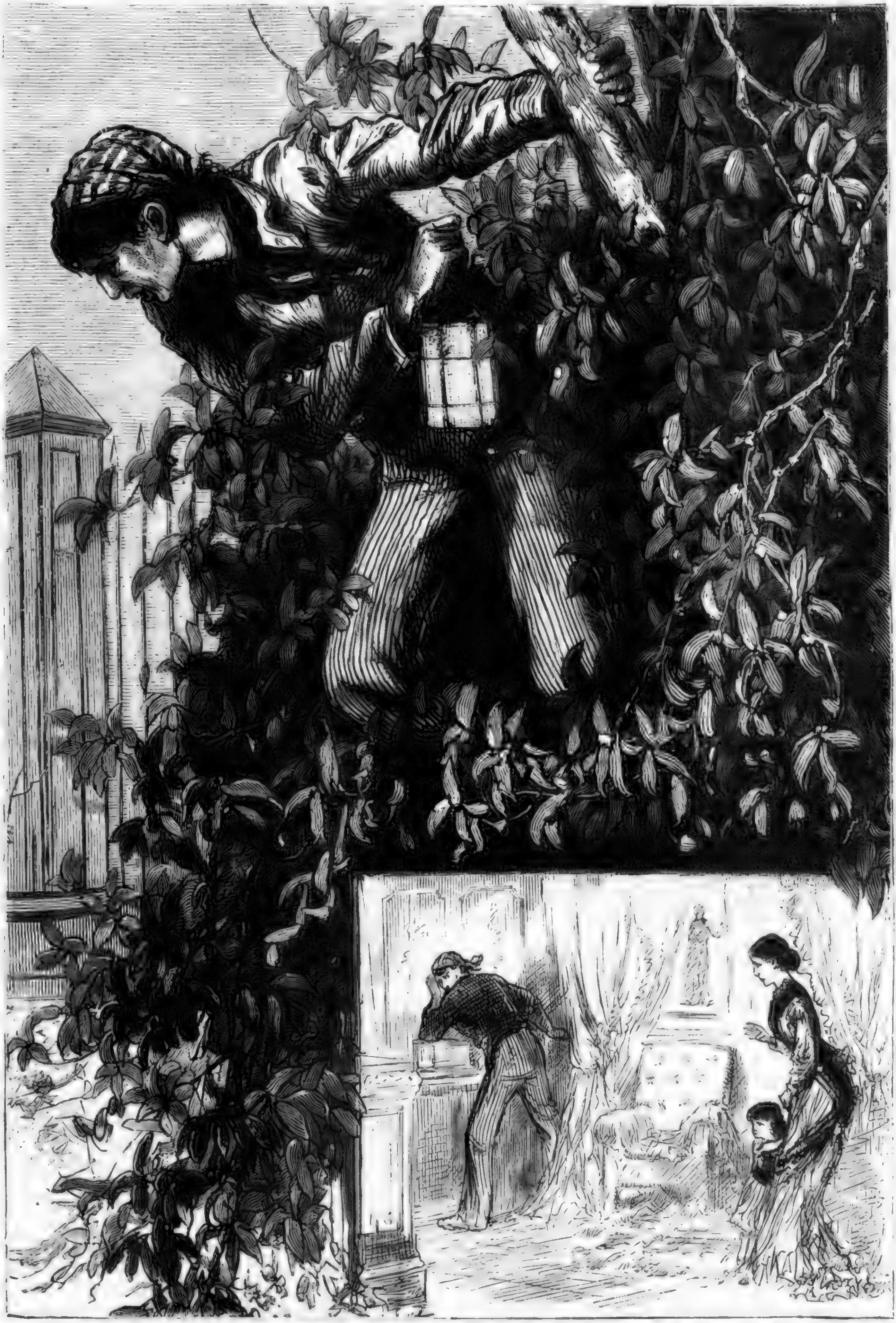
Anon, fresh from its native mountains roll'd,
Wild Ammonoosuc, with its waters cold,
Adds to thy wealth; and further still along,
Sweet Ashuelot hails thee with a song.
Pocomptuc, hermit of the western hills,
Gives to thy flood his own collected rills;
Fretted with toil, and seeking rest in thee,
Sinks to thy breast the laboring Chicopee;



And Westfield, murmuring for its Indian name,
Still bright and sparkling as at first it came
From Berkshire's cavernd hills and rifts of snow,
Adds to thy pureness, as it swells thy flow.

Oh, life-blood of the valley, and of me!
Thus pulsing on, thy current seeks the sea;
And when thy shores give place to Ocean's tide
That opes before thee, rolling far and wide,
Like one whose life in blessing has been passed,
Thou glidest calmly to thy rest at last.

THE RIVER.



AT THE CHATEAU.—"OUT OF ITS LEAFY BOSOM THERE DROPPED TO THE GROUND, SUDDENLY AND NOISELESSLY, THE FORM OF A MAN." . . . . "THERE STOOD, ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE BRIDAL-CHAMBER, A TALL AND HANDSOME WOMAN, TO WHOSE HAND AND LOOSE DRESS A CHILD OF FOUR OR FIVE YEARS WAS CLINGING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW—A SONNET.

By Cardinal Newman.

They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to pain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

AT THE CHATEAU.

By Susan Archer Weiss.

THE night was chill and cloudy. Fitful gusts of wind swept across the fields and whistled in the hedges. The tall, Lombardy poplars, bordering the avenue leading to the chateau, swayed and bent their lofty heads, one to another, whispering hoarsely together, and then stood still and shivered and trembled, as at some secret known only to themselves.

Lights glanced to and fro in the windows of the chateau —more lights than usual—though there were no signs of festivity. Presently a carriage rolled down the avenue, in the direction of the town, and then the lights disappeared one by one, and the chateau lay still and silent in the midst of its surrounding trees.

After a while a clock in the stable-tower struck loudly —eleven. A dog barked, as if in answer, and all was again still.

As the last sounds died away, one of the poplars—that which was thickest, and whose branches grew nearest the ground—shivered again—shivered, as it were, inwardly, and with some dread secred at its heart. Then one of its branches alone was agitated, and out of its leafy bosom there dropped to the ground, suddenly and noiselessly, the form of a man.

He stood for an instant, slowly turning his head, gazing around in the darkness, and listening intently. Then crouching nearly double, he crept along with a slight limp, on the inner side of the thick hawthorn hedge, till he reached the garden-wall. Noiselessly he slipped over this, glided up the leafy alley, and concealed himself in a thicket of laurels near a postern-door.

In the chateau all was still. There was no sound about the house save the ticking of a great hall-clock; no light save one which burned dimly in a chamber where lay the old master of the chateau, asleep, his snow-white mustache contrasting with his sallow complexion. A pair of handsome crutches stood by the bed.

In an armchair sat a portly, middle-aged man, dressed in a plain dark livery. His face was sleek and grave. He looked the ideal of a faithful family servant.

The old gentleman coughed and stirred. The valet rose, poured some drops into a glass and presented them to him; then he adjusted the pillows and the bedclothes, and respectfully inquired whether his master desired anything else that night.

"Nothing. You may go, my good Dupres. I feel quite comfortable, and shall sleep well."

Dupres moved a screen between his master and the dim light, and placed the bell-pull close at hand.

"You will see that everything is right, and the house properly secured, Dupres? François is careless, and I do not feel so much at ease when the colonel is absent."

"Certainly, monsieur; I will see that all is right, though there is nothing to apprehend."

He softly closed the door behind him, and then, with a noiseless tread, passed through one or two long corridors and down a narrow staircase in the rear of the mansion.

At the foot of this staircase was a door, which he softly unlocked. A gust of fresh air burst in, laden with a breath of flowers. The door opened into the garden.

Raising his fingers to his lips, Dupres uttered a low and peculiar whistle. Immediately a dark shadow loomed up before him and stepped into the doorway.

"Ah, Jacques!" he whispered.

"Good! Is all right?"

"Yes. I feared it would miscarry, for the colonel received Martyn's letter only an hour or two since. However, he has gone. There is now only monsieur, who is a cripple, and madam, the colonel's wife, with mademoiselle, their daughter, and the little one—the boy—a mere child."

"The servants?"

"Are quite at a distance. No fear of them. The only one I fear is madam. She has eyes and ears like a lynx and the courage of a tigress! *Ma foi!* but if she met even you, *Tête-noir*——"

"Pish! One turn of my thumb—thus. You know the old trick, Raynaude."

"Hist! There is no time to be lost, if you would be safe away from this by daybreak. Come."

"Stay. You think only of the work. You do not reflect, comrade, that I have been since last night in that cursed tree—that my limbs are cramped and my stomach empty It will take a good meal and a full flask to warm me up and fit me for duty."

"Then remain here, and keep very quiet. I will bring you food."

He departed, but quickly returned with bread, meat, fruit, and a flask of wine. The newcomer, whom he had called *Tête-noir*, eagerly devoured these provisions by the light of a shaded lantern.

By this light one could faintly distinguish his appearance; his frame, not tall, but broad-shouldered, thick-necked and powerfully built; his large, sinewy hands and arms; his receding chin and forehead, and the small eyes glittering beneath thick black brows, giving to him an appearance of dull and brutal ferocity.

The semblance was increased by a long tooth projecting beyond the rest, with which he tore the meat from the mutton-bone in his hands.

As he ate, Dupres, bending over him, spoke earnestly close to his ear."

"Mark. I will lead you to an ante-room. There you will conceal yourself as I shall show. Then you wait. At twelve precisely Medemoiselle Amie will come. She will unlock the door of the bridal-chamber and go within. To the right of that chamber is an oratory; to the left is the corresponding closet, in which are the jewels and the money kept for the mademoiselle's wedding-gifts. They are in a strong box on a shelf—a box of oak-wood, bound with iron hoops and rivets. This I know from my wife, who is madam's maid. Now, mark! When mademoiselle enters the oratory—it is a vow to the Madonna until she be married three days hence—do you creep in after her, and conceal yourself behind the curtains of the bed until she leaves. Then your work is clear. Be careful of the diamonds. They are more easily concealed and more valuable than the gold. With these, you see, you are provided for; and when you reach America—*ma foi!* you are safe."

"And you—you will follow?"

"Not within a year. It would excite suspicion. *Peste!* I think madam, with her lynx eyes, already mistrusts me, notwithstanding that I have married her trusted maid, Marienne. I detest madam; also the little one, Philippa. He struck my boy—my Jean Baptiste—and one dare not strike back if one would not lose one's place, though I would willingly choke the cub—a young aristocrat. And this reminds me, *Tête-noir*—if you are interrupted, if you are discovered, what then will you do?"

For answer *Tête-noir* raised his hand, grasped his throat, and gave his thumb the peculiar twist or turn which he had before used.

"I should not like it to be mademoiselle. Be careful not to alarm mademoiselle—a good child, and so soon to be a bride. See you, my Marienne dotes on mademoiselle, whom she nursed, and for her sake——"

"Bah! Away with your Marienne and your Jean Baptiste, who have made a fool of you, Reynaude. When a man marries he is spoiled. But what would your Marienne say—or your master, either—if they could know that once upon a time the good and respectable Dupres was—ah, well, what of that brand upon your shoulder, my friend?"

"Cut out—trust me for that. But see you, *Tête-noir*, if you had not found me out, and come to me for help, I should have continued to be an honest man—trust my word for it—for sake of my wife and child, whom I love."

"Ha, ha!—an honest man! yea, such as I was when, twenty years ago, you came to me at my blacksmith's forge and proposed to take me into your confidence and make me rich all at once! So we are quits, see you; only I still owe you for *this*," he added, with a smothered laugh, as he stretched out a leg which was an inch or so shorter than the other. "Dost remember, friend, the night when it fell to my lot to go down the rope first, and I could have escaped but for your betraying me when the jailer entered as you were about to follow. I was already at the foot of the wall when the ball struck *here*, and——"

"*Tchit!* let it pass. Do you forget, *Tête-noir*, that we have business awaiting us?—that it is nearly midnight, and that you must be far away before daybreak if you would be safe?"

The man lifted the flask to his lips and took a long and deep draught.

"Now," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "now I am ready. Lead on!"

Slowly, without a sound, they ascended the stair, passed through one or two corridors and entered a small apartment, where Dupres placed his companion behind a projection of the wall.

"Here you will be out of sight and in deep shadow—keep still. I must go, for it wants already but a few moments to twelve. I will wait at the postern. Marienne will not miss me. She has been asleep these three hours, and will not awaken."

Tête-noir stood where he had been placed. It seemed to him long ere the stable-clock and the clock in the hall, chiming together, struck twelve. Longer still ere he saw a gleam of light in the passage, and heard a light step approaching.

He drew himself close against the wall. He heard the click of a lock and caught a glimpse of a slender figure entering the door of the bridal-chamber. Then all was still; and with a slow and catlike tread he followed as he had been instructed, and concealed himself behind the blue-and-white canopy of the bed.

About ten minutes passed, when he again heard the same light step.

The young girl, for whose bridal this dainty, sweet-scented chamber, with its tasteful furniture had been prepared, had concluded her midnight orisons, and was preparing to return to her apartment. *Tête-noir* watched the shadows on the ceiling, as, with the lamp in her hand, she slowly moved across the floor.

Suddenly she stood still. Had she heard the rustle o his arm against the draperies, as he incautiously moved it . For an instant she remained perfectly motionless in the centre of the floor, and then slowly and hesitatingly, step by step, approached the bed.

Tête-noir set his teeth and dug his right thumb deep into the palm of his hand. If she found him there, and he should spare her, she would betray him.

She would describe him, and it would soon be known that the daring burglar was *Tête-noir*, the escaped galley-slave, and he would be arrested long before he could reach the coast.

The question would be—her life or his own? *Tête-noir* was not one to hesitate about the answer; and therefore he set his teeth hard, and dug that terrible iron thumb deep into his palm.

Slowly the young girl approached, and timidly, as it were, laid hold of the draperies on the opposite side of the couch. *Tête-noir* saw a delicate ivory hand and jeweled fingers which seemed to hesitate, as if afraid to draw apart the curtains.

Was she listening? Did she not hear his thick and constrained breathing? A feeling of brutal anger against her rose within him. Why would she persist in this folly, and draw evil upon herself?

Then through the slight crevice between the curtains he saw the opposite drapery slowly part, and a lovely young face, smiling and blushing, peeped timidly in.

What were the girl's thoughts *Tête-noir* could form no idea. Of the feeling which caused her bosom to heave and brought the moisture to her eyes, the happy smile to the lip, the deepening blush to her cheek, he—lost soul that he was—was incapable of forming a conception.

But he stood with a strange feeling of awe and reverence upon him, as, for a moment, the lovely vision lingered. And when the folds of the curtain again closed, and the light glided swiftly away, as though half frightened or abashed by her own act, he drew a long breath of relief. So angel and demon, for an instant facing each other, parted, and each went its way.

A few moments sufficed to force the lock of the chamber which the young girl had secured behind her, and thus to have it open, ready for his retreat.

To open the closet was yet easier; but the strong-box cost him time and trouble, and he became impatient, and muttered an oath under his breath.

Once the instrument which he was using broke in his hand, and fell to the floor with a sharp, metallic clang. He held his breath and listened, but heard only the wind without. Finally, trusting to his great muscular strength, he wrenched open the half-forced lid, and gloated with a grim satisfaction upon the treasures within.

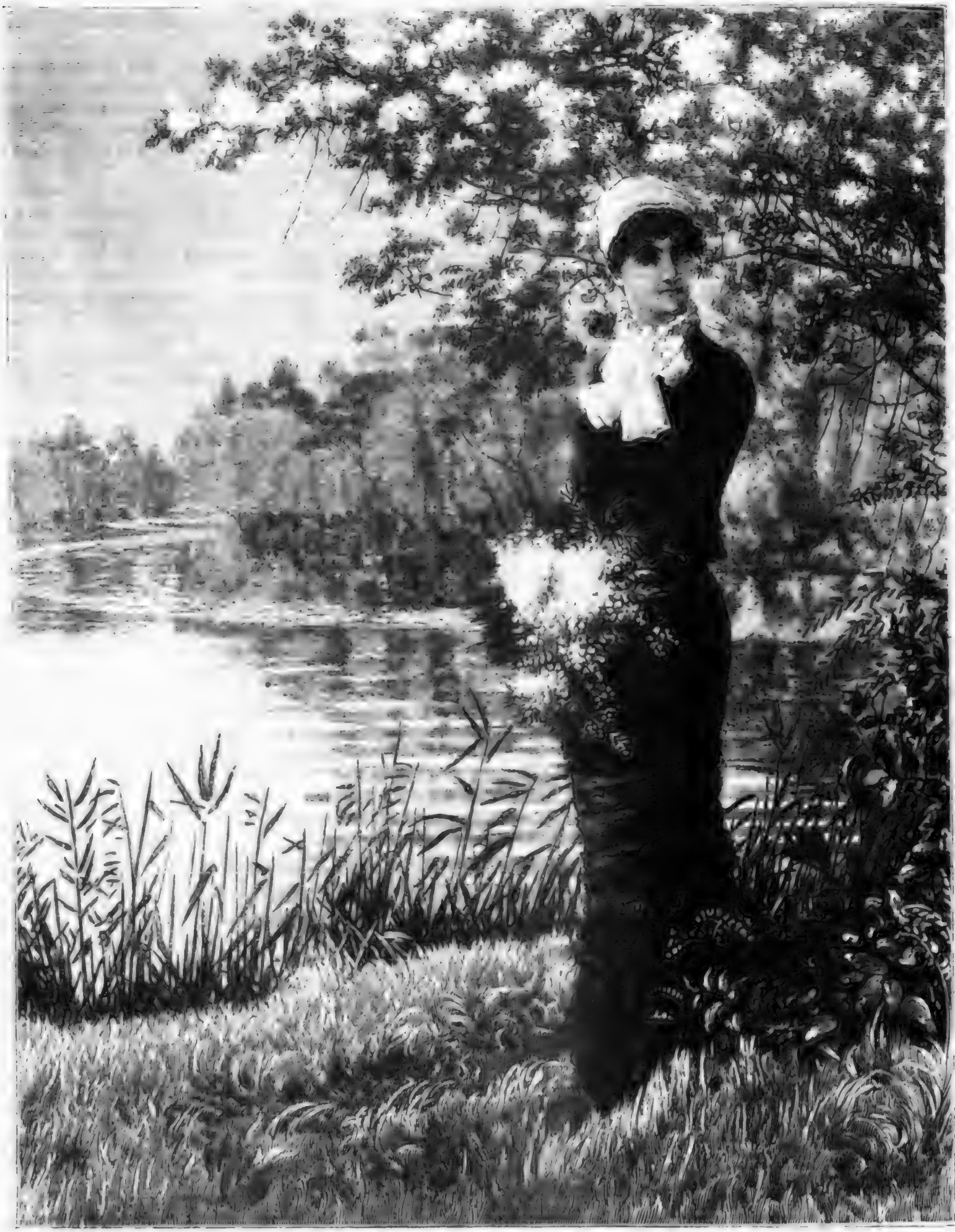
Then hastily, but carefully, he secured the jewels about his person, and began to slip into a broad leathern-belt the pieces of gold. He was in the act of doing this when he heard a sound near him, and he turned suddenly.

"*Mon Dieu!* Dupres, is it you?"

There stood, on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, a tall and handsome woman, to whose hand and loose dress a child of four or five years was clinging. He could see her face but dimly, yet as he incautiously turned, the light of his lantern fell on his own face, and the woman commenced to utter a shriek of terror.

Commenced, but did not finish it. With one bound *Tête-noir* was by her side, and the shriek was stifled in its birth, and died gurgling in her throat.

Then the child cried out, and the hand of the outlaw was upon him also. There was a slight struggling sound, a deathlike stillness; and *Tête-noir* arose, and stepping back into the closet, secured the belt of gold, and without staying to buckle it on, stepped over the bodies and



WATTLE BLOSSOMS.—AN AUSTRALIAN PICTURE.

hastened back, as he had come, to the postern-door. Dupres stood there awaiting him.

"You succeeded?" he whispered, anxiously.

In answer, the other slightly tapped his belt, and then his breast.

"I did more, my friend. It was not to be avoided; but you will never again be troubled with my lady and the little one—the cub."

"*Mon Dieu!* what mean you?"

"What could I do? These accursed women will interfere in everything. To have spared them would have been to sacrifice myself, and perhaps you."

Dupres was greatly agitated.

"I did not expect this. Not that I care, only I shall be suspected."

"Then, my friend, I shall help you. You may think it rough, but you will thank me some day. There, then—take this."

Suddenly *Tête-noir*, drawing back his muscular arm, struck Dupres a tremendous blow, which felled him like an ox. Then he grasped his throat and choked him until he was black in the face.

"That will help to pay off old scores," he muttered, as he rose and rapidly made his way out of the house.

When Dupres recovered consciousness it was daylight, and he saw white faces bending over him, and heard confused exclamations of horror and pity. Careful hands lifted and supported him, as, sick and dizzy, he tottered onward to his rooms.

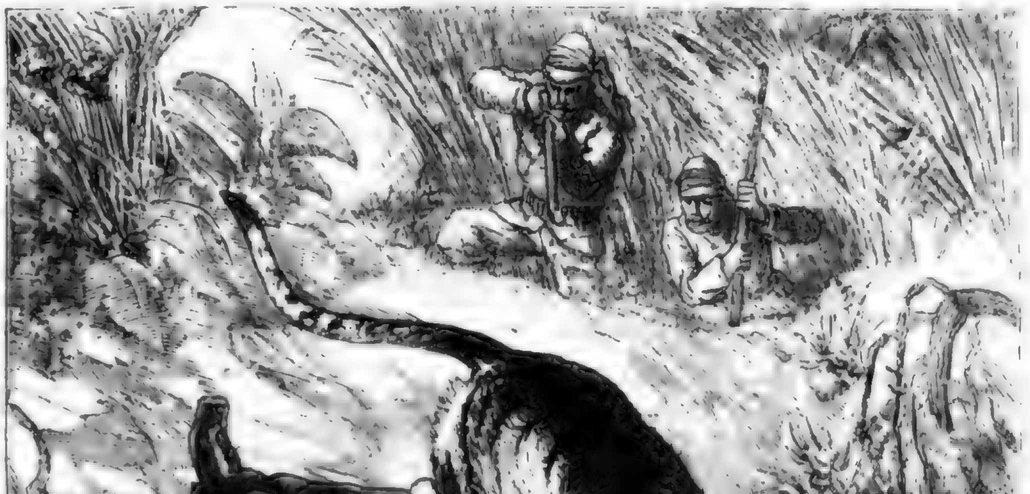
At a turning of the long passageway they met a number of persons in a close group.

"Stand back!" said a voice; "they are bringing the bodies this way."

They paused and stood still. Dupres gave one reluctant, sidelong glance as the pale faces were borne past. Then he threw up his hands with a loud cry.

"Marienne! my wife!—my son!" and dropped in a heap before them.

"Poor Dupres!" said madam, as she took his hand in hers, and let warm tears fall upon it. "Poor, good Dupres! I did him injustice, and I have caused him great unhappiness. It was I who, hearing the noise, went to arouse him; and poor Marienne would go in search of him, while the little one refused to remain alone. I suspected him—I confess it; while at the very moment he lay half-dead by the hands of these wretches. But he shall never want a friend—never! he who nearly sacrificed his own life in defending our house. Good, faithful, honest Dupres!"



ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.—"BEFORE HIS FRIENDS COULD COVER THE BRUTE WITH THEIR RIFLES, THE TIGER, BLINDED WITH RAGE, BOUNDED OVER THE ROCKY LEDGE."

Wattle Blossoms.

The blooming of the wattle is the most beautiful harbinger of the advent of the Australian Summer. Its perfume, wafted on the evening breeze, fills the air with a delicious fragrance which completely eclipses that of its corresponding European sister, the hawthorn blossom.

Gathering the wattle bloom in its first freshness is a favorite pastime of the youth of these colonies, and the scene depicted is a view on the banks of the Yarra, near the Botanical Gardens, where the wattle flourishes in picturesque profusion. The figure of the young lady holding the bunch of bright yellow blossoms in her hands is entirely in keeping with what is thoroughly an Australian picture.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

The tiger is the scourge of India and the countries beyond it to the China Sea. The natives, unable to exterminate it, seek to appease it by superstitious means. Their main reliance, however, is the prowess and precise arms of Europeans. To the latter it is a grand if dangerous sport, and every now and then a *battue* will be set on foot, in which the natives timidly join. They do not in all cases come off unscathed. Last year a brave young fellow from Calcutta was carried off by a man-eater, which, dashing through the crowd of yelling native beaters, seized the gallant hunter as easily as it would a hen, and bounded madly on with its living prey.

Unfortunately, the hunt had insensibly carried the party to the very verge of a precipice, where the sheer rock ran down almost perpendicularly. Before his friends could cover the brute with their rifles, the tiger, blinded with rage and some slight wounds, bounded over the rocky ledge and was in full descent. A rifle rang out, giving the man-eater a death-wound, and the only hope was that it might turn as it fell and break the fall of Harry Dawson; but it was not so ordained.

A shudder ran through all, as, gazing with straining eyes and stilled hearts down the abyss, they heard the awful thud when the two struck the rocky bottom. They could see the quiver of each body, the spurting blood, but they waited in vain to see Dawson make any effort to rise.

Descending in all haste, they reached the spot at last by long winding paths, and tenderly raised their fallen friend, who barely opened his eyes in mute recognition ere he breathed his last.

FOLK LORE—THE BOY THAT MOCKED THE STORKS.

The fortunes of the noble house of Stubbe, in Denmark, depended upon the mystic number seven: 7 churches, 7 mills, 7 islands, 7 lakes, 7 forests, 77 plows, 777 windows in their manor; cows, pigs, horses, all in proportion; and 7 children, or 77 if they could get them—so much the better, but 7 they must have. This last, as he proved to be, of the Stubbes, was a bad small boy, always making game of the young storks as they sat in their mother's nest on the housetop.

"Stork, long-legged stork," he sang. I'm sure I forget what besides, but something very rude, at which they were highly affronted.

"All very fine now, Mr. Stubbe; wait a little, and our turn will come. Who'll laugh then?" muttered the old mother.

The young squire grew up and was sent to Aalborg College, where he received a first-rate education—learned Italian and dancing; and very useful he must have found the former accomplishment, living on his estates in Jutland among the moors and forests. He spoke it, however, with a first-rate (Aalborg) accent.

Young Stubbe grows apace, and, somehow, does not tame down. He is thirty now, and should think of settling. Forty finds him an old bachelor, and fifty still.

"Marry before it is too late and I close my eyes," exclaims his venerable mother; so marry he did—a neighbor's daughter.

"Plenty of time, mother," he laughingly exclaimed; "you know we Stubbes always throw doublets. I shall have my seven children before five years are over."

There is great joy at Stubbesholm—an heir expected daily. Young Stubbe rubs his hands.

"Triplets, you'll see, mother, like the old lady on her epitaphium in the church-aisle—our grandam."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old stork from the top of the chimney, where she was listening; "we shall see when the time comes."

The time did come, and a bad time, too. Dead twins—nearly costing the young mother's life; and months and years rolled on—more dead children, and more still, and Stubbe borne down with age and sorrow. Then says the old stork:

"Vengeance is not ours; we must pardon his offenses for his young wife's sake."

Next time a living baby comes, fresh and blue-eyed; and then come twins, and then a fourth, and twins again. Stubbe rubs his hands. Six children living; one more and he is saved; and so he would have been had he reckoned with the storks alone; but grim Death steps in—a fit of apoplexy after the christening-dinner of the last-born child. He is carried to the church-vaults, father of six children.

The fortunes of the Stubbes now ended. Like others of ancient lineage, they passed away—one lake, "Stubbe So," marked on the map, alone recalls their memory.

REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE AMONG THE COMANCHES.

By an Old Army Officer.

The Comanche Nation, with the exception of the Sioux, is the most numerous of the Indian tribes on this continent. Their primitive territory extended from the Gulf of Mexico, north and south, to and even beyond the Arkansas River; and from the Brazos River, of Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, east and west. Over this vast territory they roamed, free lances, demanding tribute and defying all intruders. The untold millions of buffalo which dotted the plains in groups afforded them food, raiment and shelter; and the Indians migrated with them as they moved with the seasons, north or south.

The southwestern plains of Texas sustained their immense droves, or *cavallados* of mustangs—wild horses—from which, at certain seasons, they would select, as modern stock-raisers do from their own pastures, the comeliest of the herd. Most skillful in the use of the lasso, a score or more would surround a herd of mustangs, which, under its leader, a stallion of noble mien and proportions, would be coursing the plain with unshod hoof, guiding their movements as a skilled general would a *corps d'armée*, as he gallops on the flanks.

Squads of two and three are stationed at convenient points contiguous to the range, whilst a group of well-mounted cavaliers enter pell-mell into the midst of the herd. The boldest and noblest in the gang are selected and detached. A fierce contest of speed now ensues, the one group striving with mighty determination to regain their lost position in the herd, the other to circumvent their various manœuvres. Driven to the verge of the ring formed around them, the parties which had been previously stationed there join in the chase with fresh horses, whilst the former retire, dismount and refresh their overstrained steeds. Thus the chase is kept up, and thus alternating, until the wild horses, completely blown, are easily secured and subdued with the lasso.

The Indians frequently join their forces to a party of professional Mexican mustangers. Then immense corrals, with extended wings, are built of brush, into which the entire *cavallado*, consisting of four or five hundred head, are driven. Then the expert Mexican, with his lasso, is in his glory! and such a scene is witnessed as will never, perhaps, occur again; the frantic mustangs bewildered and dazed, coursing around the inclosure, seeking escape; the Mexicans and Indians looking quietly on, marking with an unerring glance the merits of this, that or the other of their prey. Meanwhile the experts with the lasso are preparing for the onslaught. Saddle-girths are tightened, the lassoes—composed of numerous strands of untanned oxhide, well soaked, and carefully plaited to the length of thirty or forty feet, with an eyelet at one end, through which a noose six or eight feet is formed, the other end being attached to the saddle-bow or pummel, the noose held in the right hand—are whirled with an easy, graceful motion about the head, to distend them, and preparatory to casting them, either over the head or on either leg, as may be expedient. All these preparations are made with method, and without precipitation; the mustanger the while eying and selecting his victim. Thus armed and equipped for the fray, he dashes fearlessly into the midst of the terror-stricken throng, secures his chosen animal, and with an iron grip dashes him, trembling with affright and consternation, to the ground. One after another the chosen spirits of the herd are eliminated, the Comanches coming in for a larger share and the choice of the captured spoils.

Not unfrequently the Indians will surprise the party of Mexican mustangers, and not only rob them of their hard day's earnings, but kill or capture and enslave them. Slavery not only is, but has been for all time, an institution which has prevailed amongst the Comanches. Mexico has been the chief field of their raids with this view. Whites on this side the border have suffered in this respect; but the white slave is not so easily subdued, and does not so readily assimilate to the manners and customs of the Indians as the Mexican.

The Comanches, then as now, were one of the most powerful as well as the most dreaded of all the tribes of nomad Indians. The nation was divided into four distinct bands. Those inhabiting and claiming inherent privileges in Texas and its waters were known as the "Honey Eaters"; north of these were the "Liver Eaters," and north of them the "Cutthroats," while on the extreme northern border, and ranging along and across the old Santa Fé trace, were the "Serpents," or "Snakes."

Fifty years ago, when this narrative commences, chiefs whom I knew twenty-five years ago—Buffalo Hump, Yellow Wolf, Ketemptsie, Sanaco, and others—were in the pride of manhood and power; war-chiefs, captains and leaders in raids and forays. Their reputation for bravery, intrepidity and dash extended far beyond the borders of their domain, and even into the white settlements, where the simple mention of their names in households would occasion trembling and shuddering in the family. Free lances in every acceptation of the term, and lords of the soil, they traversed the extensive plains in bands sufficiently strong to resist any interference by the timid Mexican inhabitants, who either lent an unwilling help or joined the Indians in their thieving, murderous forays. With herds of buffalo to supply every material want of nature, and droves of horses coursing the southwestern plains, from which remounts could be obtained for the taking, no wonder the Comanches should exhibit such an inborn pride and haughtiness of bearing. And it is still less wonderful that the government should find, at this day, so much difficulty in restraining their wonted roaming habits. And why, in heaven's name, the government does not use the more peaceably inclined of the Indian tribes in regularly organized regiments, armed and equipped as nearly as may be in their own fashion, as the English do in the East, to hold in check the more turbulent spirits, is beyond my ken.

In the year 1852 it was my province to scout at intervals amongst the Indian villages—Caddos, Wacos, Keechis and Iones, situated on the headwaters of the Brazos. On one of these trips I extended the scout up the Clear Fork, and on its banks fell in with a camp of Honey Eaters—Penateka Comanches. Their lodges, composed of dressed buffalo-hides, and conical in shape, covered the extensive valley, each with its curling smoke issuing from the opening at top, with the fringe of pecan-trees and elms bordering the stream, and the cedar-clad hills in the background, the herds of horses grazing in the distance, the striplings practicing the arts of war with their bows and arrows, the maidens romping on the green sod with ball or skip-rope, the wives plying their respective occupations of moccasin-making or fetching wood or water, the men lounging in groups, listening to the traditions of their tribe recounted by some prophet or sage, or fashioning arrows to serve in some contemplated raid, into Mexico, perhaps; the ensemble presenting a scene of peaceful quiet rarely to be met with. I established my camp on the verge of theirs, and sent my horses amongst theirs to graze, for I had ever found it the best policy to trust with an entire trust those who might overwhelm us by the force of numbers.

I was soon called upon at my tent by the recognized chiefs, Sanaco and Buffalo Hump, who came to know the object of my visit. This was soon explained to their satisfaction, and having partaken of a luncheon I had prepared, I went with them to the lodge of a young man, very ill, and whom Sanaco described as his nephew. I found him lying on a pallet of skins, attended by his sister, who was seated near him on the ground. The young man was suffering from acute diarrhea, and seemed very grateful for my visit and for the sympathy I expressed. Returning to my tent, I soon took back to him a flask of brandy, some loaf-sugar and some rice, and instructed the woman how to administer them. The next day I dined with Sanaco in state at his lodge. It was nearly dark, when the mess that was stewing over the fire was announced by the good wife to be ready. A single horn spoon served to fish out the tidbits, consisting chiefly of deer's head and some other meat, which to taste was to recognize at once as skunk. Nothing loath, I gulped down the disgusting morsel, and pretended—God forbid the hypocrisy—that I enjoyed it. No bread, salt or pepper graced the festive board. I observed that the men made their ablutions after the meal, as the Arabs do, but with water squirted from the mouth.

The repast was simple, frugal, and to many might have been loathsome; but, accompanied as it was with genuine and natural hospitality, it ill became me to evince in any manner my lack of appreciation.

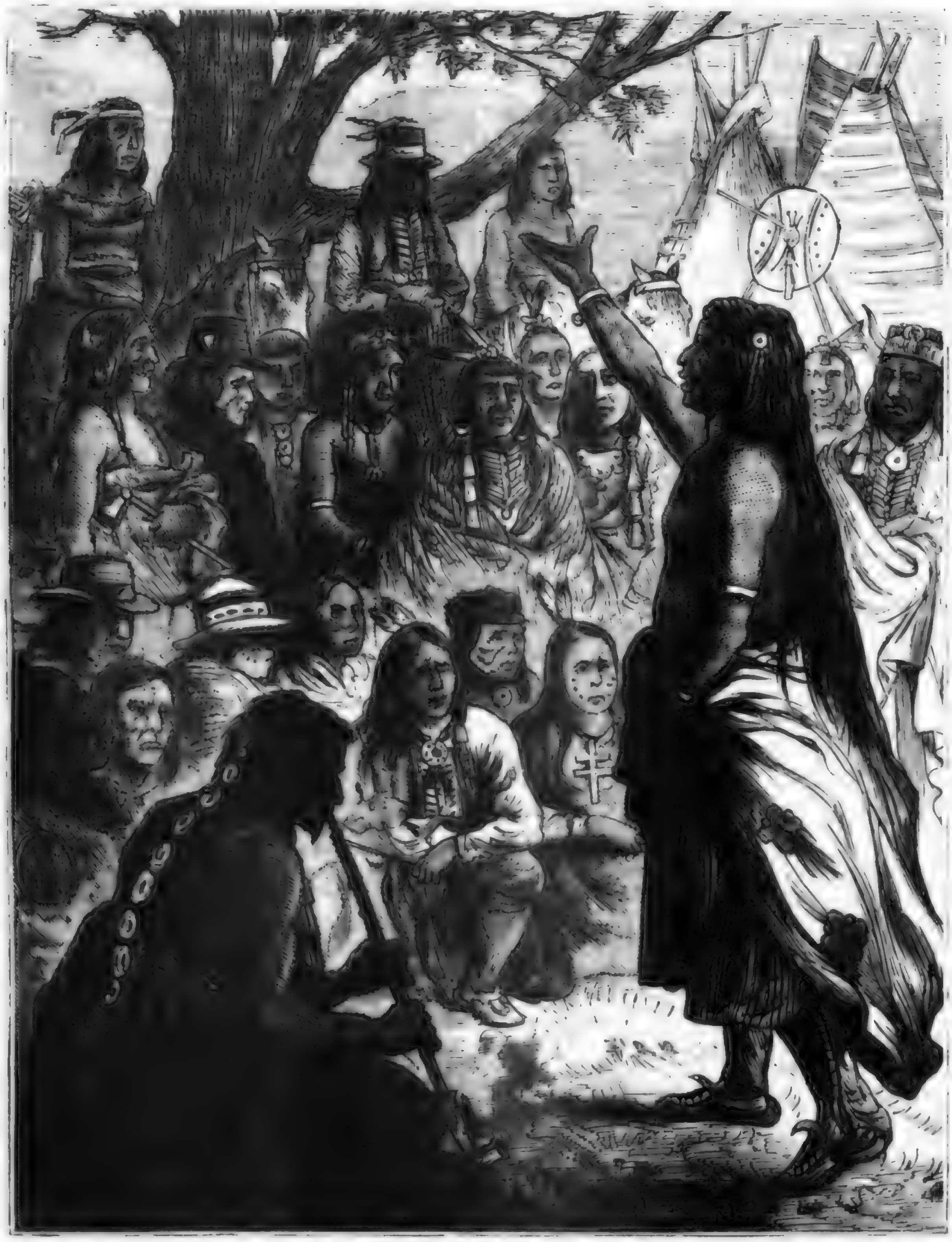
The Indian, like the Arab, is generous to a fault to those who seek his hospitality. Proud of the herds on which he subsists, and the wild horses whence he derives his remounts, he begrudges not, nor does he aspire to the wealth or well-being of his neighbors; and, save those whose settlements encroach upon his domain, he regards with contempt and disdain all others. Bred as he has been to roam wheresoever he listeth, within certain well-defined bounds; never at a loss for food or for shelter, is it surprising that he should feel himself lost, a stranger in a strange land, a vagabond and a beggar, when accident throws him in the midst of our great cities? Even then his indomitable pride manifests itself in his bearing and in his conduct.

At night the order for the next day was proclaimed to the camp by Buffalo Hump, from a small eminence in the midst of it. The men listened with imperturbable countenances; the women, upon whom would devolve the onerous task of striking and packing the lodges, in utter listlessness, apparently. The order was given to break camp and march south, to attend, on my invitation, a council to be held at Fort Graham, the fifteenth of the month. Accordingly, on the following morning lodges were struck, and the route taken southward, Sanaco, with his nephew mounted in front of him on the same horse, taking, with me, the lead of the train.

I arrived at Fort Graham some days before my Comanche friends, and announced to the agent, Colonel Stem, their coming, which was an unexpected surprise to him, as this would be the first occasion the Comanches deigned to attend a council for many years. Indeed, it was the accident of my falling in with them and the peculiar circumstances of that visit that induced them to come in at all.

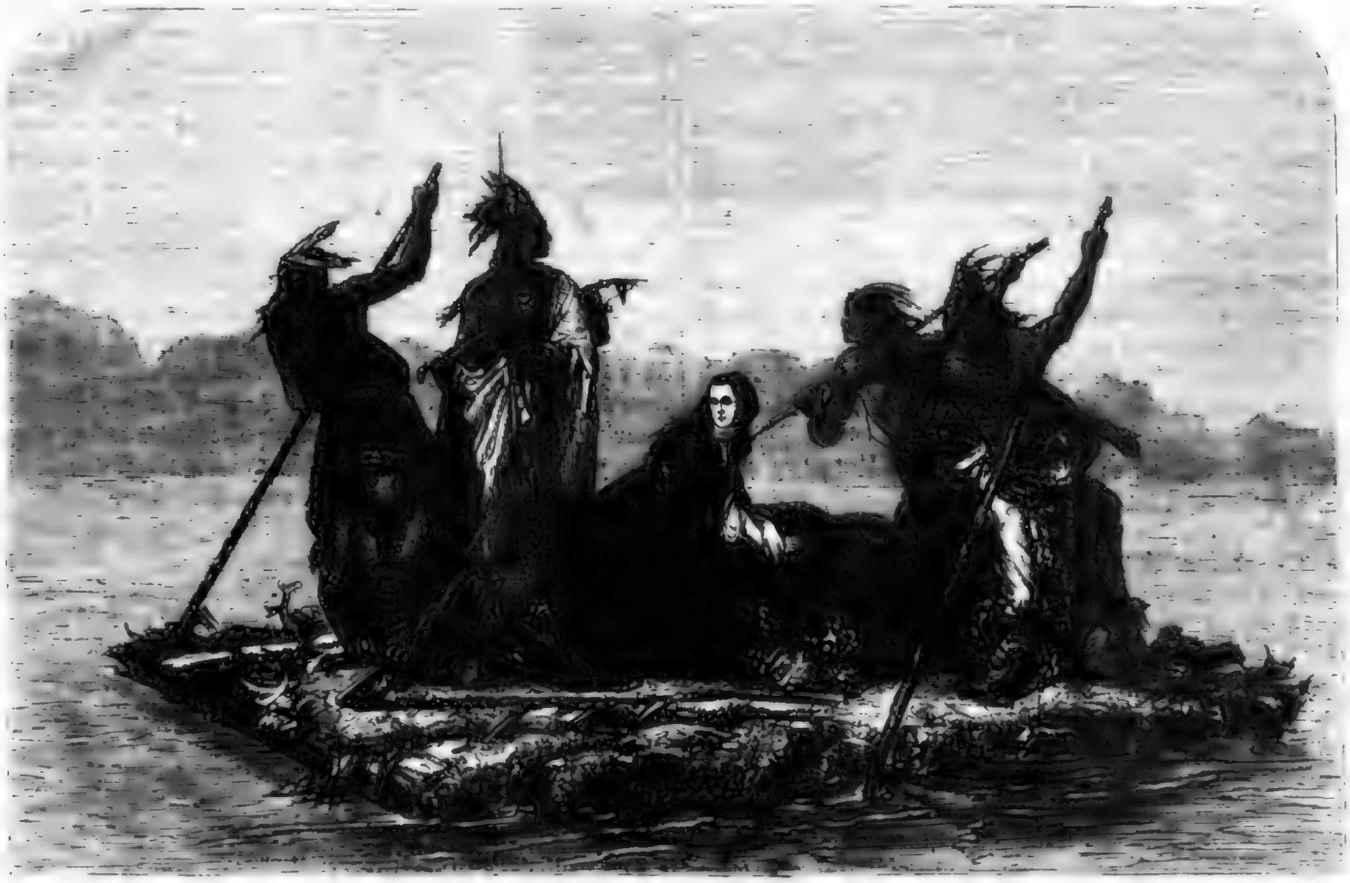
The numerous tribes of friendly Indians inhabiting the northern frontier of Texas were all represented at the council, and their camps on the western bank of the Brazos River, opposite Fort Graham, presented a lively scene.

I had caused to be prepared by the company tailor a flag with clasped hands emblazoned thereon, and attached to an old guidon staff, to be presented to the Comanche chief, commemorative of the council, and as a perpetual symbol of friendship and peace. On the appointed day I repaired to the council-ground in full uniform, an orderly bearing the flag. Colonel Stem talked to the assembled chiefs in a friendly, conciliatory spirit, I interpreting in mongrel Spanish, which they all understood, and, failing in an expressive word or phraseology, using the universal Indian signs.



A COMANCHE CHIEF ADDRESSING HIS TRIBE.

I noticed my quondam sick friend outside the circle, an attentive listener, but seemingly taking no part in the

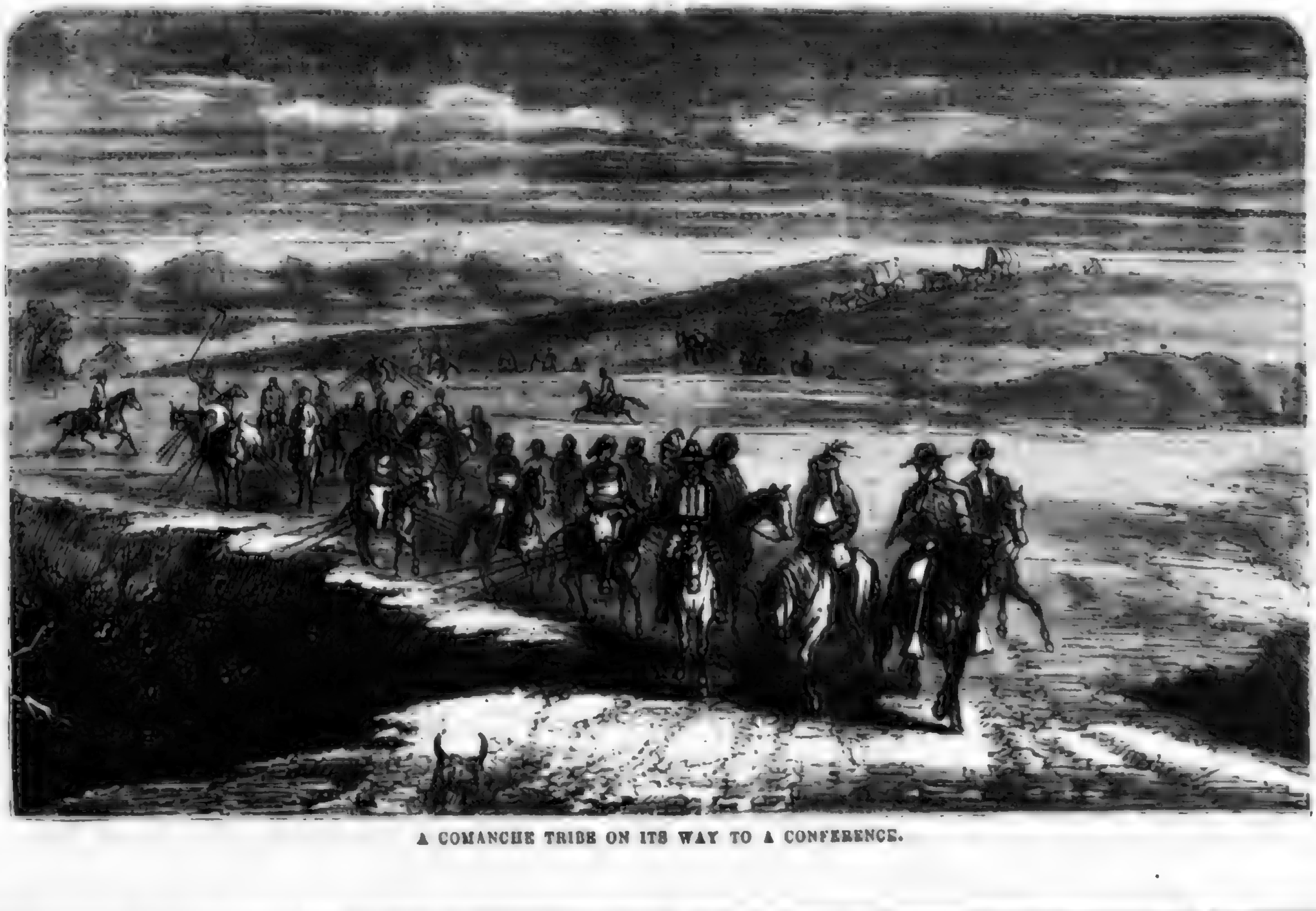


A MEXICAN GIRL CARRIED OFF BY COMANCHES.

interesting events transpiring. The flag was duly presented to Sanaco with as impressive a speech as my feeble command of the "Indian-Spanish" would admit, and it was received with ejaculatiions expressive of the chief's pleasure and good faith.

The following day the garrison was swarmed with begging Indians; they pervaded every quarter; men, women and children seeking subsistence from the storehouses, thinking it niggardly in us to deny their requests.

Amongst others who came to my quarters was my sick friend. He took a chair on the broad piazza, whilst other chiefs, Sanaco, Buffalo Hump and Yellow Wolf, squatted on the ground. The officers of the garrison and Colonel Stem, the Indian agent, persisted in denying to him the dignity of chief. I maintained that he was a noted man. He was a young man of slender stature, but of noble and expressive features. His costume was that of a simple Comanche "brave," the only mark of distinction being a



A COMANCHE TRIBE ON ITS WAY TO A CONFERENCE.

silver cross of unusual dimensions suspended from the neck. This emblem, whether we knew or could appreciate its spiritual significance or not, created in my mind a decided sympathy for the man.

After sitting in stolid silence a considerable time he demanded of me a beef for his own proper use. Surprised and taken aback by the demand, especially as Colonel Stem had the day before not only distributed presents to the head men, but had given them abundance of provisions, I demanded in my turn why, under the circumstances, he should make such an unreasonable request, and if he had not received his quota.

"No," said he; "I am a war chief, and I did not wish to receive presents from any other than a war chief like myself."

"How shall I know that you are a war chief?"

"Call in Sanaco, Yellow Wolf, or José Maria, and question them."

Being sent for, the chiefs came into the parlor and squatted on their haunches on the floor.

I asked each one in his turn the name of the man, and whether his claims to be the great war chief of the Comanches were true or not. Each one expressed himself by placing the index fingers of the two hands the one against the other, the left indicating Que-nas-chu-cope, the Soaring Eagle—much higher than the other himself. José Maria, the Caddo chief, described how himself and three Texans, three or four years ago, had fallen in with a Comanche camp; that after a council they had decided to put them to death, and that this war chief, Que-nas-chu-cope, had taken their part and saved their lives, and that he should always feel under obligations to him.

This was enough. I embraced the chief, and requested him to place an arrow with his name on a scroll wound around it in my collection over the mantelpiece. This he declined, but said he would come again in the morning at ten o'clock, when I promised to have a beef ready for him.

Prompt to the appointed hour next morning, the chief was seen advancing across the plain, followed by a cortége of grim warriors, dressed in all the bravery of their rude nature. Que-nas-chu-cope especially had adorned himself in his very best. His robe of buffalo-hide, dressed with the utmost skill of his tribe, shone resplendent with various hieroglyphic designs on its snow-white surface. The plaited hair, supplemented with horse-hair, and decorated with numerous silver brooches, hung on the outside of it, reaching nearly the ground, and decked at the top of the head with a single eagle's feather, the bow of *bois d'ark* carried in the right hand, whilst his quiver of Mexican lion-skin hung suspended over the left shoulder, his shield of crude buffalo-hide hanging conveniently at his saddle-bow. The entire procession, as they *caracoled* on their prancing steeds into the garrison square, presented a scene quite unique; and reminded one of the turbulent Highlanders as they descended into the lowland settlements on their ruthless forays.

I met the warrior as he dismounted, and embracing, we proceeded to my quarters. All the other chiefs were present to witness the interview. I told him the beef I had promised was ready in the pen, and subject to his orders. Giving a triumphant glance at his comrades, he said he would dispose of him presently; meanwhile, he wished to make me a present. With that he took the lion-skin quiver from his shoulder, which, with the bow and shield, he laid at my feet, begging me to accept them. The shield was enveloped in an outer covering of buckskin, which, when removed, allowed to droop on either side two wreaths of heron feathers, intermixed with those of the eagle, hanging far below the lower rim of the shield, and extending beyond its outer circumference, so that when the shield was held before the person, by a dexterous movement of the arm the feathers would wave, and thus distract the attention of the opponent. It was the work of no mean art or taste, and was a present I could not but appreciate.

"You asked me yesterday," he said, "for an arrow to augment your collection. I give you a whole quiverful The bow and the shield go with them."

"I accept the gift," said I, "and in return, I beg your acceptance of this six-shooter and one hundred cartridges. May it prove, as the silver cross does which decorates your breast, an enlightener of your heart and a civilizer of your understanding. Never raise it against a foe, except in legitimate war; and let it always be a reminder of your present friendly interview with the white man."

"My friend," replied the chief, "you have thought proper to refer to this beautiful and new-fashioned weapon as a civilizer. This," said he, pointing to the silver cross he wore, "is more potent as a civilizer than all the weapons in creation. It is the emblem of Christianity."

"You are a Christian, then?" said I.

"I am," said he, with an air of serenity and confidence.

"You will pardon me if I ask when, and under what circumstances, you were endued with the Christian sentiment."

"My friend," said he, "it is a long and a painful story, but as you seem to be interested, I will relate it to you in as few words as possible. Several years ago, when the white man and the Mexicans were at war, we young Comanche braves would make frequent raids on the frontiers of both countries. On one occasion I headed an expedition into Mexico and pushed on the murderous war-path, spreading consternation and terror even to the very gates of the City of Chihuahua. Lingering for some days on the outskirts of the town, it was finally determined to retrace our steps by slow marches, laden and embarrassed as we were with captives and booty. We had no fear of pursuit, for the white man kept the Mexican soldiers busy. I had hitherto given up all claims to the captives we had taken to my comrades. Indeed, I valued more the fame and reputation I was winning in action than the worldly gains resulting therefrom.

"We lay for a day or two in ambush, near the hacienda of Don Antonio Perez, to rest our wearied animals and to take such relaxation ourselves as the mountain gorge, in the recesses of which we had taken shelter, afforded. One of our number, stationed on the brink of an overhanging crag commanding a view of the entire valley beneath, watched especially the hacienda of Don Perez. One afternoon, whilst I was on the watch, I saw issue from the broad portals of the hacienda, a man and a woman, and take a road leading in the direction of our lair. As they approached, the woman riding astride, in the Mexican fashion (a white bronca of unusual style and beauty), and draped in a burnoose of blue cloth hanging on either side, and covering her dainty feet—this cross shining on her bosom in the rays of the rising sun—she seemed to me a ministering angel sent by the Great Spirit for my special benefit. Her attendant, riding a little in the rear, was evidently a domestic, or some trusted major-domo. He, too, was well mounted; and it behooved me to be more than wary to capture the twain without the assistance of my comrades, which I proposed to attempt. On they came, unsuspicious of the danger they were incurring, until, reaching a turn in the road leading directly beneath the pinnacle on which I was stationed, the fair maiden, discovering a flower growing far up the cliff, bade her attendant dismount and pluck it for her. Instinctively obeying her every behest, her attendant dismounted, and, leaving his horse standing in the road, was soon climbing up the hillside. As quick as thought I had descended to the road in their rear, seized and mounted the bewildered mustang, rode alongside the young lady, and bade the now distracted attendant to descend and take the path in advance of us, which led to our hiding-place. The order was instantly given for the march, and ere the maiden had taken foot from the stirrup, we were far on our way to the crossing of the Del Norte. My prize had not had time for supplications or remonstrance. On we sped to the Pecos, at a point where it issued through the Organ Mountains on to the Llano Estacado, where we were safe from pursuit. Here we halted for a week to replenish our exhausted larder from the mountain sheep, or big horn, the black-tail deer, and cinnamon bear, which abound in that region, and to rest our fatigued animals. Buffalo ranged on the plains beneath us, but we did not care to chase them with our tired horses.

"Ninetta—for such was the name of the maiden I had captured—had reached the age of sixteen. Indeed, it was on her birthday, as she told me afterward, that she had fancied riding a-horseback; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her father, who loved his child with an intensity of love none but a loving and indulgent father can conceive, for she was the living image of an idolized wife who died in giving birth to the daughter—notwithstanding the remonstrances of the ever-cautious Don Perez, she took the road leading directly into my ambuscade. She was lovely beyond conception; and, to my romantic Indian eye, there was something in the large, sloe-black orb, covered by the ever-drooping lid, constantly appealing to the better nature of the man which controlled and seemed to hold in captivity a something in my nature I had not yet discovered or realized. Whenever I approached, those drooping eyes would appeal to the inner man, and that cross continually shining on her bosom constantly rebuked any lascivious desires I might have indulged in. I soon allayed her anxieties in respect to her future fate. I supplied her amply with wiggyups, and with skins and furs for her comfort at night.

"Pablo, her attendant, was never-ceasing in his care for her comfort and health. Indeed, he never left her night or day; the cross seemed as attractive to him as it had been to me.

"Arrived at our destination, the grand camp of the Comanches, on the red fork of the Arkansas, we were duly congratulated on our success. Ninetta was provided with a lodge in the most private part of the encampment, with Pablo, her faithful domestic, in another, not so pretentious, near her. I was untiring in my efforts to please and to win the noble emotions of my captive.

"Soon after my return I had been elected and proclaimed the great war chief of the Comanche nation by the unanimous voice of camp chiefs and heads of families. The attendant festivities and dances on my installation distracted my attention for a while from Ninetta; but I soon wearied of these, and devoted myself once more to the pursuit of love. I loved, idolized the very ground on which Ninetta trod; I was delighted to discover that she was beginning to take more interest in her surroundings; she seemed to have realized the situation, and was determined to make the best of it.

"My sister came into the zone of her influence, and lodged with her in the same tépé, teaching her the arts of Indian life, and receiving in return Ninetta's charming and simple explanations of the mysteries of the silver cross she wore. The young men of the camp were endued with the same respect for her that I had. They approached her with manners subdued, and would sit and gaze at her wondrous beauty as upon some being visiting them from the spirit-land. I loved with an ardent love only given to those born to an unlovable destiny. Ninetta was not slow in discovering the intensity of my passion, for my entire nature had been subdued by the influence of that look, and by the mysterious influences of that symbolic sign which she constantly wore. These, together with the mystic sign she would make as she knelt in our presence and uttered her simple appeals to the Great Spirit, and to what she called the Mother of God, striking her breast with the fore-finger of her delicate hand, would subdue and chasten the sternest natures.

"At length Ninetta, yielding to my oft-repeated and earnest solicitations, became the bride of Que-nas-chu, the Soaring Eagle.

"The occasion of our marriage was the advent into the Comanche camp of Father Gabriel, a delegate from Father Smidt. The holy father came on a mission of love. He had sojourned with us but a few days, chiefly occupied in administering his ministerial services to Ninetta and to her faithful attendant, Pablo. This was the turning-point in my life's history. Ninetta had confessed and explained the secret of our love to Father Gabriel; and the good priest, in broaching the subject to me in the most delicate, gentle manner possible, declared that before the ceremony could be performed I must declare in good faith, publicly, my conviction—first, of there being but one living eternal God; second, that Jesus Christ is the immaculate Son of God; third, that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of God, pervading more or less all mankind.

"Having been previously instructed and informed in respect to these fundamental principles, I had no difficulty in making the required declaration, many of my followers being witnesses of the transaction, and we were duly united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

"You can well imagine, my friend, the influence this angel on earth exercised over my future career. Ever wearing this sacred emblem exposed on her bosom, the influence of her and it wrought in my soul an entire change. My passions became subdued; my cravings after the blood and scalps of my enemies vanished. The sentiment of bravery existed still in full force, but it was moral bravery rather than physical.

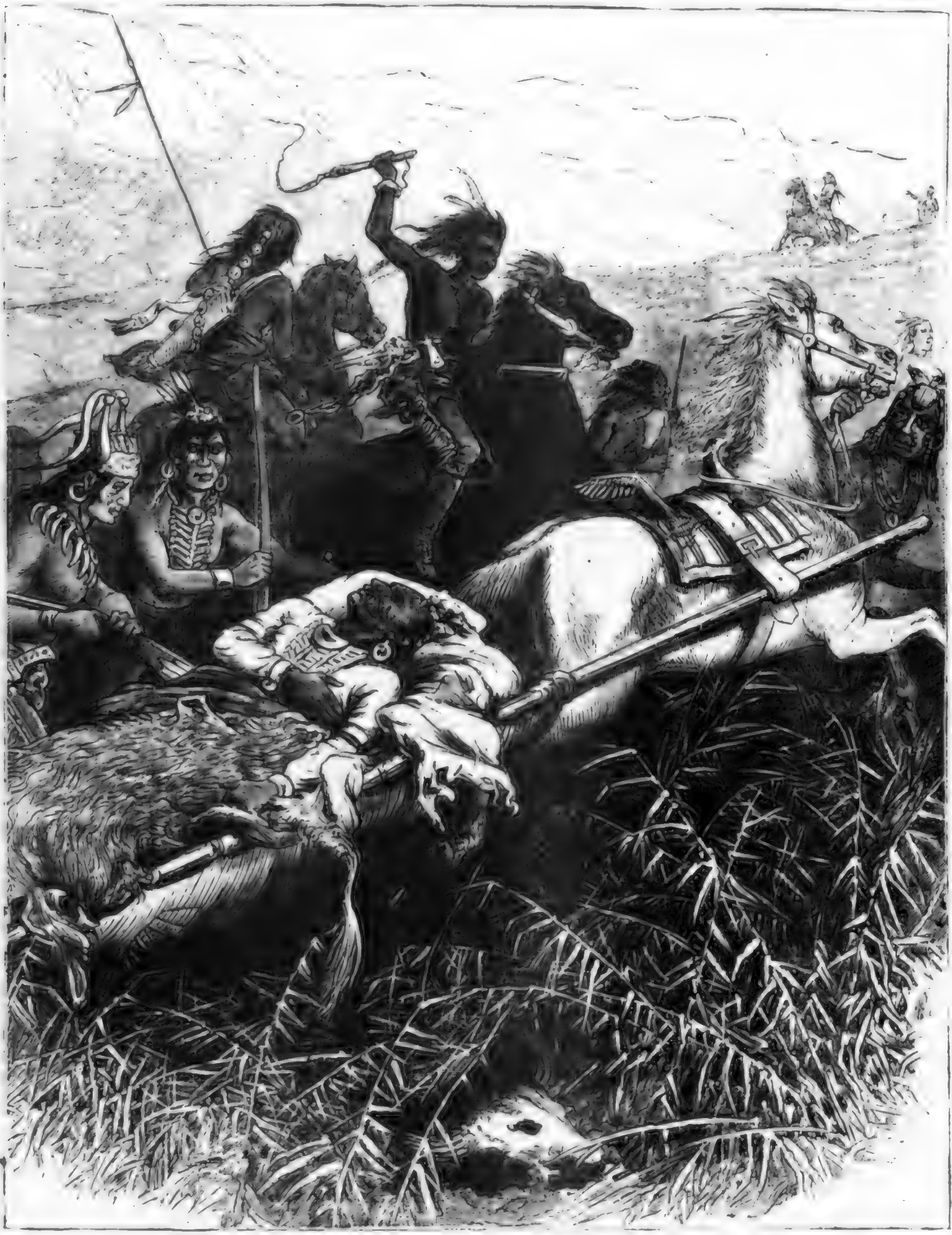
"We lived happily together, she instructing me in the mysteries of her religion—its ceremonies and its rites; I her in the traditions and in the lore of my tribe. Adaptability to all our customs, and never complaining at any hardships, was her chief charm. And thus weeks and months and years passed, alternating in the innocent pastimes of the camp and the oral instructions of my idolized spouse.

"At the expiration of a twelvemonth a child was born to us, a boy, the counterpart of its fair mother; and we lived and rejoiced in our religion, our love, and in our boy.

"A fatal day came—one that will ever mark the darkest period of my existence.

"The evening sky had been livid, and the mornings, for several days, had been hazy, almost obscuring the sun's autumnal rays. A faint smell of fire, of the burning grasses and forests, pervaded the atmosphere and filled the nostrils. The wind coming from the west bore upon its wings portents of evil. I was overwhelmed with a sentient desire to mount my horse and solve the mystery, by galloping across the plains in the direction whence came the mysterious odor, and did so accordingly, alone, unattended.

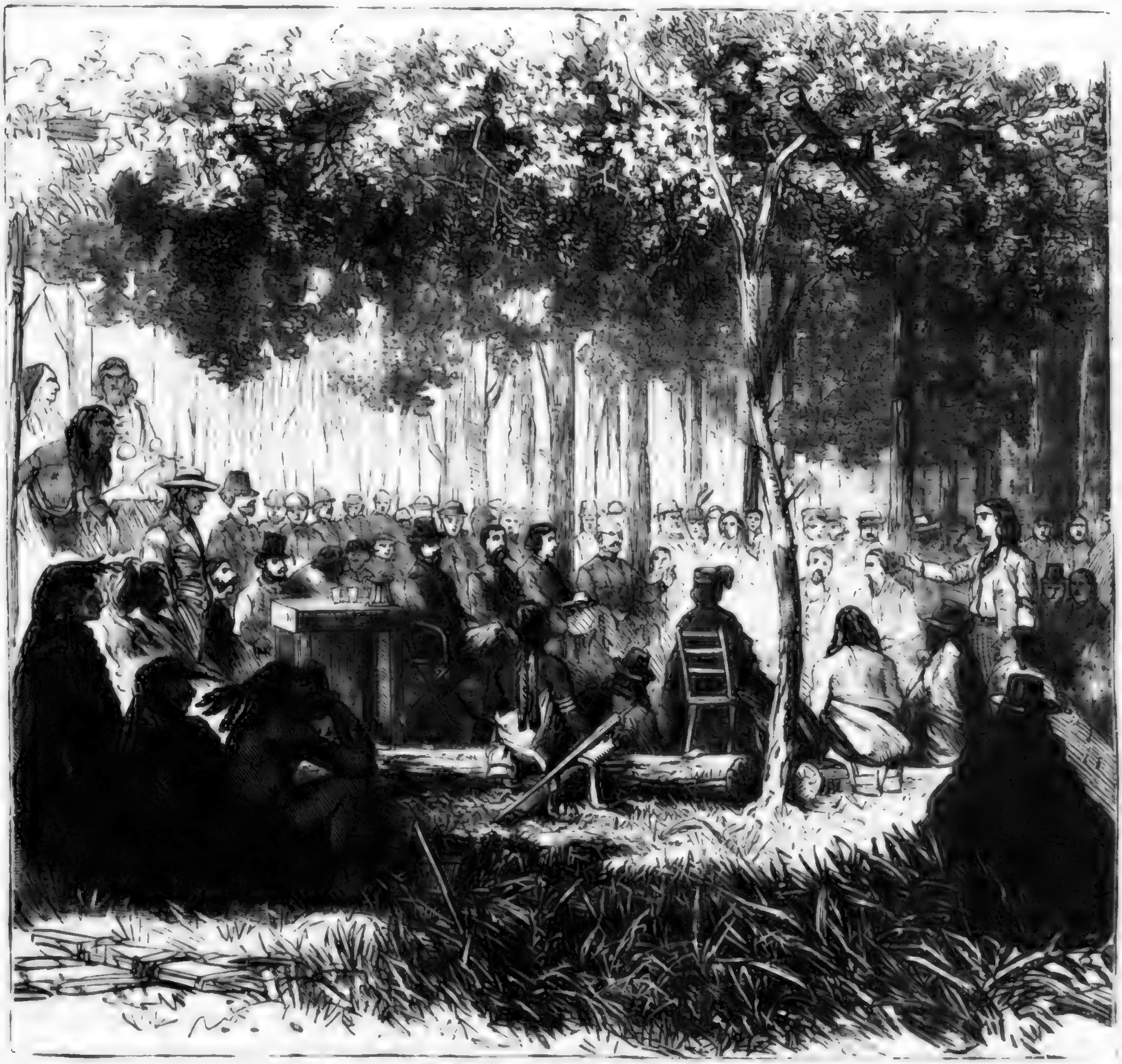
"I had proceeded twenty or thirty miles, when, late in the afternoon, a sound struck my ear like the roaring of some distant cataract, or the heavy swell of some ocean wave, set in motion by one of those giant earthquakes which are described by our medicine-men as occurring at times in the big waters of the west. I halted a moment, to listen and to gaze upon the awful spectacle which presented itself. The entire horizon westward was closed in by a seemingly moving mass of living creatures, rising like a streak of black, threatening cloud, as it approached nearer and nearer. On the instant I unraveled the mystery, and realized the danger to our camp. Turning my horse, I fled on the wings of the wind, to give timely warning of the coming danger.



COMANCHES CARRYING OFF A WOUNDED CHIEF.

"My friend, have you ever witnessed a stampede on the plains?—a stampede of buffalo?"

"Only once," I replied; "a stampede of three hundred of our cavalry horses, frightened by a thunderstorm, whilst picketed and grazing quietly near camp. Then, though the scene was fearful for a few minutes, as the frantic creatures careered wildly over the plains, with the iron pickets and picket-ropes intertwined or lashing their sides, a few daring soldiers, mounting the nearest steeds to them, took the lead, and with the help of the familiar "stable call," blown by all the trumpeters, the frightened animals were soon brought to a stand and soothed. This is the only real stampede I have ever witnessed."



A CONFERENCE BETWEEN U. S. AUTHORITIES AND THE COMANCHES.

"Ah, then you have something to see yet! Imagine, if you can, countless thousands of demoniac creatures coursing in one solid mass the undulating plain; the leading troops pressed on by those in the rear, sweeping everything before them, and only stopped by sheer exhaustion, to be ground to dust by the herds coming on, until, reaching the precipitous banks of a river, thousands blindly dash over it, and go floating down the stream, helpless carcasses.

"Such was the stampede I had now to deal with.

"Quivering in every limb, with contending emotions I reached the camp some hours after nightfall, and aroused my sleeping comrades to a sense of their danger. They mounted immediately, and were organized into two parties, to go to the front and deflect or divide the moving masses. In this operation I manœuvred my bands as I would have done in the most desperate engagement. On they came, surging and bellowing with fright, the earth shaking and trembling under their feet. On they came, like so many black, unearthly demons seeking whom they might devour. We succeeded by the intrepidity of our bold stand, and the yells we uttered, as if to drown the uproar of their coming, in separating the onflowing tide.

"Overwhelmed with the contending emotions which endued my soul—the primary duty of securing the general safety, and of leading my various bands into action at points critically threatened, and the special safety of my darling Ninetta and her young child, I was urged by the natural instincts of an Indian's nature to prove myself true to the exalted position to which I had been elected. Fatal infatuation! Ninetta's lodge had been placed, as usual, at a romantic spot, somewhat remote from the main camp, and on one of its flanks. The rushing tide of the stampeded buffalo-herd had been severed, and deflected around either flank of our camp. Little did I think of the dangerous and exposed position of my own tépé. It was crushed beneath the ruthless hoofs of the flying herds, and its occupants, my wife and child, perished, and their remains were obliterated. Nothing save the silver cross which shone on the desolate spot, as our Blessed Saviour's cross shone on Mount Calvary, could be found to indicate the locality. Her angelic spirit had vanished in the same mysterious manner that she had first appeared to me, bearing on her bosom this emblem of her Saviour, and leaving it behind her in her flight, an ever-enduring monument of her love and of my redemption."

The Soaring Eagle looked the very impersonation of the simple, the faithful and the confiding Christian. His naturally brilliant eagle eye shone with a calm and assured certainty that he would meet in Paradise the maiden he had so idolized on earth. I have often wondered whether, in the mutability of events during the past twenty years, my Comanche friend of the Plains still lives. If dead, *requiescat in pace!*

A WIFE'S HIDING-PLACE.

It was during the troublous times in Poland, when many of the chief nobles of that unhappy land were looking to see their beloved country once more free and independent. The Russian Emperor called it an insurrection, and proposed to punish the leaders thereof with death. Upon the head of a certain Polish nobleman a price was set. The Emperor was very anxious to gain him into his power, and having been informed that the nobleman's wife had been heard to declare that she had hidden her husband, he ordered her to be brought before him. Accordingly she was apprehended, and ushered into the imperial presence.

The Emperor was forcibly struck by the lady's surpassing beauty, and by her queenly bearing. Having asked her name and station, she was asked if she had said that she had hidden her husband. She answered in the affirmative. She was then asked where she had hidden him.

But she shook her head; she would not tell. Whereupon the Emperor informed her that if she would not confess otherwise, he should put her to the torture. Upon that she looked up into the monarch's face, and said to him, with outstretched hands:

"Sire, I have hidden away my husband. If I tell you where he is hidden will you spare me?"

"I will."

"You will keep your word, even though you do not find him?"

"If you tell me truly where you have hidden him—yes —I swear it."

"Then," she said, laying her hands over her throbbing bosom—"know ye, I have hidden him in my heart!"

We may suppose that the Emperor kept his word; for he was not without a heart of his own, which could respond, on occasion, to a noble and generous sentiment.

JOAN OF ARC.

Though Joan of Arc is a French heroine in but little danger of being forgotten, the inhabitants of Crotoy have thought fit to make assurance doubly sure by rearing a fresh statue to her memory. The Maid of Orleans having had the misfortune to be a sound Catholic sacrificed by a bishop, the clericals and their opponents have seized the occasion for a renewal of their ancient combat against everybody and everything considered inimical to the Warrior Girl of Domremy.

The story of Jeanne d'Arc's life, as conventionally received, is a tragedy which aptly lends itself to the legion of painters, sculptors, poets and prosers, who have chosen it for an illustration of their genius or the demonstration of their dullness. But, in truth, after an interval of four centuries and a half, history is apt to grow a little moldy, and though so orthodox a chronicler as M. Henri Martin, who was chosen to pronounce the Crotoy eulogy, might have proved equal to the demands on his imagination, the least exacting of historians must now and then be staggered as they try to repeat the oft-told tale of the foundress of the noble family of De Lys.

A career of nineteen years, so obscure in its beginning, so sad, and yet so brilliant at its close, could not fail to enlist the sympathy and admiration of every age. Thus Jeanne d'Arc has been accorded an immortality of glory, and a wealth of pictures, memoirs, statues and epics such as have fallen to no other woman of her nation. Unhappily we live in Philistinish times. The iconoclasts of history delight in hewing down their fathers' gods. With such a spirit let loose among the records, it could scarcely be expected that the Maid of Orleans would escape the cruel investigations of the spotless critic.

It is true that, though there is a question how far the fanaticism of Jeanne aided in routing the English, no one doubts that they were defeated. It is, therefore, needless revising the verdict then passed at the spear-point. But, after a hundred works have described her death, and thousands of reverent pilgrims have wept over the scene of her martyrdom in the Place de la Pucelle of Rouen, it was a shock to hear, not only that the English were not responsible for her martyrdom, but that the heroic damsel was never burned at all, having lived to be a respected matron and well-to-do citoyenne. This is, nevertheless, what Father Vignier asserts to be the fact, and M. Delapierre has confirmed with documents regarding the authenticity of which there cannot be much skepticism. There always was a belief that the woman executed in 1431 was not the real "Maid," and at different towns during the subsequent years numerous impostors were punished for attempting to pass themselves off as the authentic martyr. M. Vignier, however, found in the archives of Mentz a contemporary account of the arrival of Jeanne in that city on the 20th of May, 1436, and her recognition of her two brothers.

This paper furthermore mentions that in due time she was married to a Sieur de Hermoise, or Armoise, and though it might be admitted that the document discovered was a modern forgery, it is certainly staggering to disinter from a family muniment chest of a M. des Armoise, of Lorraine, a contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoise, Knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans." This also might have been a coincidence, though a rather striking one, but among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans, under dates 1435 and 1436, are records of certain payments made to messengers bringing letters from "Jeanne the Maid" to her brother, John du Lils, of Lys. Now, this surname is well known to have been that under which, as a reward for long service, the Arc family are ennobled. So here—unless we at once cut the knot by declaring the entire mass of documents (those in Mentz, in Lorraine and in Orleans) to be gross forgeries, which has not yet been attempted—is a curious network of facts, out of which it is rather difficult to escape from the conclusion that there must have been some mistake about the Maid of Orleans having been incinerated in that lively city on the Seine, in which stands one of her many statues erected to attest the truth of the event.

Most curious of all—and M. Delapierre, in his, "Doutes Historiques," adduces numerous other data tending in the same direction—in the Orleans accounts, under date of August 1st, 1439 (eight years after she ought to have been dead), there is an entry of two hundred and forty livres presented to Jeanne d'Armoise by the Town Council, for services rendered by her at the siege of 1429. It is difficult to get over these facts.

ROLF AND I.

By M. D. Brine.

I THINK I can never quite lose the memory of my mother's death, for, in all the years which have since followed, I can yet recall that dreadful evening when I clung with all the strength of my little arms to the solemn figure which neither heard nor saw my distress, since the eyes would never open again with their look of love for me, nor could the pale lips call me by name.

It was my mother's sister, Aunt Grace Morton, who finally lifted me from the bed of death, and, with tears in her gentle voice bade me be comforted, and remember that my home would in future be with her and Uncle Morton, and they and Cousin Rolf would love me dearly.

It was long before I ceased grieving for mamma; but children's hearts turn more to sunshine than shadow, and after a little while I learned to sing and laugh again as a child of ten ought, and auntie called me "Little Sunshine" as the weeks and months went by.

I must here explain that Mr. Morton was my aunt's second husband—a devoted, kind-hearted man, whose son, Rolf, shared with him my aunt's respect and love.

Had the boy been her own child, he could not have loved Aunt Grace more, I think; and it was her delight to talk to me of Rolf's noble traits and loving heart, until I longed for the time of his return from school.

He had gone away to S—— long before mamma's sickness, and previous to that I had only met him once; so that I had no distinct remembrance of him, and only knew him through auntie's loving description of her stepson.

Rolf was fifteen years old, and the five years between us seemed almost an age. He would be home by the holiday season, auntie said, and how I did try to improve and grow quiet and gentle during the weeks intervening, so that my cousin would be sure to like me.

I remember when at last he arrived how timidly I stood by auntie in the hall to welcome him. A warm shake of the hand with his father, a close clasp of his arms about auntie, as he half smothered her with kisses, and then he turned to me.

I bashfully hung my head and extended my hand, but Rolf suddenly lifted me in his arms, and sat down on a chair near by.

"Only your atom of a hand, Sis Clare?" he asked, merrily, "instead of a good big kiss to welcome the big boy home. Come, look up, and see what a famous fellow I am for a game of romps!"

His cheery voice restored my courage, and obeying a sudden impulse, I threw my arms around his neck, and exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath:

"Oh, I am so glad you're not a man!"

We had a very merry holiday season—so much so that when one day my cousin stood, hat in hand, saying his last good-by ere he was off for school and study again, I burst into tears, and ran into the sitting-room, holding my red little nose and swollen eyes in the sofa-cushion.

Then it was I heard Rolf say to auntie, half-laughingly: "Wait till she is grown, mother mine, and see if that child doesn't break some fellow's heart. She'll be a beauty, with her dark eyes and clear olive complexion."

Well, when he came to me for another good-by kiss, he didn't dream that my naturally vain little heart had eagerly seized his words of compliment, and was comforted in no little degree.

After he had gone auntie and I were lonely, and she petted and spoiled me, until even indulgent Uncle Morton remonstrated. I missed the tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, who had never thwarted my slightest wish, and had devoted his holidays to giving me, child as I was, all sorts of pleasures and delights. Auntie used to say, laughingly:

"Never mind, Clare; you'll have him *all* the time in two years; and I expect to be very jealous."

Rolf came home but twice in the next two years, and one of his visits was very sad, because it was on the occasion of his father's death. Uncle Morton died after only a few days' illness, and auntie had only Rolf and I to comfort her.

But soon the boy—or young man, as he should have been called, for Rolf was nearly eighteen years old by that time—returned to his home to remain with us, for auntie was timid, and the house was large, and there were only herself and I and the two faithful old servants, to protect each other against the usual woman's alarm—*burglars.*

So Rolf came, and we three were all in all to each other. I studied daily under the tuition of a governess, and assistance from Rolf, and I was happy as a young queen, loving auntie almost as dearly as I had loved mamma, and loving my cousin Rolf like a dear brother. We were rarely parted during the three years following, although there were occasions when I would spend a day or two with friends who also visited our family, and Rolf would be called from home on some business matter.

But our home was too happy for either of its "children" —as auntie still called us—to care about remaining long away, and as Rolf grew rapidly toward manhood, I also advanced toward the sweet season of maidenhood, my heart and brain filling fast with girlish fancies.

When my cousin was twenty-one years of age dear auntie died, and, after the usual time had elapsed, her papers were opened, and the old family lawyer announced the fact that Rolf and I were the sole heirs to the respectable property left; and though his was the larger share, yet I was content with my heritage, and grateful to auntie for her thoughtful remembrance of me.

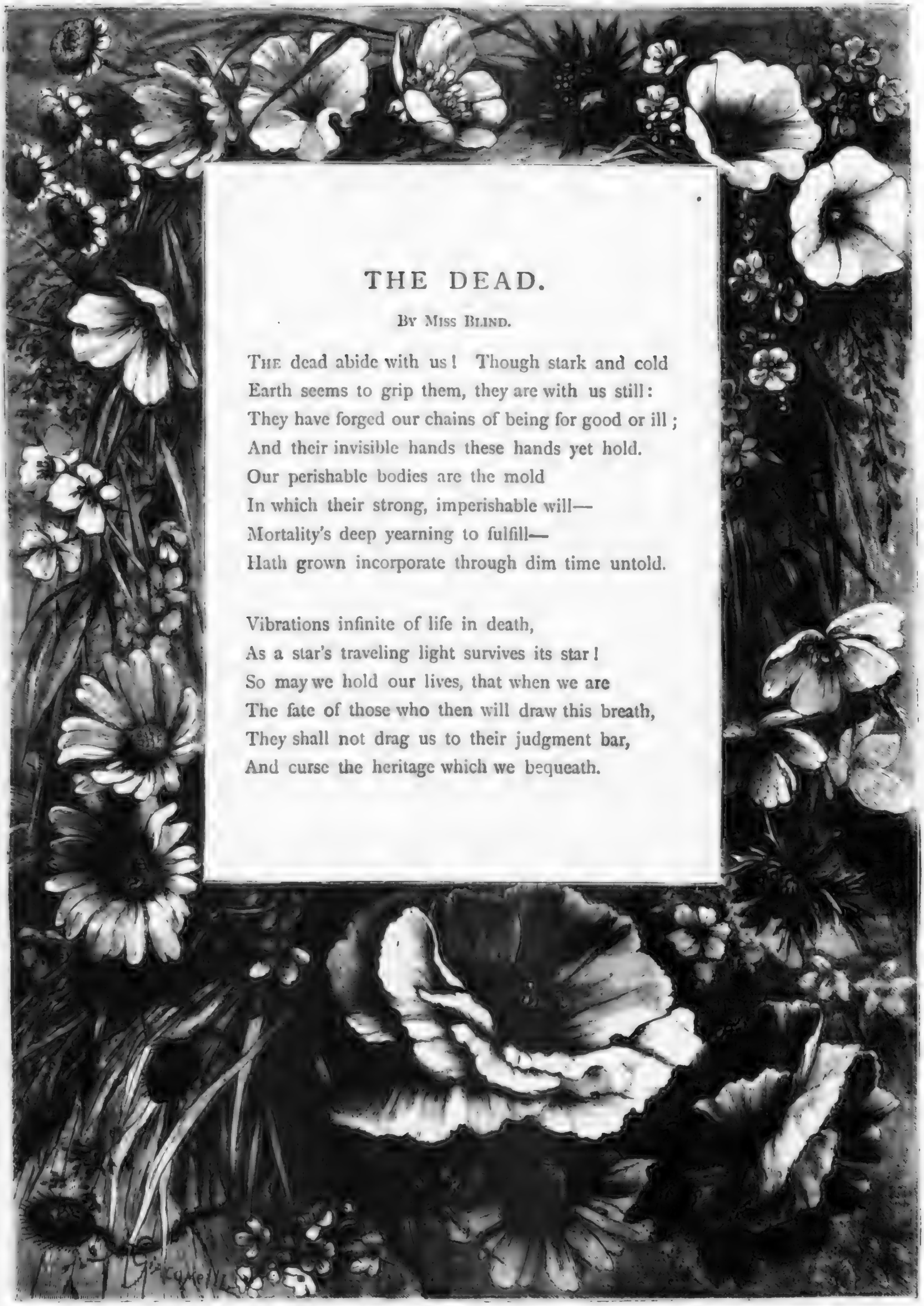
She requested, in her will, that Rolf should be my guardian, knowing well that, young as he was, he had the wisdom and manhood of one far older.

I was to attend a boarding-school in charge of an esteemed old friend of auntie's, and Rolf would attend to family business matters, and continue the study of law with our old friend, Judge C——.

Thus auntie knew I would be safely cared for and advised during the time until Rolf would attain legal majority, and then my guardianship.

So we separated, my cousin and I. He took his sore, grieving heart to Europe for a season of rest and recruiting, ere finishing his law studies, which he dearly loved, and I went amongst strangers for the first time in my life of sixteen years.

Of course, I cried and fretted over the thought of leaving home and Rolf; but it was to be, and finally the days

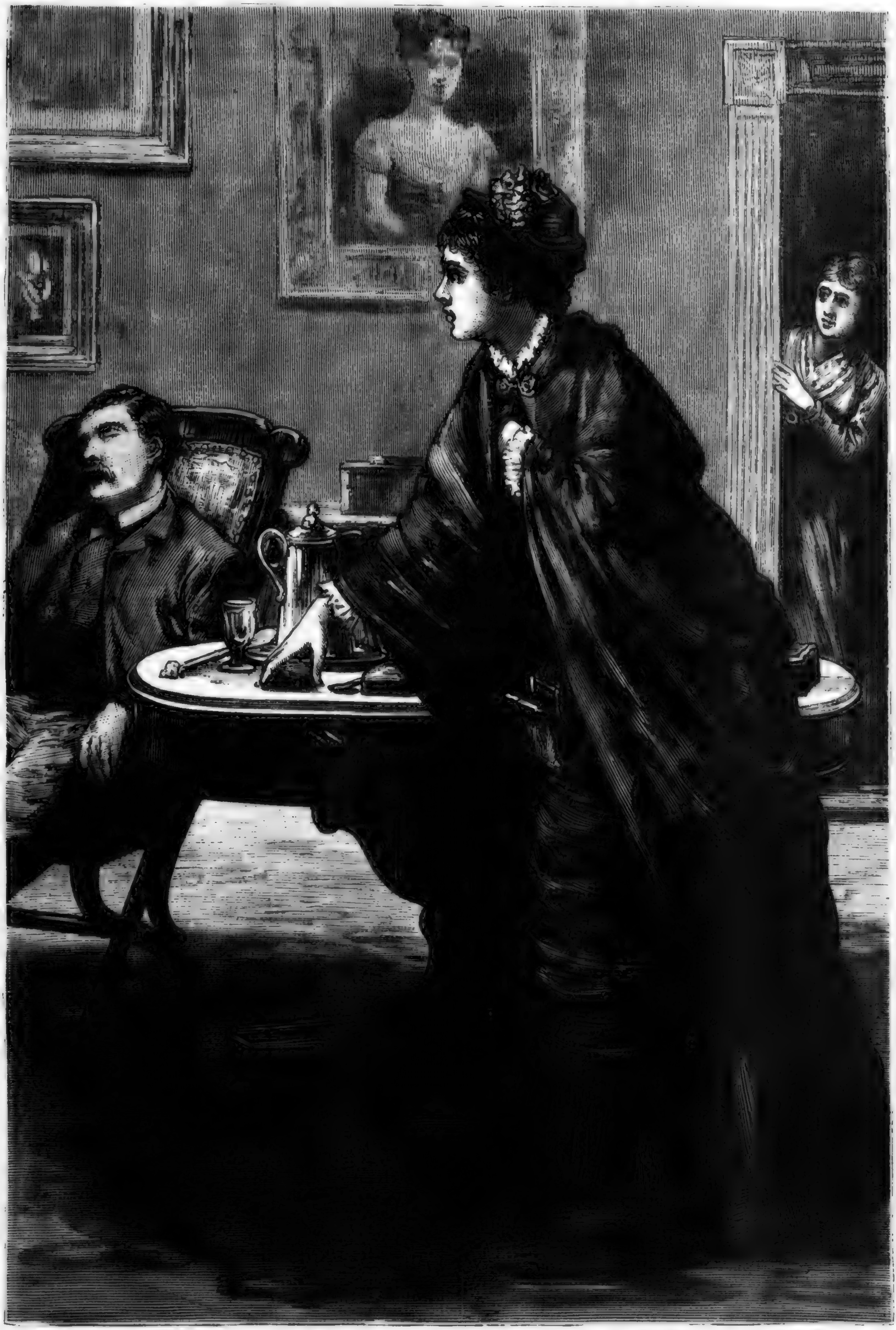


THE DEAD.

By Miss Blind.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mold
In which their strong, imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfill—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's traveling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.



ROLF AND I.—"THERE HE WAS, MY NOBLE ROLF, THE ONLY MAN—I KNOW IT NOW—WHOM I COULD TRULY LOVE AND RESPECT, AND WITHOUT WHOM I COULD NOT LIVE, I THOUGHT, IN DESPAIR."—SEE PAGE 671.

grew brighter for me, till, after a year had passed, I was perfectly happy with a gay set of girls and companions, who, like myself, considered school and its duties a sort of combination of necessary evils, to which we might as well submit with a good grace.

At eighteen I was out of school and at home with Rolf—"Gardy" I used to call him when in a teasing mood—and a respectable old lady, who acted the double duty of *duenna* and housekeeper.

How can I describe the loving care and kindness which my cousin Rolf gave me day after day! Nothing was too good for his little Clare, he said, ignoring the fact of my five feet two, and passing his tender hand as frequently and as caressingly over my hair as when I was only a little thing upon his knee, and he my "big boy cousin."

"You are growing so fair and winsome, *ma belle*," he used to say, with a world of love in his blue eyes. "Who will win your love away from me, I wonder?"

Then we would both laugh, and I would protest that no man could take my cousin's place in my heart.

But there came a time when, during a long absence from home, while visiting one of my old schoolmates, I learned to like and crave admiration from the young men of her acquaintance, and entered heart and soul into the gay life to which she introduced me, at once. And when a certain young fellow, with brilliant, dashing manners, and a clever knowledge of *how to woo*, came daily to see and make himself agreeable to me, I found it so delightful and altogether new, that the idea of having to return home grew for the first time distasteful. I was reckless, and eager for a continuation of this fascinating life, so different from the quiet home-life in which I had always been so happy. So I wrote to Rolf, urging him to consent to my longer stay, and picturing my pleasures in such glowing terms that I felt sure of his answer. And it came in due time. He consented, but because the old home was lonely without me, he should go away and travel a while.

I felt somewhat reproached, but Harry Somers was at hand to drive all unpleasant thoughts out of my mind, and ere long I forgot to "wonder what Rolf was doing," and only wondered how I could possibly fill all the engagements I had made for the coming week.

Time passed, and before I finally returned home, where Rolf was to meet me, Harry Somers had declared himself with such earnestness that I fully believed his life would be wretched without me, and promised to save him from despair.

All through the journey home I was planning how to break the news to Cousin Rolf, and half-fearing trouble in gaining his consent; and when the noble fellow met me at the depot, clasping my hand tightly in his, and I saw his face fairly glow with the gladness of my return, I felt the quick tears spring to my eyes, and the old clinging love for my cousin drove all thoughts of my love from my mind for a time.

It was not until we were seated together in the old familiar room, having bidden the gray-haired, white-capped old housekeeper good-night, that Rolf and I talked of my visit and my plans.

I saw a quick look of pain on his face as I told him of Harry, and asked his consent to our engagement; and the arm he had thrown around me tightened its clasp as I spoke in glowing words of all I had done and expected to do in the gay life so lately entered upon.

"You are sure you love him, little Clare?" Rolf asked, somewhat anxiously, bending his head and looking into my eyes steadily.

I replied that I did love Harry.

"How could I help it when he loved me so well, and had declared his future would be void of happiness if I should turn away from his suit?"

Rolf smiled at my answer, but the cloud gathered on his brow and in his eyes once more.

"God knows I would not stand in the way of your happiness, my Clare," he said. "I love you too dearly for that, and I am the guardian of your pleasure and best interest, you know. So how could I refuse to let you marry the man of your choice, if I were certain he would make you happy? But I must know more of him first."

"He is coming here, Rolf," I replied, "and you may judge for yourself."

We talked until Rolf caught me trying to stifle a yawn, and then he sent me to bed.

I dreamed all night that Harry and Rolf were disputing about me until, as they seemed about to come to blows, I awoke with a start, and found it near daylight.

When, at the breakfast-table in the morning, I told Rolf my dream, and said, jestingly, "How funny for *you* to want to marry me, Rolf, so much so as to dispute with poor Harry!" Rolf turned very pale, and bit his lip as if to keep from answer; and, though surprised, I said nothing more of the dream.

Harry came in response to an invition from Rolf, and I watched my cousin's face closely.

Evidently Rolf was not quite prepossessed in Harry's favor, although his greeting was kind and courteous enough.

But I could see that Rolf was very glad when Harry left us, and perhaps the slight resistance to my plans and wishes made me more determined, for the first time in my life, to have my own way, even though against my cousin's wish.

Not long after I received an urgent invitation from Harry's sisters to visit them, and decided to accept, without a thought of the propriety of the thing, or even Rolf's acquiescence. Of course he objected strongly.

"I haven't yet consented to your engagement with him, Clare," said he, gravely. "And truly, dear, I do not fancy him; he is *not* the kind of man I should want my precious Clare to marry, and you know"—he paused and turned his face away ere continuing—"you know that Rolf would die to serve you and make you happy."

I petulantly shrugged my shoulders and turned away.

However, it ended as I knew it would from the first. I had my way, and went to Harry's home, trying to feel glad and happy, with the prospect of a pleasant visit with his sisters, although Harry himself was absent, and would probably not return until my visit was near its close.

But the memory of Rolf's grave face haunted me, and clung to me during the whole of my visit. Contrary to expectations, Harry returned, and his devotion to me was begun anew. But how it happened I don't know, or what caused the change in my feelings; I only know that a strange longing to see Rolf came over me. I fancied what it would be to live apart from him always, missing his loving care and watchfulness, his unselfish love and counsel, and the thousand and one little things which made him so necessary to me, that the very thought of taking up a new and different life seemed more than I could bear.

Little by little Harry's attentions grew annoying to me, and I thanked fate that our engagement was not as yet a settled thing, owing to Rolf's non-consent.

I suppose the growing coldness of my manner, which, because of the increasing desire for Rolf's presence, I could not conceal when Harry persistently devoted himself to me, fretted him, for he complained bitterly that I had changed, and was no longer like my gentle self. Then a sharp reply followed on my part, and at last, after a wakeful night, during which I fancied all sorts of dreadful things as happening to Rolf, I determined to go at once home, and promise my cousin to have nothing more to do with Harry Somers.

A letter was handed me at breakfast-time, written by the faithful old housekeeper, who informed me that "Something ailed Mr. Rolf; she didn't know what it was about, but he had been like a ghost about the house, so white and sad, and seemed to be always *thinking.* Would I come home and cheer him up a little bit?"

Would I? I lost no time in announcing the fact of my intended departure, and, in spite of remonstrance from all the family, I left for home that same day at noon.

When I reached the dear home, and rang the bell with a trembling hand—thinking how glad and surprised Rolf would be, the dear fellow, when he came home from his office later in the day—Mary, the waitress, admitted me.

The housekeeper had gone out, the girl said, so I went straight to my room. But, oh! I had not yet removed my hat and cloak ere the girl Mary came hastily to my room with the cry that "Master Rolf was in the library, *dead in the chair!*"

One scream which I could not restrain, and then I flew down the staircase with a throbbing heart and brain.

There he was, my noble Rolf, the only man—I knew it now—whom ever I could truly love and respect, and without whom I could not live, I thought in despair—there he was, in the chair beside his table, his head drooped slightly, and the dear face was white, oh, so white!

"Rolf! oh, Rolf!" I called, springing forward. Was he really dead, or only in a swoon? "He has been sicker than I knew of," I cried, "and they ought to have sent for me!"

But Rolf was not dead, after all, for when my arms were closely about him he opened his eyes and smiled, and though his mind wandered a little, for fever set in strongly, I, alone with him while a doctor was sent for, listened to words which made me so happy I almost forgot to be anxious about him.

"I thought you would come to me, my Clare. If you knew that I love you so, you would not leave me to love another, who has not loved you so long or so dearly as I have—would you?"

He scarcely knew what he said, poor fellow! but *I knew* it was all in his dear heart, although but for this I might never have known, and I was glad, more so than I dared confess even to myself.

Well, Rolf got well pretty soon, and we had another talk, and the result was that Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Morton will be "At Home" on Thursday, November —, to any friends who chance to call.

COFFEE.

A cup of coffee! What pleasing though harrowing associations these few words conjure up! How few and far between have been the "good cups!" how fearfully and wonderfully made the bad ones! Tea may be very inferior, yet drinkable. Coffee, when unskillfully concocted, or of doubtful parentage, is unbearable; and yet how often have we been compelled to take it for better, and especially for worse! Coffee is, indeed, familiar in our mouths as household words, and it behooves us to trace the berry from the plantation to the cup.

At a majority of breakfast-tables, "if the coffee is good everything is good"—a fact so significant in itself that no other argument is needed to prove the all importance of uniform success in the preparation of this one article. Books innumerable have been written about this famous berry.

The range of coffee-culture extends over almost the whole of the tropical belt of the globe, the isothermal lines between the twenty-fifth degree north and the thirtieth degree south of the equator comprising the principal regions adapted to the growth of the plant. The plant seems to bear greater climatic extremes than most members of the vegetable kingdom, and thrives in localities differing as much as twenty to thirty degrees in average temperature.

It is a fact well worthy of notice that in many of the countries where the *Coffœa Arabica*—the coffee of commerce—has been introduced, indigenous varieties of the coffee-plant have been discovered, as in Mauritius, Southern India, Liberia, Costa Rica and Mexico, Peru, Guiana and Brazil. In the last-named country no fewer than sixteen species are distinguished, growing in a wild state.

The coffee-plant, although of hardy growth, is not without enemies, among which the principal are the borer, the bug, and the leaf fungus. Drought, damp, and rot also affect and injure the plant. In some countries shade-trees are necessary in order to protect it from excessive heat. In Ceylon coffee-trees under shade do not produce as liberally as trees planted in open ground, and except in very low districts, shade is rarely provided. In Venezuela the long dry season makes it necessary to give the plants the shelter of large overhanging trees. In Brazil coffee is grown in the open.

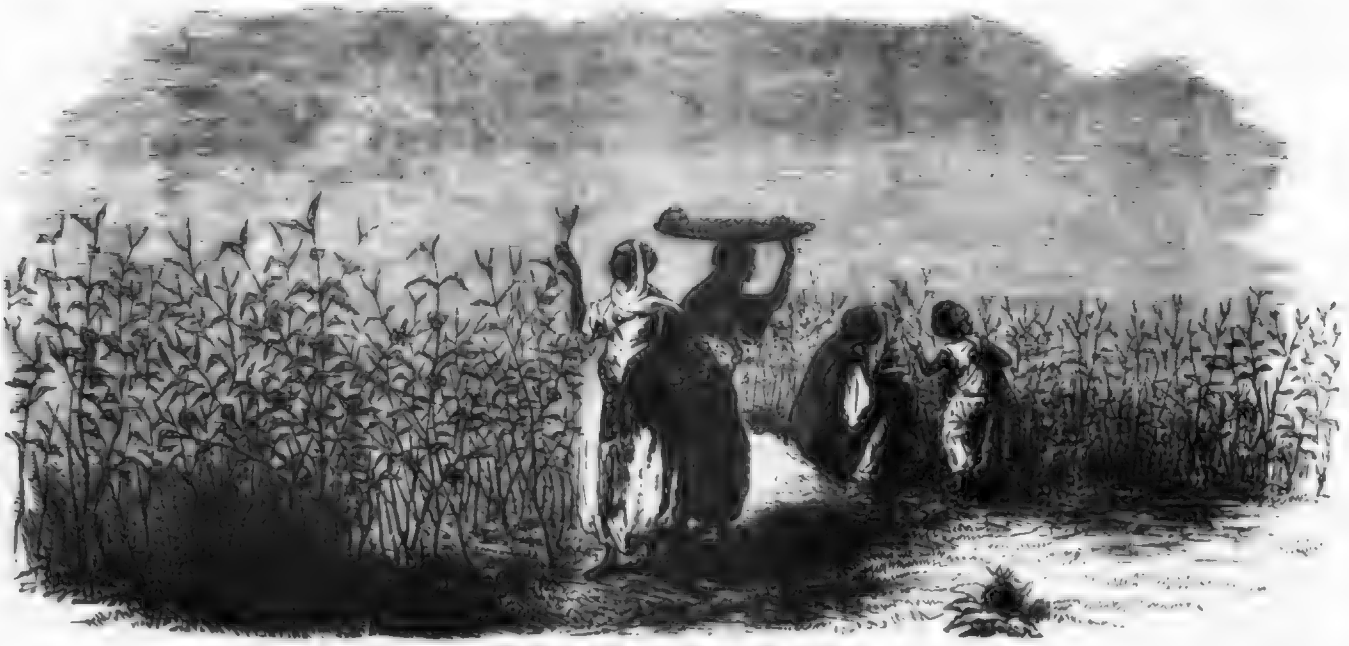
Monkeys, squirrels, and jackals are fond of the ripe berries, and make no scruple to plunder the plantations. A species of rat is also addicted to making inroads upon the coffee-fields and biting off the leaves and tender shoots.

The limit of average productiveness is about thirty years. After that time the trees may continue to live and grow, but they yield little or no fruit. In Java, coffee-trees planted nearly a hundred years ago are said to be yet in existence, being now some forty feet high, with trunks of the thickness of a man's thigh; but they grow entirely wild and produce no berries. On an average, the trees are replaced on the plantations every twenty years. This process of replanting goes on constantly. On the whole, the cultivation requires great care and unceasing attention, together with considerable capital to await the coming into bearing of the trees and to meet the heavy current expenses.

Coffee grows best on the uplands—usually on mountain sides at an elevation of from 1,500 to 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. In dry districts it is grown at an elevation of 5,500 and even 6,000 feet. The following directions are given by an experienced planter in the East:

"As a general rule, the best zone of latitude for coffee is 150° on each side of the equator; of altitude from 3,000 to 4,500 feet. The deeper, freer, and richer the soil is the better. It should be specially tested for phosphoric acid and potash. The latter will be in abundance if a large forest is felled, and burned grassland must be very good to grow coffee. An eastern or southeastern exposure is good, but not always essential. Shelter from tearing wind, however, is of the utmost importance, and in windy situations should be secured by leaving belts of timber, or planting fast-growing Australian trees. A mean temperature between 65° and 70° or 73° is desirable, and a rainfall of from 70 to 150 inches of rain, well distributed, about 100 inches being the best."

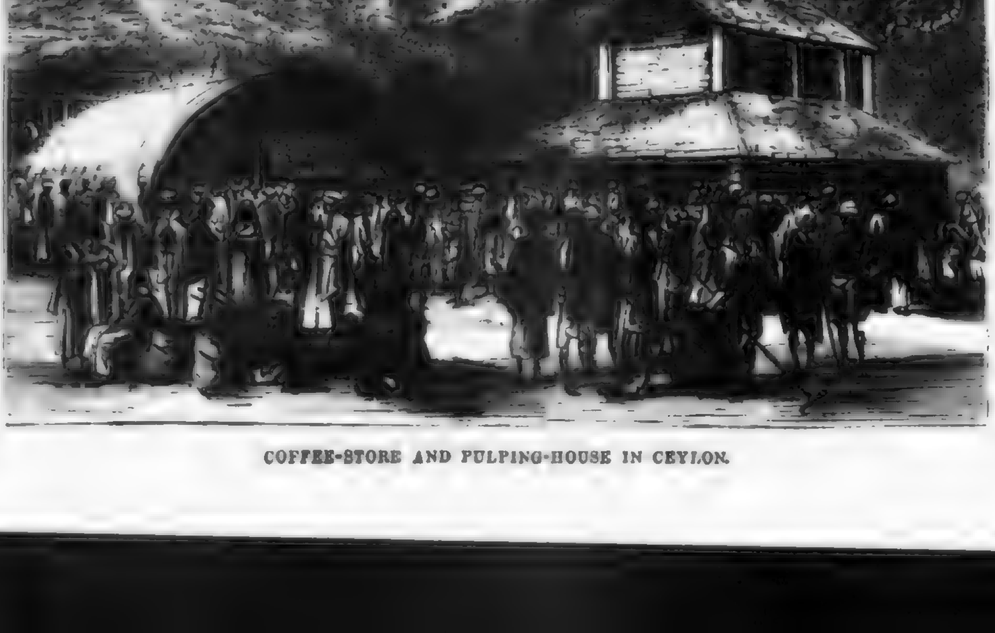
The trees are raised from the seeds in nurseries, and transferred to their final positions when about a year or



PICKING THE COFFEE-BERRY IN ARABIA.

eighteen months old. Plants raised from seeds are much better than those obtained from cuttings. A costly system of raising plants in pots has been commenced in Brazil, the planter claiming a gain of one year for those thus raised over such as are obtained by the ordinary method, as there is no set back to the plant in the process of transplanting, the roots remaining undisturbed.

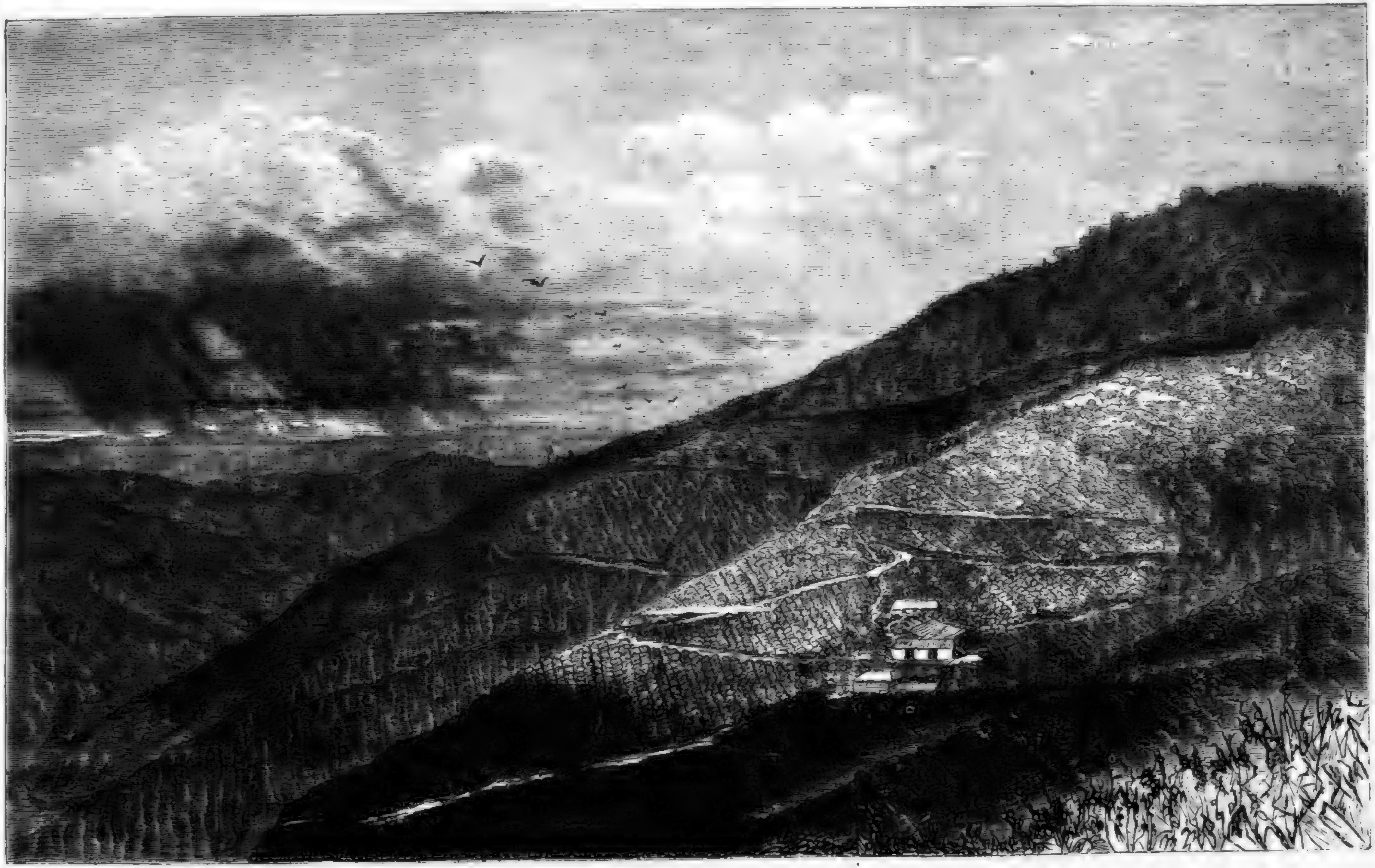
The plants are usually set at intervals of eight or ten feet, although in some plantations they are placed a little closer, the rows, however, being about this distance apart. They begin bearing at the age of three to four years, their product annually increasing, and at six years they may be said to be in full bearing. The yield varies greatly, however, in different countries, being influenced by modes of culture and changes in the character of the seasons; taking one year with another, a tree in full bearing produces from two to three pounds per annum. Careful pruning is required to develop and maintain the productive capacity of the trees. Left to themselves they would grow to a considerable height; but when about eight feet high the tops are cut off, which causes them to spread instead of growing taller, and afterward they are kept pruned down to about eight feet, and in some countries, notably Ceylon, even lower. Within recent years pruning in Ceylon has been lighter than was formerly the custom. A heavily pruned tree is regarded as most liable to be attacked with leaf disease.



COFFEE-STORE AND PULPING-HOUSE IN CEYLON.

Regarding the *Coffœa Liberica*, a planter in the low country of Ceylon says: "Topping the Liberian coffee-tree is a very objectionable operation. The Arabian coffee-plant can be forced into an artificial form without the sacrifice of any of its crop, because there is a period, longer or shorter, between the crop and the blossom, in which old wood can be eliminated, but I cannot very clearly see how the artificial form is to be advantageously imposed on a tree that carries its full crop all the year round, and on which pruning can only be carried out at a sacrifice of crop. One of the objects of forcing Arabian coffee into the artificial form is to get the whole growth under hand, so as to facilitate and cheapen the gathering of the crop; but the average Liberian tree puts out its first branches at a height of stem little short of that at which the Arabian plant is usually topped, so that this end cannot be answered by topping at six or seven feet. I do not insist on these objections as the result of experimental study of the tree, but so far as I have gone they seem to me to be well founded."

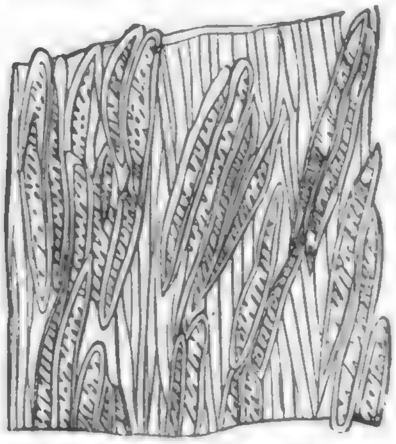
The average diameter of the trunk in full-bearing trees is about the size of a man's wrist. They bear a profusion of dark-green, glossy leaves, and the fruit or berry forms on the woody stems, usually at the base of these leaves.



A COFFEE-PLANTATION IN CEYLON.

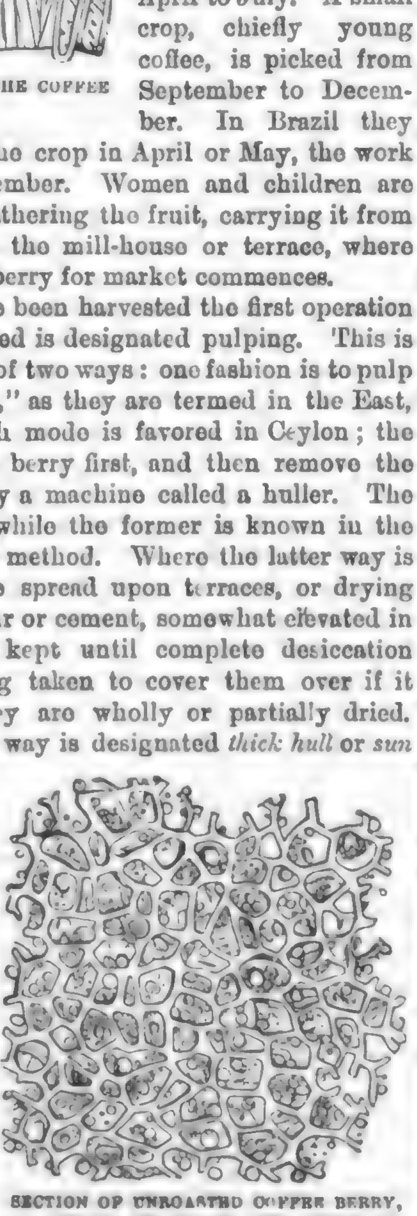
A dissection of the fruit or berry, which, when ripe, is red in color and much resembles a large cranberry, or medium-sized cherry, shows that it consists of five different parts, covering the two beans, which lie within, face to face. First, we find the outer skin, very similar to that which surrounds the cranberry or cherry. Second, we have a soft pulp inclosed by and adhering to the outside covering.

The removal of the two first reveals a third coating, which consists of a soft, glutinous substance, strongly saccharine in its character. The fourth part is a sort of envelope, called by some the parchment. It is rather tough and somewhat thicker than the husk of wheat. It is of a yellowish-white color, and is easily removed by friction. Next to the parchment there is found a thin gossamer film, designated in Ceylon "silver-skin" and in Brazil the *pergaminho*, and in appearance resembling the thin skin which covers the white onion designated "silver-skin."

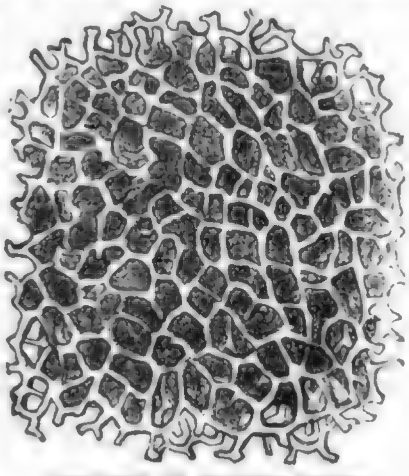

INVESTING MEMBRANE OF THE COFFEE BERRY.

Picking begins in Java in January, and lasts three or four months The chief part of the Ceylon crop is gathered from April to July. A small crop, chiefly young coffee, is picked from September to December. In Brazil they commence gathering the crop in April or May, the work continuing until September. Women and children are largely employed in gathering the fruit, carrying it from the field in baskets to the mill-house or terrace, where the preparation of the berry for market commences.

After the berries have been harvested the first operation to which they are treated is designated pulping. This is accomplished in either of two ways: one fashion is to pulp the berries, or "cherry," as they are termed in the East, in the soft state, which mode is favored in Ceylon; the other seeks to dry the berry first, and then remove the dried skin and pulp by a machine called a huller. The latter is the old way, while the former is known in the East as the West India method. Where the latter way is chosen the berries are spread upon terraces, or drying grounds of stone, mortar or cement, somewhat elevated in the centre, and there kept until complete desiccation takes place, care being taken to cover them over if it should rain when they are wholly or partially dried. Coffee prepared in this way is designated *thick hull* or *sun dried*.


SECTION OF UNROASTED COFFEE BERRY, FORMS OF CELLS AND DROPS OF ESSENTIAL OIL.

The first process is adopted when the fruit is fully ripe. If, however, the berries have been allowed to remain too long upon the branch, or have been gathered before arriving at maturity, the pulper is not brought into use, and the second method comes into favor, which takes the berries, after being properly dried, and runs them through a machine called a huller, which, in Brazil, is generally of American make. These machines are worked either by hand or steam-power. Some hullers, that will hull 10 arrobas (323 pounds) of coffee when worked by hand, will hull 800 arrobas (26,824 pounds) in the same length of time when run by steam, another instance of the power of machinery to compensate for a deficiency in the labor supply.


FRAGMENT OF ROASTED COFFEE.

In Ceylon the natives remove the dry pulp by pounding, using a common pounder, such as is used for removing the hull from rice. From want of care in the harvesting of the fruit, and the use of somewhat primitive methods of preparation, the native coffee lacks "style," and contains more or less damaged beans. In consequence of this the new method of preparation is rapidly growing in favor, although there are many coffee-drinkers who maintain that coffee produced by the old method is superior in flavor.

The new method, sometimes termed the "West India preparation," seeks the removal of the skin and pulp by maceration in water. On large Brazilian plantations the berries are carried to a large vat, from the bottom of which the heavier berries are drawn off by a pipe to the pulping-machine (despolpador), the lighter, or worthless berries, being carried off by the retreating water. This is also the plan adopted on the best plantations in Venezuela and Ceylon.

The pulping process is best accomplished as soon after the berries are gathered as is possible. A Brazilian pulping machine is a simple contrivance, consisting of an iron cylinder, set with teeth, and covered on one side by a curved sheet of metal, which it strikes as it revolves. A stream of water carries the berries to the cylinder, where they are crushed between it and the cover, the operation loosening the pulp. The macerated berries are then conveyed to a vat some distance off, the water being kept agitated by a revolving wheel, and serving to remove the loosened pulp, which is carried away by the waste water, the seeds sinking to the bottom of the vat, from which they are taken to a strainer, which drains off the water, leaving them ready for the next operation.

A variety of machines are used, and the process of conveying the berries to and from the pulper is more or less elaborate. In Ceylon the pulpers are of two kinds, the pulping surface of one being a cylinder, and that of the other a disk. The former are large, and the most expensive, the latter small, cheap and portable, thus bringing them into favor upon estates lying far in the interior. The disk pulpers are largely used in Java and on the coast of India.

On low estates with a high temperature—say from 68° to 80° Fahrenheit—coffee is ready for washing in about thirty-six or forty hours after pulping; but in some of the higher and colder districts, where fermenting progresses less rapidly, it may require as much as sixty hours. During this time no water should be allowed to flow in among the coffee which has been drained after being pulped; it would hinder fermentation. But after the proper time has elapsed, and fermentation has taken place, the mucilage which, after pulping, adheres to the parchment skin, may be easily washed from it. This is done by admitting a free flow of water into the cistern and stirring the coffee with a wooden implement, similar to that used by natives in their rice-fields.

In Brazil and Central America the drying is effected in different ways. By the old process the berries are spread out upon a stone or mortar floor and exposed to the sun until dry, care being taken to rake over the seeds during the day, and to protect them from rain or from sudden showers.

A newer method employs steam. Beneath large zinc-covered tables, with raised edges, steam-pipes are run. Negroes are engaged in constantly stirring the seeds and taking them away when dried. By this process only a few hours are occupied in thoroughly drying the berries. It is also claimed that the coffee thus dried shows better quality than that which is sun dried on the terraces, as there is no chance of its being rain-damaged.

Different kinds of machines are used to remove the coffee-grains from their dry coverings. Some resemble a fanning mill, and others are immense structures specially built for the purpose. In all of them the one object is sought—the securing of bright, hard and thoroughly clean beans.

In countries where the most primitive methods are still in vogue, the coffee is very imperfectly cleaned, and the fine inner covering adheres more or less to the bean, largely reducing its commercial value.

While in Java, Mr. Francis B. Thurber for the first time found a seemingly plausible method of accounting for what is termed in commerce the "male berry" coffee. This, as is well known by all dealers in the article, is a bean of a roundish, oval shape, and its merits have been highly extolled by some who claim that it is much better than the ordinarily shaped coffee. Mr. J. W. E. de Sturler, the owner of a large coffee plantation in the Preanger district, assured Mr. Thurber that his observations had led him to believe that the so-called male berries are simply those berries which do not develop and attain the full size of the average bean; in short, that they are imperfect berries; that, while all the trees bear more or less of them, the older plants, which are less thrifty and vigorous, bear by far the larger percentage, and that, perhaps, a fair estimate of the average quantity of this style produced by his plantation was five per cent., or one-twentieth. Owing to the demand, however, which has been created for the "male berry" coffee, it often sells for ten to twenty per cent. more than the ordinary coffee. This person thought it possible that there was something in the popular belief that this style possessed a higher flavor than the ordinary coffee; but it was more probable that the higher price was due to fashion in trade, which often exhibits such strange vagaries. Mr. Thurber was confirmed in this view of the matter by a conversation he had subsequently, in Ceylon, on the same subject, with the experienced manger of the Cotchicaddy Mills, at Colombo.

Having briefly considered the preparation of the bean for the market, we now pass to a consideration of special matters connected with its production in the coffee-growing countries, describing the peculiarities of the different varieties of bean, and how they reach consuming markets, together with special features of interest to dealers.

In the following table are enumerated the countries contributing to the supply of the United States, and the quantities furnished by each during the years 1878, 1879 and 1880:

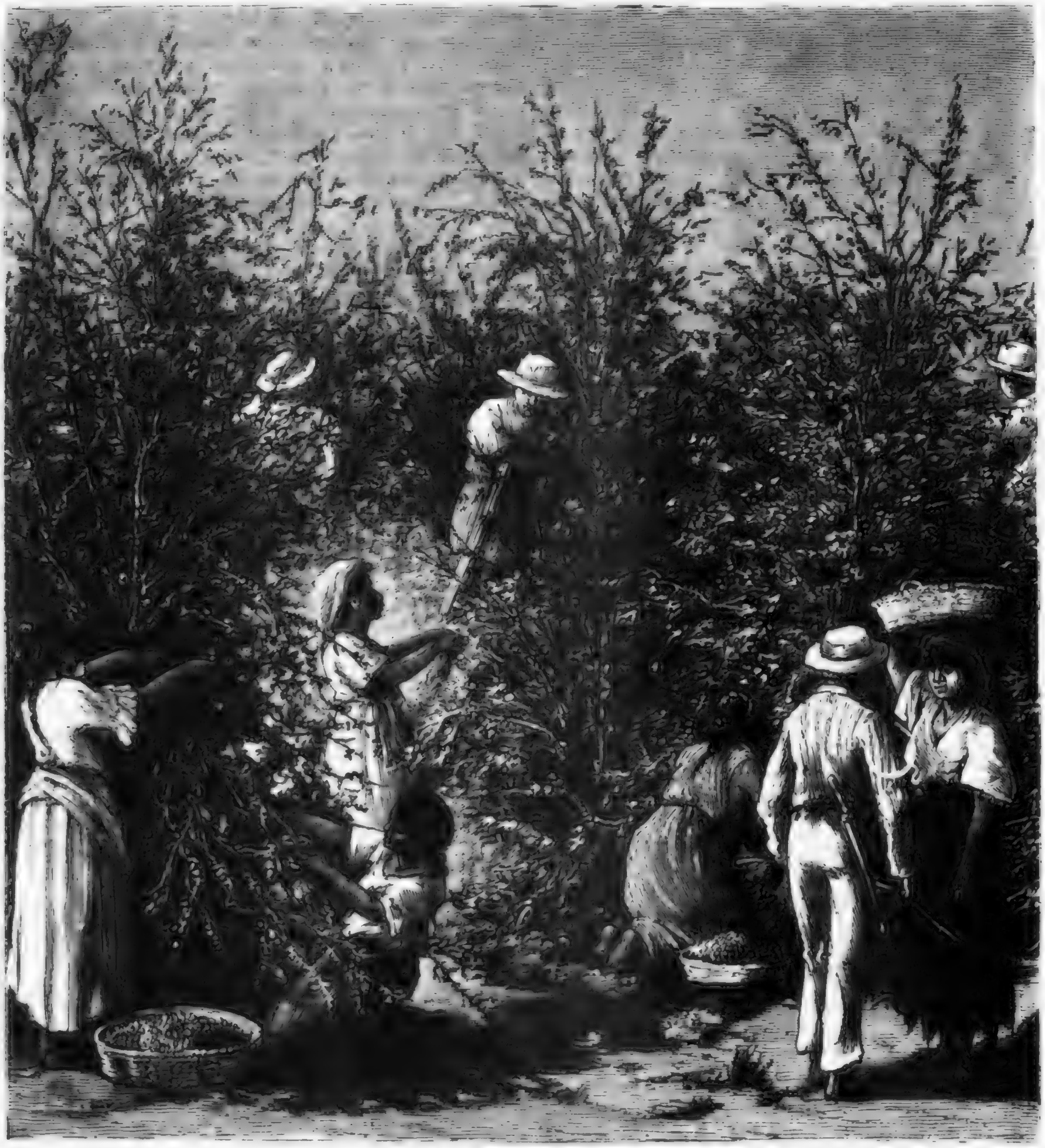
Order.	*Countries.*	*Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1878. Pounds.*	*Value.*	*Per Cent. Total.*	*Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1879. Pounds.*	*Value.*	*Per Cent. Total.*	*Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1880. Pounds.*	*Value.*	*Per Cent. Total.*
1	Brazil	211,654,160	$35,367 992	68.30	273,837,142	$31,795,101	72.46	296,731,718	$37,855,758	66.41
2	Venezuela	38,623,291	6,228,297	12.46	29,138,035	4 059,213	7.71	35,518,910	4,956,068	7.95
3	Dutch East Indies	14,573,766	2,799,562	4.70	18,492,343	3,224,874	4.89	28,033,008	4,839,854	6.27
4	Central America	13,868,955	2,473,178	4.48	11,463,136	1,699,231	3.03	19,254,218	2,567,786	4.31
5	Hayti	12,[illegible]13,111	1,891,207	4.13	16,660 030	1,946,706	4 41	22,659,285	2,926,544	5.07
6	Mexico	6,337,[illegible]63	1,082,272	2.04	8,307,040	1 371,979	2.19	9,818,525	1,523,658	2.19
7	United States of Colombia	5,931,7[illegible]9	1,022,216	1.91	8,938,044	1,354,938	2.36	12,687,423	2,018 471	2 84
8	British West Indies and Honduras	2,340,187	364,579	0.76	1 963,611	238 897	0.52	2,049,577	279,553	0.46
9	England*	1,309,785	273,507	0.42	2,976,592	632.640	0.78	5,517,103	991,928	1.24
10	British East Indies	1,269,557	196,925	0.41	2,179,583	336,126	0.57	4,647,062	707,909	1.04
11	China and Hong Kong and other countries in Asia	331,893	63,096	0.11	590,453	107,087	0.15	1,043,535	189,715	0.23
12	Netherlands*	156,034	32,712	0.05	1,688,158	321,347	0.44	3,083,840	550,366	0.69
13	Hawaiian Islands	150,194	26,577	0 05	72,794	11,935	0.49	77,923	12 834	0.01
14	Liberia	107 500	22,746	0.04	109,024	22,352		143,781	25,873	0.03
15	Chili	106,356	21,179	0.04	....	....		....	....	.....
16	Porto Rico	105,856	13,083	0.04	120,309	19,701		2,937,083	502 090	0.66
17	Dutch West Indies and Dutch Guiana	44,9[illegible]9	6,896	0.01	575,044	87,442		1,204,363	169,323	0.27
18	British Possessions in Africa and adjacent islands and all others	36,7[illegible]4	5,177	0.01	8,761	1,944		594,051	129,165	0.33
19	Africa—Ports not specified	33.452	7,112	0.01	856	172		1.220	192	
20	Spanish Possessions, all others	32,125	4,737	0.01	139,141	29,159		9,733	1,407	
21	Italy*	22,400	5,180	0.02	....	....		....	....	
22	French Possessions, all others	9,050	1,431		435	103		50,091	4,974	
23	Danish West Indies	6,870	1,318		58,842	8,461		239,902	34,205	
24	Peru	4,594	942		....	....		340	138	
25	French Possessions in Africa and adjacent islands	3,526	722		....	....		1,442	266	
26	Germany*	2,388	353		2[illegible],854	4,068		238,495	24,996	
27	Cuba	2,044	438		2,215	353		29 538	4,644	
28	Belgium*	1,593	444		61,245	11 856		79,492	8,867	
29	Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island*	1 299	257		....	....		....	....	
30	Azores, Madeira, Cape Verde Islands	674	137		7,000	1,181		1,286	224	
31	Turkey in Africa	622	162		....	....		10,300	2,013	
32	British Guiana	365	45		170	24		170	26	
33	Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, etc*	3[illegible]6	86		1,602	299		329	48	
34	British Columbia*	50	20		....	....		....	....	
35	France and French West Indies	....	....	.....	276,235	....		33,905	7,746	
36	Portugal (1879) and Spain (1880)*	....	....	.....	12,681	1,076		1,870	235	
37	Portuguese Possessions in Africa	....	....	.....	46,058	5,320	.....	....	....	
38	San Domingo	....	....	.....	94,040	14,265	.....	150,709	24,073	
	Totals	309,822,510	$51,914,605	100.	377,848,173	$47,356,819	100.	446,850,727	$60,360,769	100

* Non producing countries.

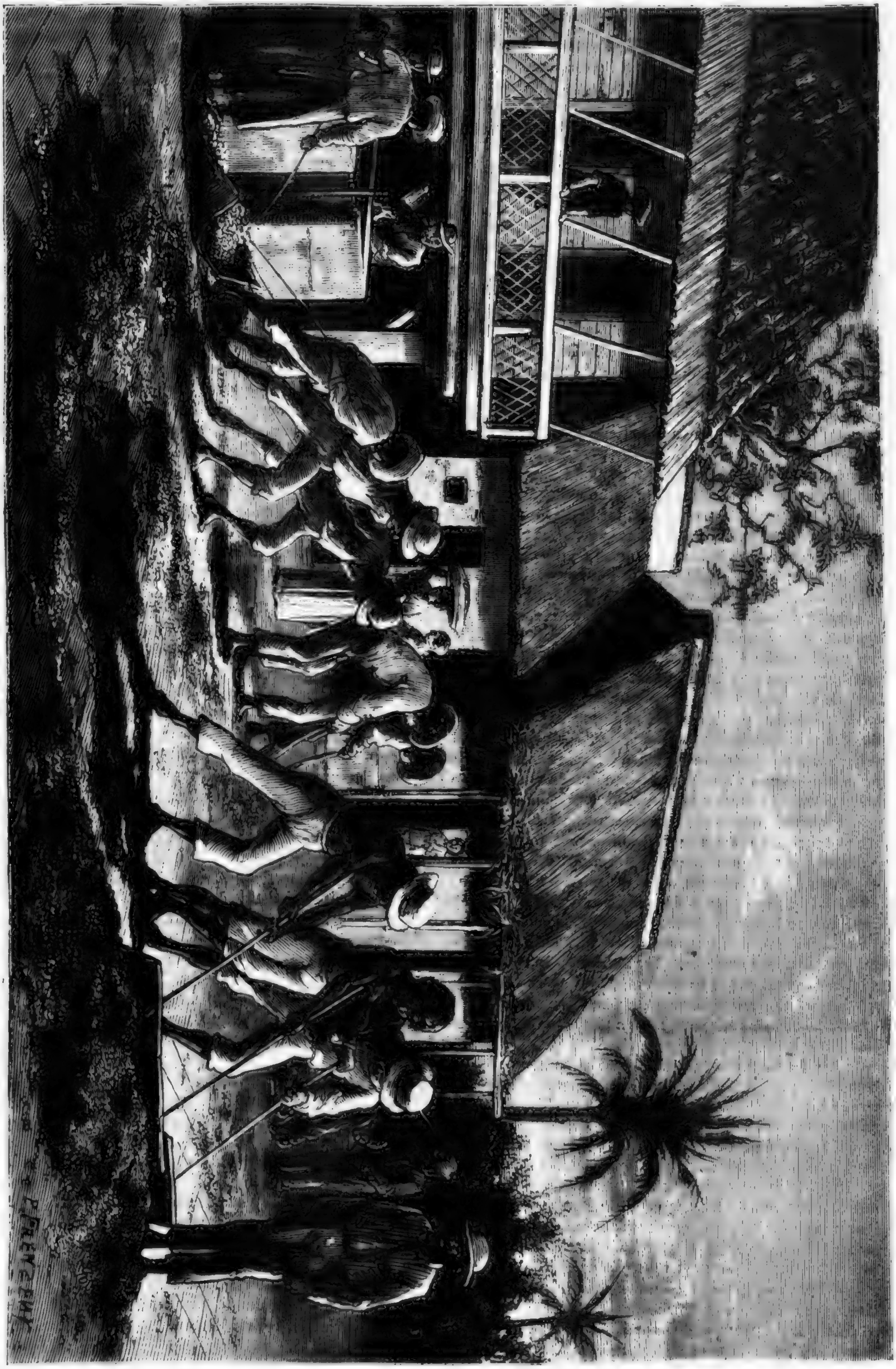
How to determine quality from the appearance of the bean is a question of great importance to every interested party, from the export merchant at the place of production to the buyer for consumption.

Between these two parties usually come the import merchant, the wholesale grocer and the retail merchant, on whose parts, respectively, care and knowledge are necessary, yet often wanting, to insure to the consumer a satisfactory result.

Coffee is frequently damaged on the voyage of importation by dampness, which soon renders it musty; and when the coffee-bean once becomes musty its delicate flavor is much injured, and no amount of attempted renovation can fully restore it. A greater or less portion of nearly every cargo is thus damaged. The renovating process consists of opening the bags, emptying the contents out upon the floor of the warehouse, and skimming off, as well as may be, the moldy and musty beans, which usually are those next the bag; these are kept separate. If wet, they are dried, and afterward are often run through a polishing machine, to remove the mold and give them a more sightly appearance. They are then put upon the market, and generally sold for within one or two cents per pound of the price of sound coffee, although the intrinsic value is much diminished. The portion which remains after the skimming is called "sound," and is put up in new bags and sold as such, although it is far from being as good as that which has never been damaged; for the skimming process is not perfect, and some of the musty beans remain, imparting their flavor, to some extent, to the sound beans. This fact is lost sight of by many merchants, who only look for samples which show



PICKING THE RIPE BERRIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.



SPREADING HUSK COFFEE TO DRY IN THE SUN.

handsomely in the hand, thus neglecting the far more important quality of flavor.

Vessels from Central and South America often arrive with mixed cargoes of coffee and hides, in which the former has been almost ruined by absorbing the smell of the latter. Roasting the coffee dissipates to some degree the "hidey" smell, yet to an expert it is very perceptible, enough remaining to destroy the delicate flavor of the volatile oil or caffeone. The same effect is produced by the foul bilge-water, and the extreme sensitiveness of coffee to surrounding odors is further demonstrated by the readiness with which roasted coffee absorbs the flavor of the wood when put in a pine box or bin. Roasted coffee should never be long kept in anything except a tightly closed tin box, or, better yet, an air-tight glass or earthen jar.

Different varieties of coffee show a great diversity of flavor, and even the same variety from different parts of one district will show like divergencies. Different seasons produce different qualities; indeed, there are as many kinds, qualities, and shades of flavor of coffee as there are of tea, and in the latter these variations, as is well known, are almost numberless.

It is impossible to judge accurately of the quality and strength of coffee without roasting and making an infusion with boiling water, in a manner similar to that practiced in drawing tea, and yet, strange as it may seem, it is not customary, even with the largest dealers, to judge of quality except by the general appearance of the berry.

Before buying a large lot, wholesale dealers sometimes roast a small quantity to see how it looks when roasted, but this is the exception rather than the rule, and by far the larger portion of all varieties of coffee are sold simply upon their appearance in the hand.

To some extent in producing countries, and also at the large distributing points, an artificial appearance is given to the bean by "sweating," "polishing," or by the use of coloring matter. By the first-named process Savanilla and other sorts—sometimes Santos—are made to imitate Padang Java. Laguayra is polished and sold for Rio. Very dangerous powders or mixtures are used to color the beans, the practice being resorted to in order to meet the prejudices of consumers in certain sections for a bright-yellow, black, or olive-green colored bean. These colors are obtained by the use of poisonous compounds.

There can be but little doubt that these added coloring matters must prove injurious, and probably directly poisonous to the consumer. Especially is chromate of lead liable to be changed by roasting, so that its lead may be soluble in the acids of the stomach; and it is well known that soluble lead salts have a decidedly poisonous action.

The most important of all the conditions necessary to be observed in the production of a cup of good coffee is the process of roasting the bean. The finest quality of coffee unskillfully roasted will give a less satisfactory result in the cup than a poor quality roasted in the best manner.

The revolution which has taken place in the coffee-trade of the United States during the last twenty years is a striking confirmation of the principle that work can be done in the best and cheapest manner on a large scale, where machinery is employed that is controlled by the best available skill. It may safely be said that twenty years ago there was not one pound of roasted coffee sold in this country where now there are twenty.

The first complete apparatus for roasting and grinding coffee was set up in Wooster Street, New York, opposite the present Washington Square. It was brought over from England by James Wilde in 1833 or 1834, and consisted of two cylinders, with an engine of sufficient power to run the roasters and a mill for the grinding. Prior to this time a Mr. Ward roasted coffee for the grocers by hand, making this his special business. Mr. Withington, in Dutch Street, about the same time, used horsepower for running his roasters.

In 1835 the once famous Hope Mills were started in Elizabeth Street, near Bleecker Street. Coffee-roasting was undertaken by the proprietors on a large scale, four cylinders being run. These mills were burned in 1845, after which the business was transferred to 71 Fulton Street, near to the present establishment of Mr. John Bynner. In subsequent years numerous smaller machines have been designed for the use of families and retail dealers. Almost without exception, however, those designed for the use of families have failed to give satisfaction, owing to the great difficulty of roasting the beans with any degree of uniformity in small quantities.

Where parties attempt to roast their own coffee their object should be to produce a rich chestnut-brown; for making "black," or French coffee, the bean should be roasted higher than usual, but the first-mentioned color will best suit the majority of palates. As a rule, it will not pay consumers to roast their own coffee where they are so situated that they can procure frequent supplies of the roasted article from the retail dealer; and it will be found that retail dealers, as a rule, will in turn find it to their interest to have their supplies roasted by professional roasters, whose constant practice enables them, on the whole, to turn out the best article.

Upon an average, about forty-five minutes are required to roast the berry, which, in addition to the time taken to fill and empty the cylinder and to cool and resack the coffee—makes the time occupied by the entire process about one hour.

The Mocha and other small bean coffees will roast in a little less time than Java and other large varieties. The phrase "little less time" is full of significance to the professional roaster, for the keeping of the coffee over the fire from thirty to sixty seconds longer than is necessary will sometimes ruin the roast. For the New England trade a light roast is required, and for Western a dark, or pretty full roast.

What are termed white, dead, sour, or black beans injure the roast—in fact, a very small quantity of sour beans present in a lot of coffee will greatly damage it. A well seasoned berry that is solid and oily, and from one to two years old, makes the finest roast. The white beans which are so often seen in roasted coffee are from imperfect or immature berries, analagous to the miniature kernel of corn which is often found at one end of the cob. White beans being destitute of caffeone containing the aroma are but little changed in color during the process of roasting, and are comparatively destitute of flavor. Shriveled coffee, or that having a shrunken appearance, will not, as a rule, roast nicely, although some such lots will occasionally turn out a bright, handsome roast.

When the berry has been sufficiently roased and the cylinder withdrawn from the fire, the operator throws in a small quantity of cold water. The rapid vaporizing of the water carries off the heat, and the changes wrought during this part of the process cause the berry to swell, thus giving it a much more sightly and attractive appearance. The addition of water does not, as might be supposed, add to the weight of the coffee, for the heat is so intense as to immediately convert the water into steam, which readily escapes. The coffee, after being removed to the cylinder, is placed in the cooler, a large box having a heavy wire bottom through which currents of air are forced, soon reducing the temperature so that it can be handled. When cooled it is resacked, or put into other packages, and is then ready for shipment.

The average loss of weight in the process of roasting coffee is reckoned at sixteen per cent., or sixteen pounds upon every one hundred pounds, which accounts for the higher price of roasted coffee as compared with green. This loss sometimes runs as low as fourteen and one-half per cent., and again as high as seventeen per cent., and in exceptional cases where coffee has been roasted that was very green, and grown in places not far distant, it has reached twenty to twenty-two per cent. The temperature and season of the year exert some influence, but the difference in loss depends more upon the age and consequent dryness of the coffee than on anything else.

The difference in loss made between a light and a dark roast will not usually average over one per cent. It is the custom not to roast as high during the Summer as in the Winter, because the higher the roast the greater is the tendency to sweat, the high temperature of the Summer months causing the oil to exude; this soon becomes sour or rancid, and injures the flavor of the coffee.

Simple as it may seem, the process of grinding the roasted bean is one that requires considerable attention. If ground too coarsely, the coffee requires protracted boiling to extract its strength, and much boiling is fatal to a good cup of coffee. While one may grind too finely, the mistake of grinding too coarsely is that most frequently made. Just to what degree of fineness it should be ground depends somewhat upon the manner of making the coffee. If any of the filtering coffee-pots are used the grinding should be very fine, in order that the strength may more readily be exhausted by the water simply passing through; but where boiled for ten or fiteen minutes, as is most frequently the case, the coffee should be ground so that the larger particles are about the size of pin-heads.

Every family should own a small coffee-mill and grind their own coffee, grinding it just as required for each meal, and the less time that elapses after grinding until the coffee is in the pot the better. The aroma of coffee passes off rapidly enough after being roasted, but still more quickly after being ground, hence the necessity for grinding it only for immediate use.

If during wet weather the beans become damp and tough, so that they do not rattle when stirred, warm them up in a clean pot or skillet before grinding, stirring them meanwhile—so as not to scorch them—and thus drive off the moisture, develop their flavor and make them grind better. Most retail grocers keep a large coffee-mill, and when requested will grind coffee for those customers who do not find it convenient to grind it at home; the latter method, however, is the best, as it gives the customer fresher ground coffee and a closer control as regards fine or coarse grinding.

When dependent upon the store for ground coffee, it is best not to buy at one time more than a supply adequate for two or three days' consumption. Another consideration in favor of consumers buying coffee in the bean is that there can be no suspicion of adulteration with chicory, ground peas or other substances, with which grocers are sometimes unjustly charged, and the satisfaction is thus greater on all sides.

As individual tastes differ, it frequently occurs that no single variety of coffee exactly suits certain consumers, and therefore they seek to gratify their palate by either blending two sorts or mixing with one variety some vegetable substance. While some kinds of coffee possess a rich aroma they do not give to the infusion that "body" which is requisite to make the perfect cup of coffee. It is a very common practice to blend Java and Maracaibo in the proportion of eighty pounds of the former to twenty pounds of the latter, selling the mixture for straight Java. The addition of fifteen to twenty per cent. of Maracaibo to Padang coffee undoubtedly improves the latter for the majority of those who are fond of Old Government Java, as it lends to the Java the essential quality which is lacking.

Another popular blend is to take one-third Mocha and mix with two-thirds of fine old Mandheling Java, taking care that the two kinds have been roasted separately. Others dislike either of the above blends, and choose a mixture of Java and Rio. No definite rule can be given for combining two kinds of coffee together.

The dealer should study the requirements of his trade, observing its peculiarities, and experiment until he is certain that he has found a combination that exactly meets certain wants, and once found he should adhere to the formula, being careful always to select as nearly as possible the same grade of coffee in the primary market. If conscientious in this, low prices and bargains will never be an inducement to take hold of some other variety which some anxious seller is sure possesses drinking qualities fully equal to that which he has been using. It is a mystery how persons who profess to be lovers of good coffee can satisfy their appetite with a decoction made of coffee and chicory, or coffee and various known and unknown compounds which have neither the flavor nor the nutritious and stimulating properties of pure coffee.

We give here several formulas for mixing coffee that have stood the test of years:

No. 1.—Forty pounds O. G. Java, 20 pounds Maracaibo, 25 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 15 pounds chicory.

No. 2.—Fifty pounds of Maracaibo, 30 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

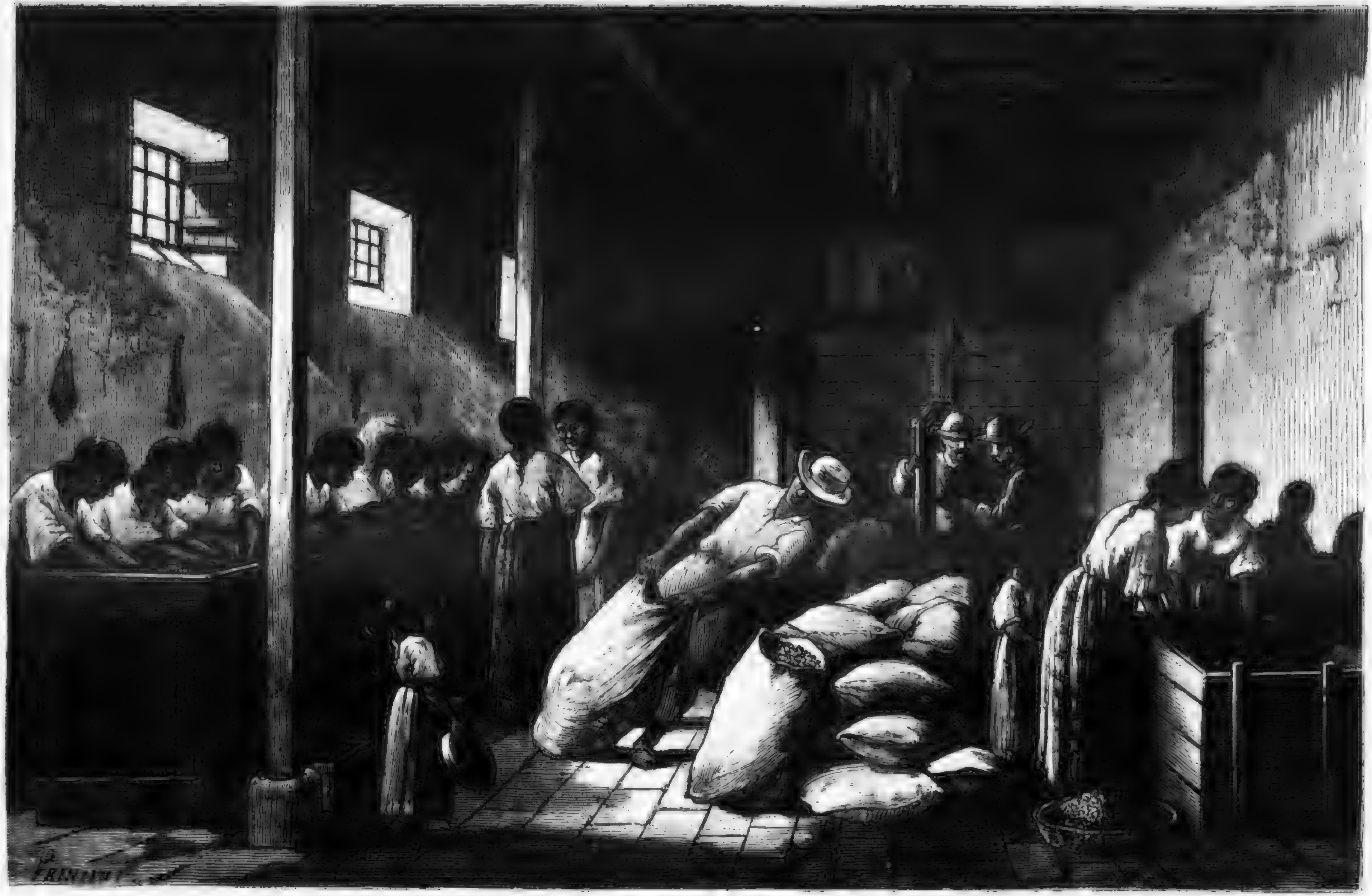
No. 3.—Sixty pounds of Rio, 20 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

No. 4.—Forty pounds of Rio, 40 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

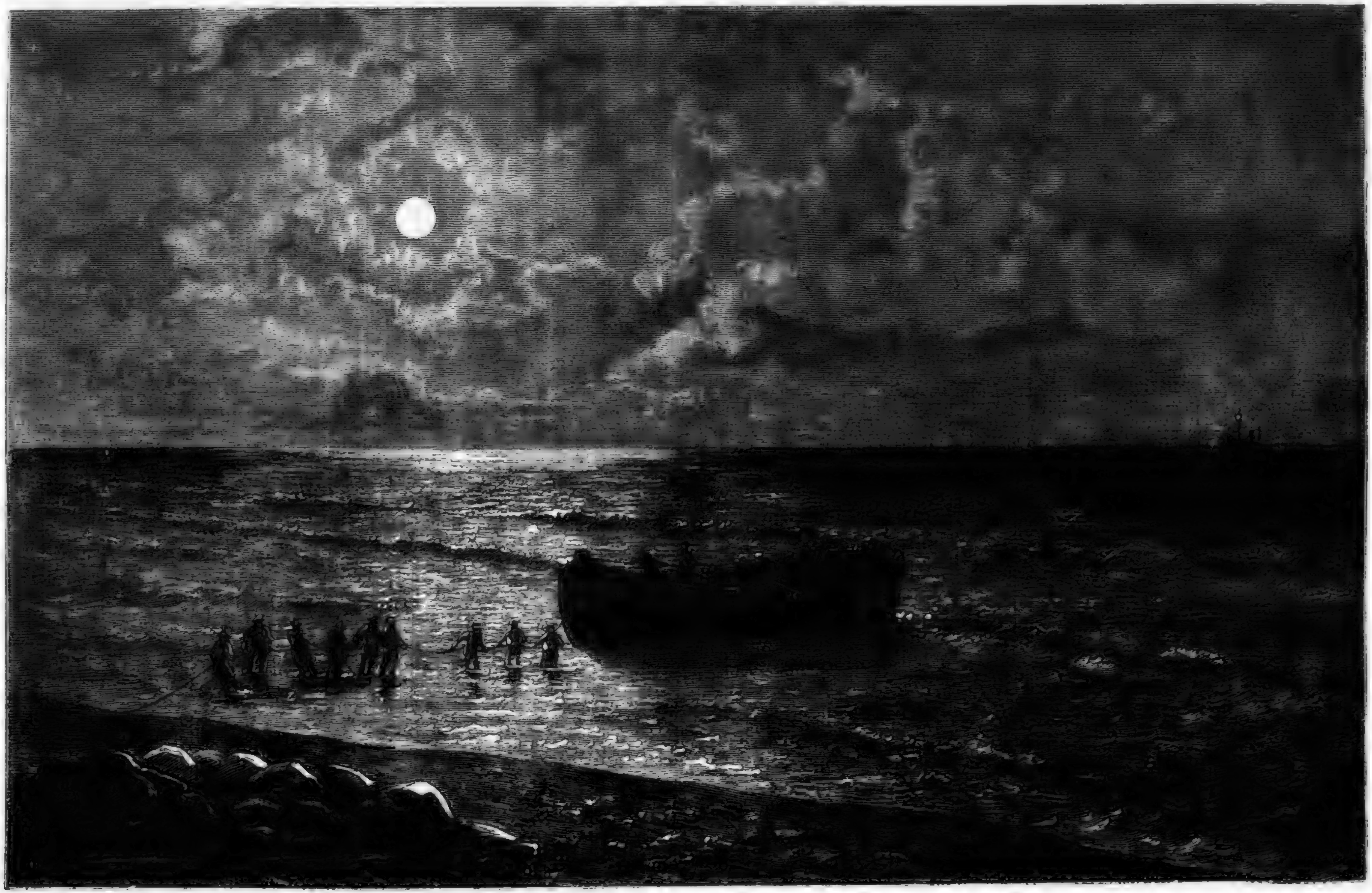
The following recipe of Mr. F. B. Thurber, who is *the* authority upon coffee, will be found plain, convenient, good, and economical, with the additional good feature that it may be slightly varied in regard to the quantity of coffee used, so that those who prefer a greater or less strength may be suited:

"Grind moderately fine a large cup or small bowl of coffee; break into it one egg with shell; mix well, adding enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly for ten to fifteen minutes, according to the variety of coffee used and the fineness to which it is ground. Let it stand three minutes to settle, then pour through a fine wire-sieve into a warm coffee-pot; this will make enough for four persons. At table, first put the sugar into the cup, then fill half-full of boiling milk, add your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage that will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of, and an intense longing for, an ideal cup of coffee. If cream can be procured so much the better, and in that case boiling water can be added either in the pot or cup to make up for the space occupied by the milk as above; or condensed milk will be found a good substitute for cream."

Endeavor to have fresh roasted coffee, and, where practicable, grind it yourself. Never use cold milk, as coffee to be good must be hot; cream or condensed milk, however, may be used cold, owing to the much smaller quantity required, and by most persons one or the other will be preferred to milk. In cold weather rinse out the coffee-cups with hot water just before pouring out the coffee.



PACKING COFFEE FOR SHIPMENT IN COSTA RICA.



SHIPPING COFFEE IN COSTA RICA.

Coffee should be served as soon as made, for it rapidly deteriorates if left stewing upon the stove. This is one of the principal reasons why the coffee served at hotels and restaurants is so often of poor quality. It is not made often enough, and is usually kept simmering in a copper boiler, which alone is sufficient to spoil the best coffee ever grown. If the coffee lacks clearness, and when milk is added turns dark, it is an indication that it is stale or the milk sour. Freshly made coffee ought to have a clear, amber-brown color, which milk will render lighter instead of darker.

When coffee is served immediately after making, it does not greatly matter in what kind of vessel it is boiled; a common tin coffee-pot will do, although one made of block tin is to be preferred. It should be served in an earthenware or porcelain coffee-pot, either being much better than nickel or silver-plated, and, in order that no heat may be lost, the vessel should be rinsed with hot water before the coffee is turned into it from that in which it is made. Some connoisseurs prefer an earthen pot in which to prepare it, and advocate placing the coffee in a fine linen bag, allowing it to simmer, not boil, for ten or fifteen minutes.

Everybody has heard of Turkish coffee. In the numerous coffee-houses in Constantinople and elsewhere, when a person calls for a cup of coffee it is specially made for him. Every coffee-house has a number of long-handled little brass coffee-pots, made to hold one, two, or more cups, as the case may be. They are smaller at the top than at the bottom, and are fitted with a little grooved spout, but have no cover.

When a cup of coffee is wanted, the requisite amount of finely powdered coffee is measured into one of these little coffee-pots; water enough to fill the pot is poured in, and it is then set upon live coals until it heats up to just the boiling point. It is then, without straining or otherwise settling the grounds, poured out into a tiny cup, and this is Turkish coffee.

As may be supposed, it is thick, muddy, and the lower half of the cup composed principally of grounds; but the flavor is good, and we noticed that most Turks swallowed the grounds with the same relish that they showed for the thinner part of the beverage. The Turks never use milk with their coffee; to them the mixture would be an abomination.

Coffee is consumed by all classes, at all hours, and on all sorts of occasions. The little berry is, indeed, a very important factor in Turkish society. Nothing is done without it; no business discussed, no contract made, no visits and civilities exchanged without the aromatic cup and the accompanying chibouque or narghileh. If a purchaser enters a bazaar to price a shawl or a carpet, coffee is brought to him. If a person calls at another's house, coffee with the inseparable tobacco must greet the newcomer. There can be no welcome without it, and none but words and forms of general etiquette take place until this article has been served all round. At parting, coffee must still be present and speed the guest on his way. We are told of beggars clamoring for money to buy, not bread, as with our mendicants, but coffee.

To minister to this universal demand, coffee-houses abound in all Turkish cities. In Smyrna and in Constantinople they are as numerous as the barrooms in American cities. They are generally small, often consisting of but one room, opening to the street or the bazaar, with a divan around three sides and carpets on the floor, where grave Turks sit cross-legged and may be seen from morning till eve alternately sipping the favorite liquid and puffing at the flexible-stemmed narghileh or the long chibouque.

Coffee is made and consumed in essentially the same way in Egypt and Arabia as in Turkey. Cairo is proverbial for the number of its coffee-houses, mostly establishments of small size, and of rather uninviting appearance to the foreigner.

The traveler who puts up at the large European hotels in Constantinople, Cairo and Alexandria, is given coffee made *à la Turque*, with the grounds in the cup, but sweetened to accommodate his heretical Christian notions. The sugar is placed in the coffee-pot with the coffee, and they are boiled together.

France has obtained an enduring reputation for its cup of coffee. Let us see how they do these things in Gaul. First, to make black coffee—*café noir:*

For one cup, grind two tablespoonfuls of coffee, which pack solidly in the coffee-pot (the regular French filtering pattern); then pour boiling water, passing it twice or thrice through the coffee-pot.

The same recipe applies to the preparation of *café au lait*, which is merely black coffee to which milk is added in quantity to suit the individual taste, the proportion being generally three parts of milk to one of coffee.

The French, as is well known, often mix chicory with their coffee, mostly when taken in the form of *café au lait.* The recipe is then as follows:

For one cup, grind coffee enough to make two tablespoonfuls; mix half a tablespoonful of chicory, *en semoule* (in powder). After thoroughly mixing, pour boiling water and pass twice through coffee-pot.

In many French families the grounds that remain in the coffee-pot are utilized, for economy's sake. Hot water is poured over them, and, after passing through, is stored in a bottle, and used the next time instead of simply water. This is said to be the manner of making the best French coffee.

Some French coffee artists maintain that the roasting is best done at home, as no doubt it well may be in such knowing hands. Sometimes a simple iron pan is used for the purpose, but great care must then be taken to keep constantly agitating the berries with a wooden knife, or spatula, bringing the operation to an end as soon as the berries have assumed a light-brown color. A single burnt berry would impair the aroma. Use no butter nor lard during the process.

Before grinding, the roasted berries are put on a metallic plate, which is placed on the stove and heated until the aroma of the coffee, developed by the operation, perfumes the room. Then grind in the ordinary mill and make according to the above recipe.

In some of the most renowned of French cafés a mixture different varieties of the berry is often resorted to—Mocha, Java, Martinique, Guadaloupe, or East India being generally used together in carefully ascertained proportions. The result is a cup which, for its felicitious combination of strength, aroma, roundness and delicacy, is prized by the French epicure as a product of the highest art.

There is, perhaps, no more characteristic feature of Paris than its cafés. They line all the boulevards and abound in all the principal streets, with their rows of chairs and tables on the sidewalk, and their large plate-glass windows brilliantly lighted at night, through which extends the vista of the great *salon* (or main room), with its crowd of customers, its ornamented walls, large mirrors, and general gilding and decoration in the gay but seldom gaudy French style. Through the maze of chairs and tables waiters with the inevitable whiskers and long white aprons glide about, tray in hand, attending to the groups of well-behaved *habitués*, while the *dame de comptoir*, sitting on a raised platform in a sort of compromise between a box and a throne, presides majestically over the scene, computes *l'addition*, gives *change*, and receives and returns the courteous salutation of every one who enters or who leaves.

Coffee, in the vocabulary of the place, may be called for in the shape of a "demi-tasse," a "capucin," or a "mazagran." The "demi-tasse" is merely a small cup of black coffee, to which the customer occasionally adds "cognac," "kirsch," or some other liqueur. When the "demi-tasse" is taken with a "petit verre" (meaning a little glass of liqueur), it is sometimes denominated a "gloria." The "capucin," which, however, is a term seldom used, is merely another name for "café au lait," but served in a glass; while a "mazagran" is coffee taken with water instead of milk. The coffee, which is exactly the same as that of the "demi-tasse," is served in a tall, narrow glass, and a decanter of cold water is brought along with it; the customer does the mixing himself.

It is said that, after some glorious achievement or other in Africa, near the city of Mazagran, neither milk nor brandy being forthcoming, the French soldiers were compelled to use water with their coffee—hence the drink and its name. The "demi-tasse" costs generally from thirty-five to forty-five centimes (from seven to nine cents), with a "pourboire" of ten centimes (two cents) to the waiter.

Monsieur Soyer, the great *cordon bleu*, made coffee a study. This is his recipe:

"Put two ounces of ground coffee in a stewpan, which set upon the fire, stirring the coffee round with a spoon until quite hot; then pour over a pint of boiling water; cover over closely for five minutes; pass it through a cloth, warm again and serve."

In colonial times and in the early days of the Republic New York had its coffee-houses. The names of Burns's Coffee-house, the Merchants' Coffee-house, and later, the Tontine Coffee-house, are familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of the city. They differed somewhat, however, from the European cafés in being chiefly business or political headquarters.

"Valentine's Manual of the City of New York" gives an interesting account of these coffee-houses, accompanied with illustrations, showing them to have been quite stately affairs. Among other interesting matter relating to these famous old resorts we find newspaper advertisements of sales to take place there—among others "a parcel of likely negroes to be sold at publick vendue, to-morrow at ten o'clock, at the Merchants' Coffee-house." We must add for the honor of our metropolis that this occurred in 1750.

The Merchants' Coffee-house stood on the southeast corner of Wall and Water Streets. The "Tontine" on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets, succeeded to its popularity and fame; in 1795 it was in full operation. The Merchants' Exchange was then located in the building, but subsequently moved further up Wall Street. The name of "Tontine" is found as late as 1832, and to this day the buildings on this site now occupied for commercial purposes are known as the "Tontine" buildings. Browne's Coffee-house, on Water Street, between Pine and Wall, obtained considerable notoriety in 1832 as a favorite resort of those who believed in pure coffee as an antidote to the cholera epidemic.

The coffee-house, however, no longer exists among us. Americans are the greatest coffee consumers in the world, but take the beverage mostly at meals, either at home or at the restaurant. There are, indeed, in New York a number of coffee-rooms, or cafés, as they sometimes call themselves, attached to some of the principal hotels; but they are expensive and rather exclusive establishments and cannot be said to realize the cheerful ideas and associations called up by the word coffee-house. We are, perhaps, too busy a people to support cafés like those of Europe, which one sees crowded from morning to night with customers disposing apparently of endless leisure.

In Java and Sumatra the natives roast the leaves of the coffee-tree, and make with them an infusion which they prefer to the beverage extracted from the bean. The preparation is said to possess a delicate flavor, not unlike that of tea—a resemblance accounted for by the presence in both plants of the same chemical principle, caffeine or theine. The coffee leaves appear to be rich in caffeine.

The charm of many breakfast-tables is taken away by the effects of an unclean coffee-pot. The vessel should be thoroughly cleansed before using, especially the bottom of the receiver and the spout, and under no circumstances should the grounds or stale coffee be allowed, after using, to remain in the pot for any length of time. Economy in in the use of ground coffee is fatal to securing a delicious beverage. To sum up, the essentials required to secure a cup of coffee suited to any table are:

First.—The very best quality of freshly roasted and ground coffee.

Second.—Thoroughly clean utensils.

Third.—Enough coffee, and prepared with sufficient care in the manner most according with the taste of the consumer, either as café noir, café au lait, Vienna style, or in the Arabian, Turkish or Brazilian method.

In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee-plant is found both wild and in a cultivated state, coffee seems to have been used as a beverage from time immemorial. In those remote regions the Arabs are said to have first tasted the fragrant draught, and, wondering much and approving greatly, to have brought over, toward the beginning of the fifteenth century, some of the precious beans into their own country, where the use of the beverage spread rapidly.

The gatherings at the coffee-houses furnished such opportunities for discussion as to alarm the Government, which ordered the closing of all these public places, and allowed the use of the beverage only in the privacy of the family.

Coffee, under Amurat III., became enthroned in the Turkish heart. At the time of the Candian war, during the minority of Mahomet IV., an effort was made to suppress the coffee-houses. Nor were the opponents of coffee more successful in Cairo. We read that, in the year 1523, a certain Abdalla Ibrahim, the chief priest of the Koran in Cairo, began, from the pulpit of his great mosque, a violent campaign against coffee-drinking. Thereupon the Cheik el Belek, or governor of the city, assembled all the doctors of the law, and after listening with patience to a long discussion, he simply had coffee served all round; and then he rose and left, without saying a single word. There never was heard in Cairo any more preaching against coffee.

The first coffee-house in Europe was established in 1554, in Constantinople. It was not, however, till the middle of the following century, nearly two centuries after its first introduction into Arabia, that coffee stepped over the boundaries of Mohammedanism, and was introduced among the Christian nations. The first coffee-house in London was opened in Newman's Court, Cornhill, in 1652, by a Greek named Pasqua Rossie.

As early as 1658 the use of coffee had been revealed to the inhabitants of Marseilles by merchants and travelers. About that year Thévenot, a citizen, on his return from his Eastern travels, is said to have "regaled his guests with coffee after dinner."

Marseilles lays claim to the first coffee-house in France, 1671. In the following year an Armenian, named Pascal, opened a shop at the fair of Saint-Germain, near Paris, in which he dispensed the exotic beverage to the sightseers. This success encouraged him to establish a coffee-house in the capital, on the Quai de l'Ecole.

Later on, under Louis XV., the famous Café de la Régence was established, which became the Mecca of chess-players. The café had definitely struck root in Paris, and no breeze of political change or popular fickleness was ever to destroy it.

In London the growth of coffee in popular favor had been still more rapid. "Three years after the first introduction of coffee upon the statute books," says Mr. Simmonds, "the increase of houses for its sale had become so great that by the Act passed in 1663, 'For the better ordering and collecting the duty of excise, and preventing the abuses therein,' express provision is made for the licensing of all coffee-houses at the quarter sessions, under a penalty of £5 for every month during which any person should retail coffee, chocolate or tea, without having first procured such license from the magistrates. From that time to the Revolution coffee-houses multiplied so rapidly that, when Ray published his 'History of Plants,' in 1688, he estimated that the coffee-houses in London were at that time as numerous as in Cairo itself; while similar places were to be met with in all the principal cities and towns in England."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the consumption of coffee was probably general among the fashionable and upper classes in England and on the Continent. With new sources of supply in the following years, the use of the beverage extended downward among the people generally.

For more than fifty years after the introduction of the beverage into Europe, Arabia still furnished the entire coffee supply of the world—a necessarily very limited quantity.

But Java, in the East, had already developed to vast proportions her coffee industry, while an immense coffee-producing power was growing up in South America—Brazil not only soon overtook Java, but continued to advance, until, at the present day, more than one-half of the coffee consumed in the world issues from her fields. Java now holds the second rank in the list of coffee-producers, while Ceylon follows close on the heels of the Dutch Island; and, of late, Southern India and Central America have assumed a very decided importance as coffee-producing countries. Thus Brazil, in the Western Hemisphere, and Java and Sumatra, Ceylon and India in the Eastern, constitute at this time the great centres of coffee production, with minor areas of culture scattered in the West Indies, Mexico, South and Central America, Arabia, the Eastern Archipelago, and the western and eastern coasts of Africa.

In popular estimation Arabian coffee, known as Mocha, ranks as the finest. For more than four centuries coffee-culture has been carried on in Arabia, and for two centuries that country furnished the world with its supply, which was, however, limited.

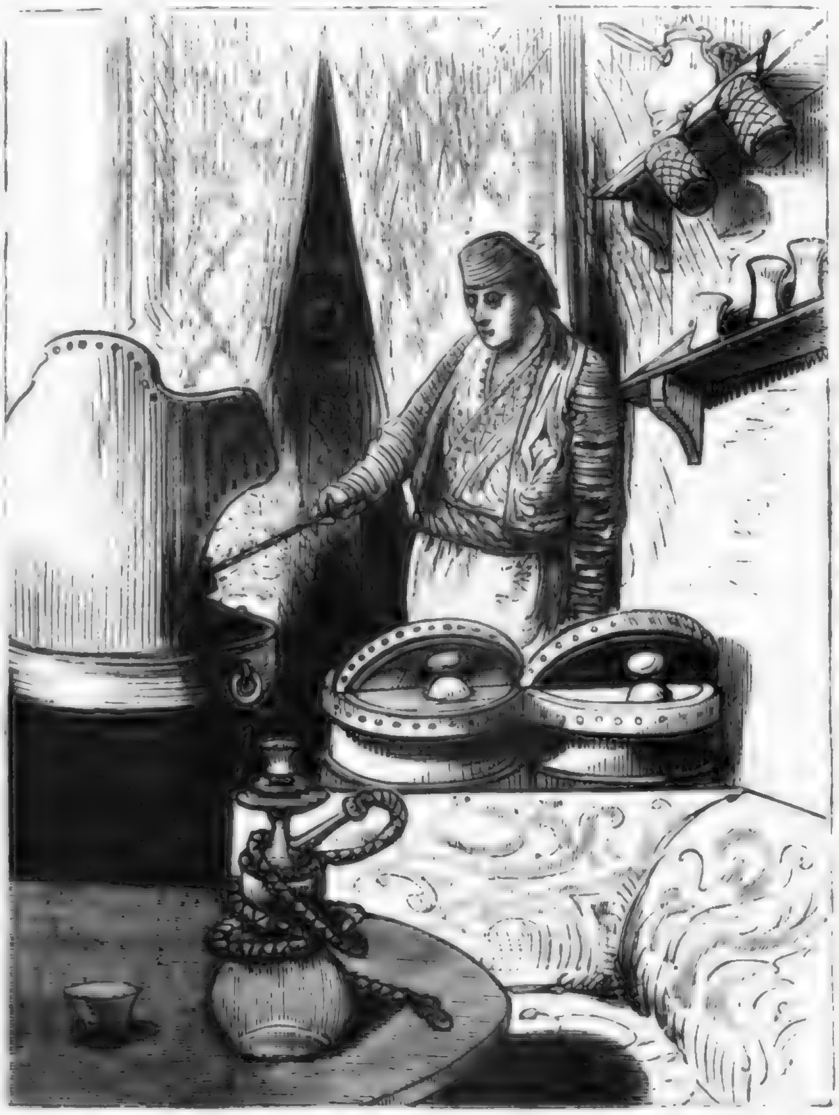
The bulk of the supply is sent to London and Marseilles; but two or three of the leading importing houses in this country have agents in Aden and Alexandria, who select and ship to Boston and New York the genuine Mocha, in addition to which there is received a good deal that is only Mocha in name. Generally, the coffee arrives here in large bales containing smaller packages, styled eighth (forty pounds) and quarter bales (eighty pounds), peculiar in shape and constructed of a coarse material, sewed with a vegetable substance that becomes hard and excessively tough by age.

The coffee that occupies the highest place in the estimation of the American public, and, with the single exception of Mocha, commands the highest price, is *Java*, deriving its name from the island where it is produced.

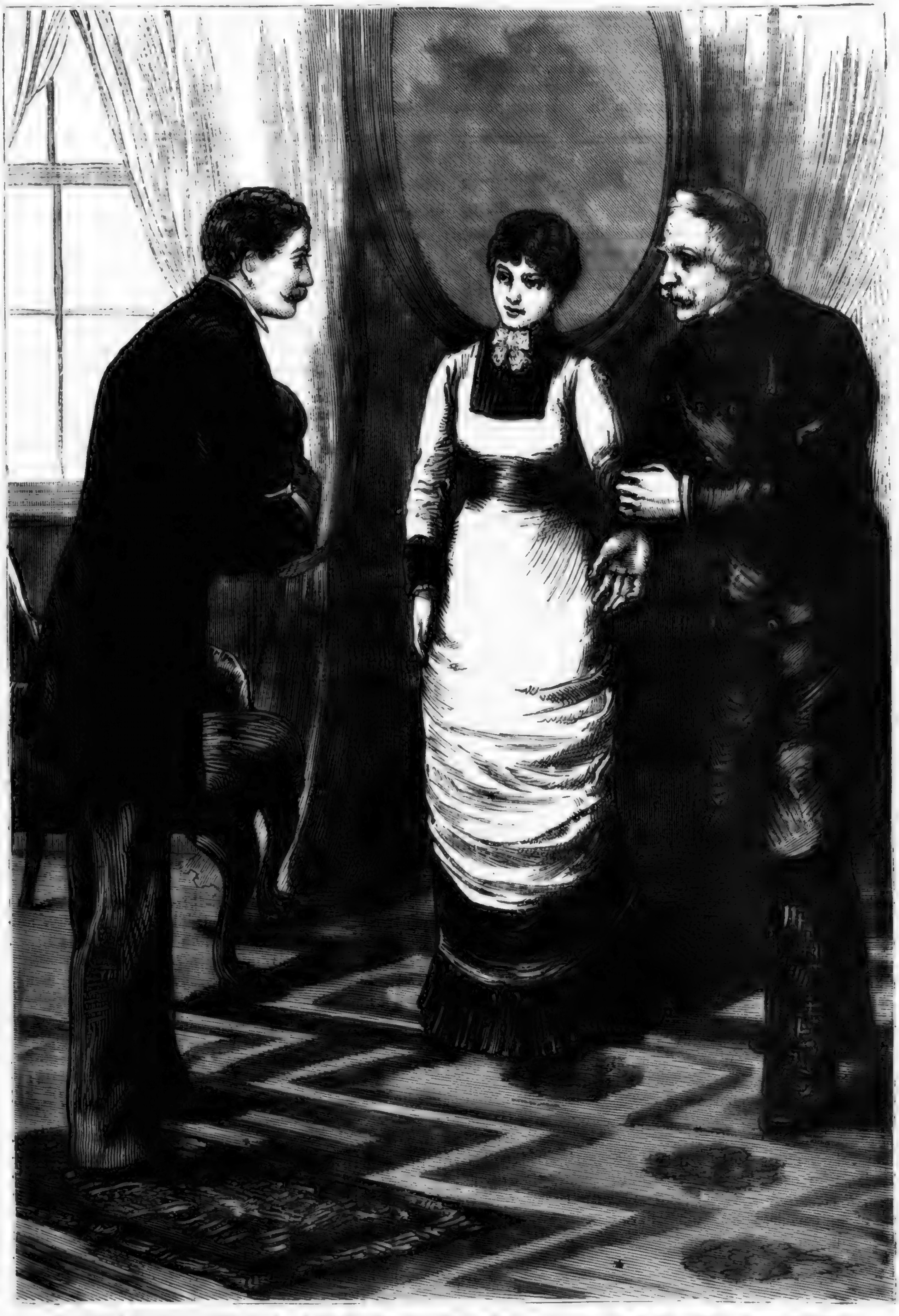
Sumatra, Philippine, Ceylon, India and Liberia produce marketable coffee, while a few provinces of Brazil have produced more than one-half of the coffee supply of the world. From seven to twelve per cent. of the supply of coffee received in the United States comes from the northern part of South America, and is known as Maracaibo, Laguayra, or Port Cabello coffee. It is grown either in Venezuela or the United States of Colombia.

Mexico is rapidly coming to the front as a coffee-producing country, the Cordoba berry being considered by some equal to that of Mocha.

That coffee promotes sociability among men cannot be



MAKING COFFEE IN TURKISH STYLE.



MY DOUBLE IDENTITY.—"'MY DEAR, I HAVE BROUGHT MY YOUNG FRIEND, MR. LLOYD, TO SEE YOU,' HE SAID, WHEN SHE STOOD BEFORE US, BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL, AND THE REALIZATION OF ALL I COULD WISH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

doubted, any more than that its twin sister, the fragrant leaf of China and Japan, promotes sociability among women.

The active stimulating element is the same in both coffee and tea; in the former it is known as caffeine, while in the latter it has been designated theine. They are chemically identical, and their effect upon the nervous system, when taken in equal quantities, is precisely similar. This subtle principle embodied in Arabia's fragrant berry has outlived prejudice, has triumphed over opposition; and may we not claim that it has fairly won the first place in the world's social and domestic economy, and that it is truly the tropics' best gift?

A LETTER ANSWERED.

By G. A. Davis.

I ANSWER first your closing lines, dear friend—
"Pardon" you ask, if any passionate word
Has touched too deep the quick of memory,
Whose nerves by such have been so long unstirred.

Pardon I send you—blame, I never gave,
Save to myself. You spoke as men will do
When the one woman listens to their prayer.
Mine was the fault—it never lay with *you!*

Mine be the blame that I could walk the world
As a mere woman—not a wedded wife.
Had *I* been true, no hand had ever reached
Across that grave to touch my twofold life!

And if upon your written page my tears
Have fallen hotly, 'twas in bitterness
Over my failure. No—I blame not you;
I only hold my wifely honor less.

Yet since you could not read my heart aright
Through that poor vail drawn close to hide its pain,
Here let me show you all. You will not seek,
True friend, to cross the boundary line again!

There may be hearts that know a second Spring—
Women, perhaps, who love, and give, in part—
I am not of them. Whoso takes my vow,
Takes soul and body, spirit, will and heart.

And taking once—he keeps them. What I gave
Is mine no longer—it is past recall.
The love, the self-surrender and the faith,
The life's-allegiance—*he* had them all!

He has them still, although he walks not now
In visible presence these poor shores of Time;
The words that bound me once can never more
Be jingled over like a foolish rhyme

Written for idle children's play at love:
Nay, as a sacrament of Life and Death,
They bind me here, and in that after-world
Whose far-off lights we only see by Faith.

Ah! when I stand upon that sea-washed shore,
And the great wave of Death rolls back and dies,
As a pure wife and fearless, I shall look
To meet the welcome of my true love's eyes!

Think you that I could greet him, if my lips
Had felt the stain of later kisses here?
He may not break in heaven, nor I on earth,
One link of all the chain we hold so dear!

So, friend of mine, remain my friend indeed,
Help me to walk unfaltering through my life—
Forget that other dream—and think of me
As a true sister, and as Arthur's wife!

MY DOUBLE IDENTITY.

By F. B. Stanford.

NO ONE will believe my story. I have been told that for many years, and I am an old man now. Sometimes when I look in a mirror and stand soberly, solemnly observing my wrinkled visage, I confess I am obliged to harbor a passing doubt myself.

It is all such an intricate web of mysteries. But do not let us presume to set a limit to a man's knowledge; to say, "So far shalt thou go and no further." My experience must count for something with me against all the world. It has been remarkable, such probably as no other man ever had.

I look back to one Saturday afternoon when I was in my twenty-seventh year as the beginning of all things for me. Before that time my life is shadowy—I had not begun to live. My college course and European travel had done little toward developing any ideas in me outside of the conventional circle.

That task awaited my old French teacher, Monsieur Dubois, who came limping up to the house that afternoon, a stranger—a tall, thin man, with a look on his face which somehow made me believe that he was walking about asleep.

I had no idea then how old he was, that he had fought under Napoleon at Waterloo, and lost all with the fall of the Emperor. To me he was simply a needy old Frenchman who had undertaken to perfect my pronunciation of his language; and when he took out a shabby copy of "Corneille," we sat down on the piazza in the sunshine, and began the lesson without any preliminaries.

After I had read a half-dozen lines of "The Cid," he said, impatiently:

"No, no! You speak it all through your nose, young man. You Americans always think it necessary to pronounce a foreign language through the nose. Now listen. '*Elvire m'as tu fait un rapport bien sincère?*'"

He twisted the ends of his stubby old mustache, canted his head, and looked at me with half-shut eyes.

There was not much in his manner, certainly, that suggested the Frenchman; he was as like an American as any of us. Such is what I thought at first, but afterward I found out that he was not quite like either nationality—that he was simply a new man and unlike anybody I had ever met.

We did not become very well acquainted that afternoon. He was too positive and domineering to impress me favorably, and I suppose he went away regretting that circumstances compelled him to waste life teaching commonplace people like me with more money than brains.

The next day I happened to be strolling in the village burying-ground, and found him seated, staring at a tombstone. I had frequently read the inscription on that same stone, for it was over my grandfather's grave, who died the same day I was born—a fact which had always given the old gentleman's decease a peculiar interest to me.

When Monsieur Dubois had exchanged a few words with me, I remarked that twenty-seven years since my family had had a death and a birth on the same day, and all within a few minutes; and then I explained whose stone it was he was looking at, and that I had frequently heard an old servant of ours mention with awe how they heard me—the new baby—crying while watching the old man draw his last breath.

"A little curious, really," he said, rubbing his spectacles preparatory to scrutinizing again the inscription. "I remember that day myself, young man. I may say that I am not likely to ever forget it—June 18th, 1815. Why, don't you know that on that day the fate of all Europe was decided? It's the Battle of Waterloo day, sir—the Battle of Waterloo day, sir."

I said that I was aware of it, and had thought of it before. Then, limping along at my side, he told me he had been in that battle. Twenty-seven years ago. Yes; he was growing to be an old man now.

"Life is short; it all goes by in a twinkling," he went on, more to himself than to me. "Why, I have lived out my threescore and ten already; and Chevereau—let me see how old Chevereau would have been. Thirty-five, forty-five—yes, he would be sixty-three now. Jean Chevereau was killed on that very day, the 18th of June, when Wellington and the allies came down on us like fiends from hell. Oh, no, I'm not likely to forget it! That was the day my hair turned gray, young man, all in a moment, most. But I never looked at myself, never cared for myself when I saw our men going down in furrows. Chevereau was my assistant, and from the time the French attacked Blucher at Ligny, he and I had our hands full of mutilated men. I had been a hospital-surgeon twenty years, yet the blood, blood everywhere, made me sick. I was dizzy all the last day of the fight, and half-blind from loss of sleep. I should never have let Chevereau go to the front if I had known what I was about. Ah! he was a brave comrade, Chevereau—a brave, noble comrade!"

The old man's eyes suffused with tears, and his voice had more tenderness in it than one would have expected. He sat down on one of the mounds, and I threw myself on the ground near him.

"It was bad business, the whole of that great battle," he continued, after a moment or two. "Nothing but blundering by the French from beginning to end. First, there was Ney's fatal hesitation at Quatre-Bras; then Grouchy, the idiot, didn't come to our relief, and the Emperor was forced to hazard everything on one onset to break the allied centre. My God! I can see him now, covered with dust and blood, and his iron face calm as an angel's! It was growing dark, and I had lost sight of Chevereau somewhere in the confusion. The Prussians were appearing on our right, and we were forming in squares across the field. Then such a wild whirlwind of thunder and shot; the veterans became demoralized, five squares were broken; everybody was shouting, 'The guard is repulsed! The guard is repulsed!' and at a moment when the smoke lifted I caught sight of Soult hurrying the Emperor off the field. An old comrade seized my arm and dragged me over the dead and dying. 'Good God!' he cried, 'make haste. Jean Chevereau has been shot in the head!' I lost my senses at this and fell. I never should have found Chevereau if my good comrade had not waited by me patiently until I recovered. He showed me the way then in the dark, and we crept along on our hands and knees over the ghastly bodies, down into the trenches to where he lay bespattered, bloody, dead. Ah! but I shall never forget all that. There had been a compact——"

He stopped abruptly and looked fixedly at the ground a moment, as though some quick thought had put everything else to flight and demanded his scattered wits.

"What hour of the day did you say it was when you were born?" he asked, finally, with deliberation, as if putting a leading question to an important witness.

I had some idea that he was losing his senses again, for I had said nothing about the hour of the day I was born. I told him, however, that I would ascertain.

"There had been a compact between Chevereau and me," he went on, "that, if either was shot, the other should secure the dead body for a scientific purpose. And I dragged his poor corpse out of the trench and over the road to Brussels that night, in the dark. Eh? you scowl and think that a little shocking? But I knew Chevereau wanted it done, and I must do it. Yes, I got him back to Paris in two days, and—— My young friend, I have never mentioned this to any one in your country. I trust you will say nothing about it whatever."

I was full of curiosity to know what the "scientific purpose" had been, but I curbed myself as I saw he preferred the subject dropped then and there.

Getting up immediately and buttoning his coat across his chest, he took leave of me and trudged off in the direction of his lodging.

An odd old man, eccentric, crotchety and full of ancient experience, I had no doubt, as I watched him going down the road. But I little imagined—in fact, youth at best is only a synonym for ignorance.

How could I have ever guessed anything that bordered on the wonderful, mysterious suspicion lurking in that man's brain while he went away from me and out of sight! What he had said about the battle of Waterloo interested me, and, in some way or other, produced a strange, nervous excitement, for I found that the whole thing persisted in running in my mind all the rest of the afternoon. I could not get rid of it; and that night I had the most terrible dream I ever experienced. Confusion without end, the booming of cannon, volleys of musketry, the rolling of drums, bugle-calls, faces of friends flitting past in the smoke like ghosts; and, all the while my mind bewildered with agony, I was searching everywhere for Honorè Dubois. Then a crash, as if something had exploded in my head; I felt myself falling an interminable distance, as it seemed, and knew I was shot. Oh, heavens! I never could see her—Her? Who did I mean? Why—yes, yes, my own Celeste, the one woman of all the world!

My mind was wandering; dying, and I *knew* it—knew I never could see her dear, loving, darling face again! That ring—the ring with the Maltese cross of diamonds—in my pocket—it was for her! Good God! where was Honorè Dubois? He must take it to her—he must——

It might have been a minute, an hour, all night, that passed before I awoke; but my suffering suddenly terminated.

In the morning, however, I remembered it all very vividly, and was not a little puzzled to account for one or two features in the dream, that my fancy had introduced, which could not have been suggested by anything I had read, heard or imagined. I had never been in love—had never met any woman with whom I ever had the slightest inclination to be in love.

But I had suffered the wildest kind of love in this dream; and though I was now wide awake, walking about on the lawn, I had not got rid of the passion by any means.

No; and I have not to this day. It perplexed me then; occasionally it perplexes me now, though I know my doubts are traitors.

When Monsieur Dubois and I met again, after three or four days, to read the French classics, he seemed to take every opportunity to study me rather than the text of the book which occupied us. It was of great interest to him to learn that I had a taste for mathematics and the neo-Platonic writers.

His old friend Chevereau, he said, had delighted in La Place's "Mécanique Céleste"; and as for himself, the study of the mystics had been a passion with him for years. He dropped our French work quite unconsciously after a few minutes, and fell to conversing about the extraordinary religion of the Druids, their high state of civilization in their dark age of the world. Then he spoke with much enthusiasm of Pythagoras and his wonderful doctrine respecting the soul.

After all, the world had not advanced a twentieth part what it boasted. To be sure, there was the Copernican system, the discovery of the blood's circulation, and three or four ingenious theories touching the beginning of organic life. But had we really arrived any nearer the one all-important question of "What after death?" than these calm, earnest men of seventeen hundred years ago?

We passed many such afternoons together after this, Monsieur Dubois and I: I can readily understand now the reason he changed so suddenly toward me; but away back in those days I believed that the old gentleman had found, to his astonishment, that I was not so crude as he had decided at first.

I was a long, long time catching the drift of all his ideas. I wonder that, as his suspicion gained strength, he did not drop some direct hint that should give me the clew to the course of his peculiar investigation; but I suppose he understood human nature too thoroughly to do that.

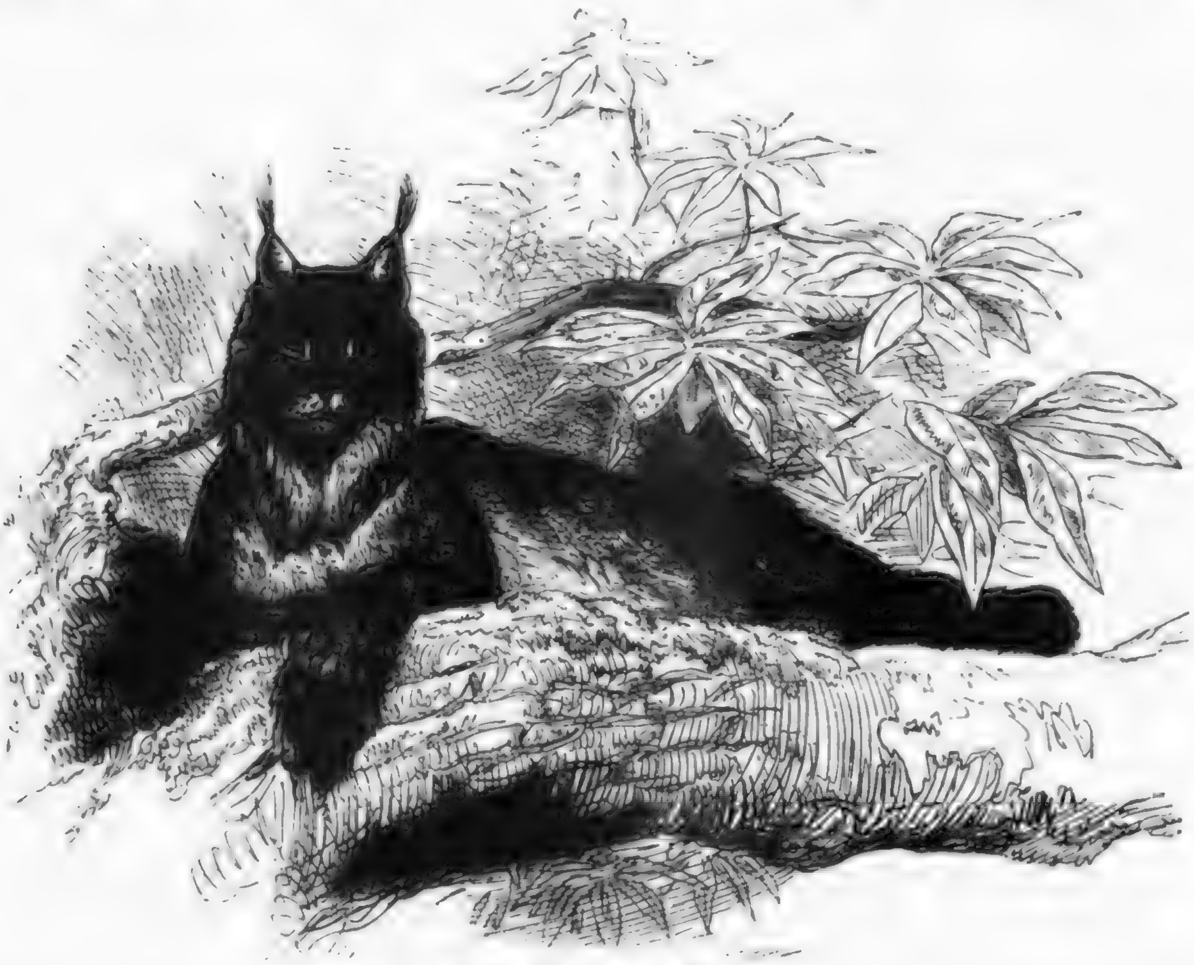
By-and-by, however, I did come gradually to realize the extraordinary cause of his interest in me, though no word passed between us—nothing more than a look.

I was startled—I know I thought he was mad to dream of such a thing. But what great discovery has not been guessed at, to begin with?

Monsieur Dubois was a man of originality, many accomplishments, and wide and varied experience—all of which commanded my respect, and then my reverence. He won me also by the purity and simplicity of his life.

Occasionally, as we became more intimate, I visited him at his lodging. It was a very humble place over a druggist's, in a remote part of the town, and its comforts were meagre. But it was lined with books, strange, ancient books that Monsieur Dubois had picked up years before at the old bookstalls along the quays of the Seine. There were seared, yellow old chronicles of witchcraft, treatises on the occult sciences, volumes on the transmigration of the soul, the supernatural, religion, and a large number of rare medical works. Monsieur Dubois apparently had a fancy, also, for skulls and skeletons. Two grinning, hideous craniums did duty for ornaments on his mantelpiece; the skeleton of a dog stood on his table facing the door, and one of a human being hung in a corner behind a red curtain. Once, when we were smoking a pipe and waiting for the twilight to deepen into darkness before lighting lamps, he referred incidentally to these skeletons. The two skulls had belonged to patients who had died in a Paris hospital; the human skeleton was that of a faithful servant, who had been much attached to Monsieur Dubois; and the dog had been the victim of a stomach experiment.

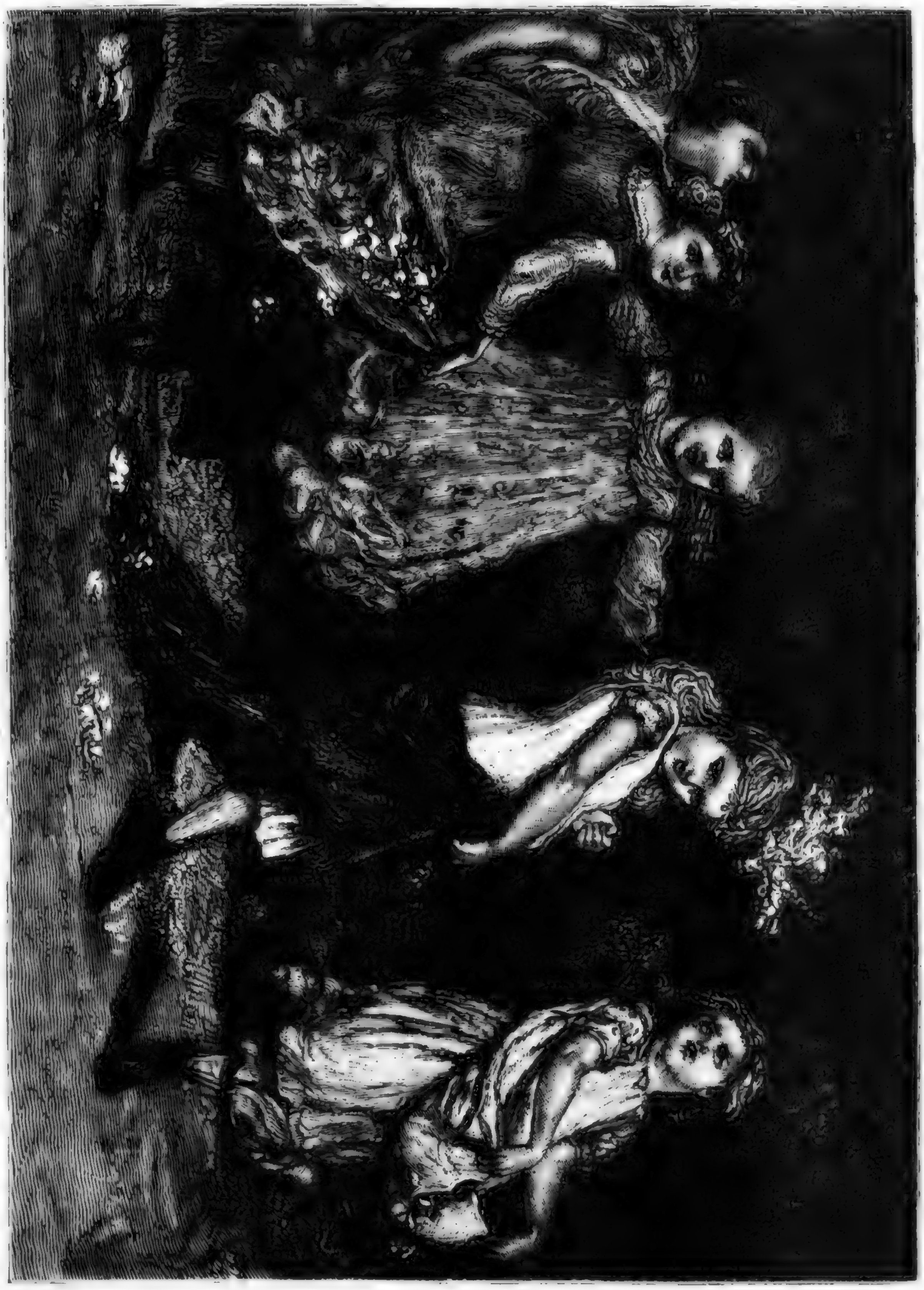
"But I had another skeleton, Mr. Lloyd," he said to me, earnestly, after we had been smoking silently a moment, and watching the coals fall apart in the grate, "a skeleton that was worth all the world to me. It was my old comrade, Chevereau's, sir—Chevereau's."



THE LYNX.—SEE PAGE 695.

I could not help starting; and then the next instant, fearing he had noticed me, my face flushed, and I turned and spent some time searching for a place to lay my pipe. His eyes, however, were on the alert, and the topic was dropped at once.

"By-the-by, my friend," he said, impulsively, "have you found out from your old housekeeper what time of day it happened to be when you came into the world? You may remember we were speaking about it a long time since?"



THE DANCE OF THE MAY QUEEN.

"I was born in the early part of the evening," I answered, having satisfied myself that the mantelpiece was a safe place for the pipe.

"In the early part of the evening?" holding his pipe suspended and staring at the fire a minute or more. "Yes, yes, that will do very well." And then he fell to smoking with evident pleasure and much satisfaction, interrupting his calm contemplation only once during the next hour by saying—looking at me the while, as if he were in doubt—that the difference in time between New York and Brussels was about four hours, he believed.

"About that," I replied, and went on with the thought I was turning over and over. Both of us knew very well what was in the other's mind. Only the day before I had startled him exceedingly by an original way of solving a difficult problem in Euclid. He had never known but one man who could solve that problem in that particular way, he said. This, I could see, had confirmed his suspicion more than anything else up to that time; and he had kept it in mind ever since.

As he seemed to prefer silence, I ligthed the study-lamp and took up a copy of Wordsworth's poems. The first lines my eyes fell upon were these, marked:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

I shut the volume impatiently. Everything had somehow got possessed with the one idea, and I could not run away from it.

Taking my hat, I said it was time I was returning home; and, bidding him a hasty adieu, I rushed out before he could offer any protest. When in the street and breathing the fresh air, I took an oath tacitly that I would have nothing more to do with such nonsense. I should become as crazy shortly as Monsieur Dubois was, if I did not put a stop to this kind of thought.

Then, again, what difference did it make who or what I was? I didn't care to know anything further about it.

It was all a riddle, at best; life was a riddle—human destiny, the world, everything—and man an idiot to believe that he could guess the clew.

In the sober thought of the next morning, however, I took another view of the matter, and set out for Monsieur Dubois's lodging in the same frame of mind that had impelled me thither a hundred times before. But, to my amazement, he was gone—gone away to remain some weeks, the druggist thought. He had left the keys to his rooms for me, the man said, and I was to use the books or anything in the rooms whenever I chose.

I hastened up-stairs and unlocked the doors. He had said nothing about going away, and possibly he had left a note or letter for me; so I pulled up the curtain and surveyed things in general.

His study, library and living room looked as though he had left in a hurry. Drawers were open, papers were scattered in every direction on his table, the doors to the bookcases stood ajar, and an extraordinary miniature portrait on ivory had been left near one of the skulls on the mantelpiece.

I carried this curiously to the light, little realizing that the moment was an epoch in my life. There it was—the one fair, lovely face to make all earth a paradise to me. Oh, Celeste! oh, my wife, my darling! I loved you as passionately that first moment when my soul awoke as I ever can through all eternity!

I only remember that I sat there for hours, looking at the portrait as if it were a dream—as if life were a dream, and every reality had faded away.

How could I ever hope to find her? Would Monsieur Dubois ever come back? Could I bring him back? My fortune, everything I possessed, should be shared with him.

I went home and sent a message to my lawyer in the city, asking him to insert advertisements in all the New York papers, requesting an interview at once with Monsieur Dubois, and then I waited anxiously, feverishly, through days at first, then weeks, and finally months.

But nothing came of this—chance would have it another way. I went to New York to visit a friend.

We were walking along Broadway one afternoon when they dashed by us in an open carriage, Monsieur Dubois and she!

That night I stole out on the streets alone and found him staring in at the lobby of a theatre. He started, scowled, slipped his arm through mine, and led me away into a side-street.

"I saw you to-day and should have stopped if I had been unaccompanied," he said, after he had waited for me to speak. "What brings you to the city just now?"

"The lady who accompanied you—I have come to see her."

"Her?—my Celeste, my ward?"

"Yes."

I explained to him that I had found her portrait in his room; that he must lead me to her.

"Her portrait, Lloyd? No, no, my dear friend; it is not hers."

I did not want to believe him; I would not.

"But you shall see her," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "We will go to her at once; the child must be anxious about me already."

They were stopping at the old Manhattan Hotel, and thither we directed our steps, Monsieur Dubois limping along at a pace agonizing to my patience. Finally we went up two or three long flights of stairs, and he tapped at one of the doors in the dim-lighted corridor. My heart beat nervously. I had waited all these weeks for this. It must be she; I could not have made a mistake.

"My dear, I have brought my young friend, Mr. Lloyd, to see you," he said, when she stood before us, bright, beautiful, and the realization of all I could wish.

"Monsieur Lloyd brings pleasure with his presence," she returned, with a charming foreign accent and bewitching smile, all for me.

Certainly there was no mistake about the portrait. The likeness was exact, unless, possibly, it represented her a year or two older than she really was. Her eyes, large and brown, with all a woman's exquisite soul speaking through them; the delicate contour of her face with the complexion soft and pure as a lily with the breath of a rose upon it; the low, broad forehead, with the mass of crinkled blonde hair brought round the sides of her head and intertwined in twisted coils—all this I had seen in the miniature.

But the ring, with the *petite* Maltese cross of diamonds, which sparkled on her plump little hand, I had never seen except in a dream.

Monsieur Dubois was expressing his regrets that he had been detained away from me so long, and she was saying very soberly, whenever a chance between words occurred, that really her poor guardian had been sorely perplexed with his affairs and I must forgive him. The *finesse* of her expression, the tone of her voice! And that ring! Who could explain all this to me? Had I been dead and come back to life again? Were we all embodied ghosts bereft of memory? How could it be possible that I had ever given her that ring, that her name should be Celeste?

Monsieur Dubois guided us each through the windings of an hour's conversation with consummate skill, and the next day I came again, and the next. He was following out some investigation—I knew not what—and left her in my keeping all the day long.

The hours became moments, the days shortened to a third of their usual length while two weeks passed. We had gone every day on some little excursion to a library, art-gallery, or place of interest to Celeste. Then, happy day! I brought them both to my home. Monsieur Dubois had ended his quest; his whole face beamed with satisfaction; he returned with joy.

In the moonlit evening, while Celeste was on the piazza with my old housekeeper, Monsieur Dubois and I walked down through the village to smoke our after-dinner cigars and visit his former lodging, where his books were to remain for the present. He had forwarded a box from the city, he said, which he wanted to open.

But I was not a good listener. I, on my part, had a subject I wanted to broach.

"Might we talk of his ward?" I asked.

"Perhaps you are in love with her, my friend?" looking at me through half-shut eyes.

"I have been for a long time."

He walked on silently some distance, and I could not discover whether or not he was displeased.

"She has her mother's face," he said, at length, stopping and resting on his stick. "The miniature portrait you saw is of her mother. She died when Celeste was born, and the child has got the mother's name, her beauty and her soul." Then he went on: "Ah! my old comrade, Chevereau, loved the mother well—loved her as few women are ever loved. But Celeste Beclard married a year or two after Waterloo. Her husband soon died; then she died, and I took the little girl. It's all a sad world! Death, death, always and everywhere!"

When we had got inside the lodging and lighted a lamp, Monsieur Dubois's cheerfulness returned.

There was the box—a large square one—awaiting, as he expected. In a moment he had a hammer in hand and proceeded to take off the cover.

"It's a skeleton, Lloyd," he said, noticing my curiosity. "I've been in your country twelve years searching for it."

He took it out of the box bone by bone, and put it together whilst I sat looking on. For some foolish reason or other I felt nervous.

The room was poorly lighted, for one thing, and the moonlight, streaming in through the windows, gave a ghastly appearance to it, swaying to and fro on its wire hanging.

It did not come into my mind whose skeleton it was until I caught sight of the right side of the skull, and saw very plainly the shivered bullet-hole.

Instantly I felt all the blood leaving my head. This was Chevereau's skeleton, and I was becoming desperately faint, the room seemed to be swinging round and round, and——

Monsieur Dubois was bending over me, feeling my pulse, when I revived.

"My old comrade—my old comrade!" he was murmuring. "I have found you again after all these years."

In my bewilderment, the one thought in my head was of that ring.

"The ring! How did she get the ring with the Maltese cross of diamonds?" I asked, pressing my hands to my head.

"Ha! the ring! You saw it on Celeste's hand? You knew it, comrade? Yes, yes, I took it from Chevereau's pocket in the trench that night, and gave it to her mother. He was shot at twenty minutes of six—you were born fifteen minutes afterward. Good God! who shall say this is not beyond all revelation! We are still the same, comrade—still the same, though death itself has separated us and all these years have yawned between; and you shall have your Celeste. She shall be your wife now—the same, the adorable Celeste! Love can never lose its own. She will know you, worship you!"

Oh, my friend, companion, teacher! I hear again your impassioned words, though my youth has passed—though you have entered that lonely, infinite mystery—and I am an old man.

Where are you in all this great unknowable, all-beginning, never-ending plan of God? Have you, too, been born again into this world of ours, and are you waiting for an Ithuriel touch to disclose your old identity?

I hear Celeste's voice in the hall, her step upon the stair. She is coming to me. I am a happy man.

SONNET.

By Aubrey de Vere.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass the threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE LYNX.

Up in the Maine woods you will often hear them talking of killing a lucervee, and you will strain your ears to see whether you catch the sound aright, and then puzzle your brain to find out what the animal is. It is simply our old friend the lynx, known in pictures at least to every child. The Canadian French call it *loup cervier*, or deer-wolf, and near the border, in the Anglo-Saxon mouths that never get around Celtic speech, they have made of these French words the term lucervee.

Our lynx, for a wonder, is the same animal as the lynx of Europe. It is a large animal, nearly three feet long, with stout, strong legs, indicating great strength. Its hind-quarters are disproportionately large, the head round, and it is easily distinguished by the tufts of black hair on the tips of the ears. The fur is thick and close, the longer hair varying from brown to gray, while the short, soft hair is lead-color. The throat is white, but on the neck are dark marks, and the whiskers are tinged with the same deep color.

It is a harmless and inoffensive animal, hunted for its skin. When brought to bay it will arch its back and spit like a cat. A sharp blow with a club kills it, so that it has not the cat's tenacity of life. It is fond of the water, and is a good swimmer. On land its course is a series of bounds, coming down on all-fours.

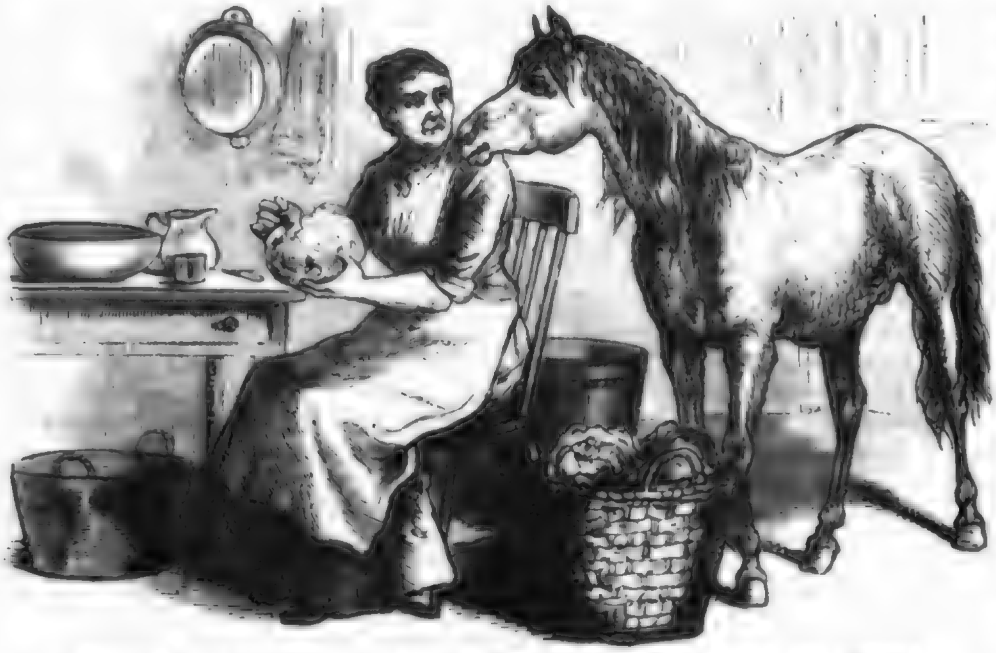
It preys on birds, squirrels, wild hares and rabbits, and is not averse to a taste of nice young lamb.

SAGACITY OF A PONY.

A remarkable pony, which some short time since might have been seen daily grazing on the Cirencester College cricket-ground, England, is a most sagacious animal, known by the name of Grimm. His history is as follows:

Grimm was born and bred on the estate of Mr. Mussel, of Aden, near Aberdeen, Scotland, and sold by him, in 1852, to a gentleman who required a pony to carry his wife during his walking expeditions in Perthshire, with this caution, "Never drive him, or he will break your neck,," as he had been notorious for previous bad conduct, and had previously smashed a pony-carriage.

In the stable and in the field he was gentleness itself, but was found to be very headstrong and conceited—i



SAGACITY OF A PONY.—GRIMM ENTERING THE SCULLERY AND TAKING THE CABBAGE FROM THE COOK.

one may attribute such a quality to a pony—and the few misfortunes that befell him during the thirty-four years of his life his kind and indulgent owners attributed to this defect in his character.

During Grimm's walking expeditions he must have played his mistress some very odd tricks, which she truly states must have cost thought and preparation, for he apparently always made his own arrangements for the day.

One hot afternoon his mistress wished to ride some four miles to meet her husband, who was returning from Edinburgh. Until they arrived at a certain hill, Grimm was in all respects a model pony, when suddenly at this point he stopped, having decided that so far he would go and no further.

All his mistress's endeavors to make him descend the hill were fruitless. At last, tired out with his rearing and jumping, she unadvisedly did what he had long intended she should do—dismounted and dragged him down the hill by the bridle, and then, hoping she had won the day, she put her foot into the stirrup to spring into the saddle; but he had been waiting for that moment, and before she could accomplish her purpose, found herself flat on the road, and on looking round saw Grimm galloping home.

His memory for places and people is described as extraordinary, and on one certain day, and that day only, would he take his mistress in turn to each shop she was in the habit of visiting.

He learned to open any kind of door, and would turn handles and keys, also lift latches, so that, unless care was taken to lock him into his stable from the outside, he was certain to walk out again when the coast was clear.

Having a large stable-yard, in which he walked about in perfect freedom, his amusement was to open the door of the scullery and steal the greens the cook was washing for dinner. She, being quite deaf, was unconscious of his presence until she felt his warm nose on her shoulder and saw her cabbage whisked off.

He hated solitude, and was always happy when the dogs and their puppies were occupying the stall next to him.

Grimm never accidentally injured the smallest puppy. The cat kept her kittens in his manger, and the proceedings of the family gave him much interest. This affectionate disposition was further exemplified in several ways.

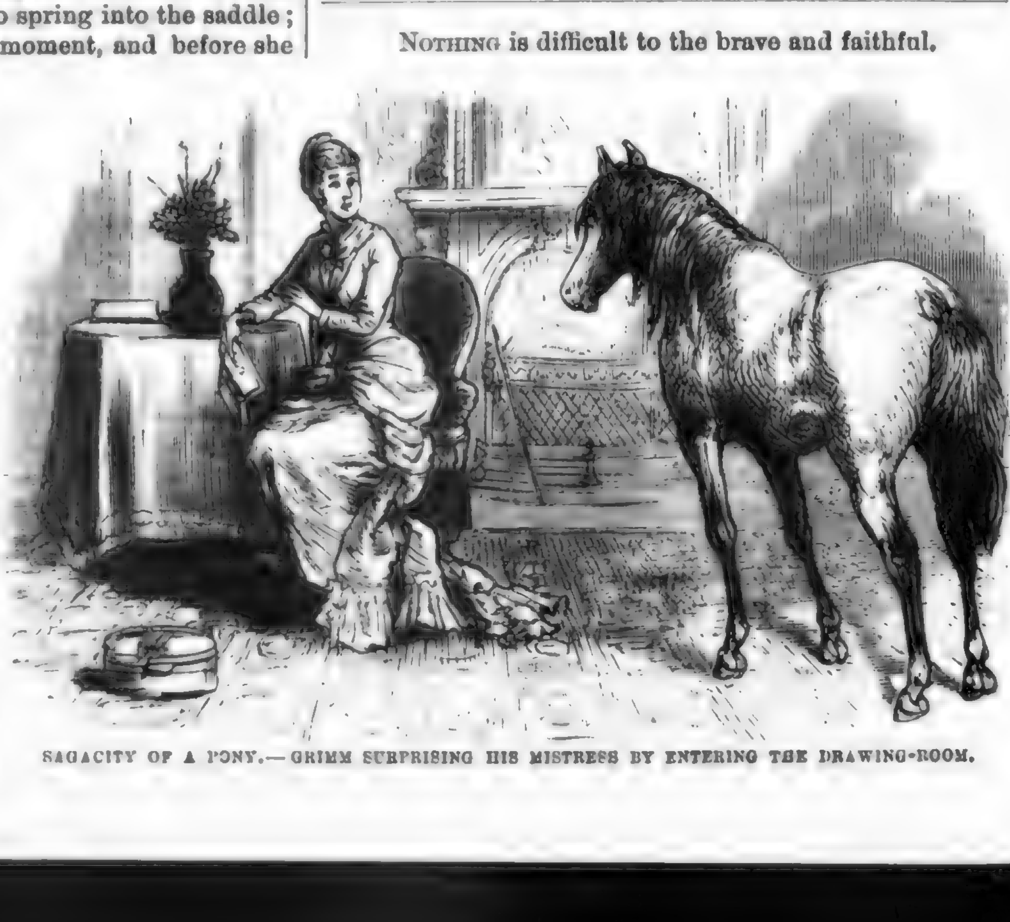
He expected his mistress to come and see him often, and once, when she had been prevented by illness, and had not seen him for a fortnight, he determined upon reversing the order of things, and went to see her, walking through the hall to the drawing-room door, which he opened as usual; and great was her astonishment to see him triumphantly nodding his head, as if relieved to find she had not entirely disappeared.

In 1862 Grimm met with a serious accident. One of his fore-legs was injured, and he ever afterward lifted it up for inspection when his mistress appeared, and thus learned to shake hands.

On his recovery a pony was bought to drive with him, and he was placed in double harness. He was devoted to his companion, and gnawed a hole at once in the partition between the stalls to improve the means of communication.

Various other anecdotes might be told of this remarkable and intelligent pony; but he soon became unfit after this period for work, and was received into the pastures of the Agricultural College, Cirencester, where he obtained every comfort until death terminated his eventful career.

NOTHING is difficult to the brave and faithful.



SAGACITY OF A PONY.—GRIMM SURPRISING HIS MISTRESS BY ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM.

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

The London *Telegraph* has the following: The guardian in the velvet skullcap came to my aid, when I was at fault, with most courteous explanations. He mentioned incidentally that in a portrait of Pope Pius V. there were 1,700,000 pieces, each no larger than a grain of millet; but this statement I take to have been merely guesswork. The enamel, he proceeded to tell me, is a kind of glass, colored with metallic oxides, and it is so fusible that it can be drawn out into threads, small rods, or oblong sticks of varying degrees of fineness, slightly resembling the type used by compositors. These polychromatic rods are kept in drawers properly numbered, so that the artist always knows to which case to repair when he requires a fresh supply of a particular tint or tints. When the picture is commenced the first step is to place on the easel a slab of marble, copper, or slate, of the size fixed upon; and this slab is hollowed out to a depth of about three and a half inches, leaving a flat border all round which will be on a level with the completed mosaic. The excavated slab is intersected by transverse grooves or channels, so as to hold more tenaciously the cement in which the mounts of enamel will be embedded. Then the hollowed slab is filled with "gesso" or plaster-of-paris, on which the proposed design is accurately traced in outline, and usually in pen-and-ink.

The artist then proceeds to scoop out a small portion of the plaster with a little sharp tool. He fills up the cavity thus made with wet cement or "mastic," and into this mastic he successively thrusts the "spiculæ," or the "tesseræ," as the case may be, according to the pattern at his side. In the broad folds of drapery or in the even shadows of a background, or a clear sky, his morsels of enamel may be as large as one of a pair of dice; in the details of lips, or eyes, or hair, or foliage, or flowers, the bits of glass may be no larger than pins' heads. The cement, or mastic, is made, so far as I could gather from my informant, of slacked lime, finely-powdered Tiburtine marble, and linseed-oil, and when thoroughly dry is as hard as flint. Sometimes the mastic which fills the cavity is smoothed and painted in fresco with an exact replica of the pattern, and into this the bits of glass are driven, according to tint, by means of a small wooden mallet. If the effect produced wounds the artist's eye, he can easily amend the defect by withdrawing the offending piece of enamel and driving in another while the cement is still wet; and, by observing proper precautions, it can be kept for more than a fortnight. When the work is completed any tiny crevices which may remain are carefully plugged or "stopped" with pounded marble, or with enamel mixed with wax, and the entire surface of the picture is then ground down to a perfect plane, and finally polished with putty and oil. Byzantine may be broadly distinguished from Roman mosaic by the circumstances of the surface of the former being left unground and unpolished—save where there is burnished gold—thus leaving an irregularity of surface productive of great vigor of effect. A virtuous picture of the Byzantine style can at once be recognized as a mosaic, even if it be hung at an altitude of one hundred feet from the ground; but a perfected mosaic picture, after the Roman manner, might easily be mistaken, even at a very short distance, for a very elaborately finished and highly varnished painting in oils.

MORNING AT LOON LAKE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES HART.

THE POWER OF KISSES.

When Charles II. was making his triumphant progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the King, a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the lover of pretty Nell Gwynne. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steele, the butcher, a kiss for his vote, nearly a century since; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. A kiss from his mother made Benjamin West an artist. "Kiss me, mother, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss! The head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes and rosy lips close, and the little darling is soon reveling in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss, mother, for that good-night kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies moldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

THE DELUSIONS OF ALCHEMY.

THE subject of Alchemy occupies so large a space in the humiliating history of the misapplication of talent as to justify a particular inquiry into the causes of its origin, the grounds of its success, and the reason of its gradual decline. So much mysticism and fondness for ambiguity exist in the writings of the hermetic philosophers, as they were called, that it will not be surprising to find accounts of the origin of the science wrapped in equally extraordinary language.

To begin with Adam; he is said to have foreseen the deluge, and, for the purpose of providing against that catastrophe, to have erected two tables of stone, which contained the foundation of this wisdom. One of them, after the flood, was found on Mount Ararat. Alchemy has as frequently been called the hermetic art, as it is more generally supposed to have been invented by Hermes, King of Egypt, and master of this science, when Egypt was the garden of God. According to chronologers, his æra was before that of Moses.

This was the true philosopher's stone, which so enriched that kingdom, and by means of which all the arts flourished, but in quest of which so many persons of all nations and ages have since fruitlessly consumed both their fortunes and lives.

Unlike their baffled successors, the Egyptians increased their wealth to that immense degree that they studied means how to expend their exuberant stores in the erection of pyramids, obelisks, colossuses, monuments, pensile gardens, cities, and the Labyrinth, and in forming the immense Lake Mœris, and the like stupendous works, which cost so many millions of talents.

"All these," say the believers in the science, "are sufficient arguments of their skill in alchemy, whence they received so vast a supply of riches; for, since no authors mention any gold mines in the time of Osiris, or Hermes, whence could they have acquired such exceeding great wealth but from the chemical art of transmuting metals?"

The Egyptian priests, under a promise of secrecy, communicated the knowledge they possessed to the Alexandrian Greeks. The actual possession of much lucrative knowledge, and the reputation of still more valuable secrets, would attract the notice of the credulous and ignorant.

With many the extent of the science was confined to the refining of metals and preparations of chemical compounds; but the theoretical alchemist having in view a certain mysterious and unattainable object despised the occupation of the mere chemist, and from policy, or want of clear ideas on the subject, the language of his art became more and more obscure. Knaves and impostors crept in, and by impositions on the unwary and credulous, indemnified themselves for the ill success of their experiments.

Those chemists who assumed the pompous title of alchemists were persuaded that all metals were no other than nature's rude, unfinished essays toward the making of gold, which, by means of due coction in the bowels of the earth, advanced gradually toward maturity, till at last they were perfected into that beautiful metal. Their endeavors, therefore, were to finish what nature had begun, by procuring for the imperfect metals this much desired coction, and upon this grand principle all their processes were dependent.

The golden age of alchemy commenced, properly speaking, with the conquests of Arabian fanaticism in Asia and Africa, about the time of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and the subjection of Europe to the basest superstition. The Saracens, lively, subtile, and credulous, intimate with the fables of talismans and celestial influences, admitted with eager faith the wonders of alchemy. The rage of making gold spread through the whole Mohammedan world, and in the splendid courts of Almansor and Haroun Al Raschid the professors of the hermetic art found patronage, disciples and emolument.

About the thirteenth century, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymond Lully, appeared as the revivers of this science, which had been nearly lost in the interval from the tenth century; their writings again raised alchemy to a very high degree of credit, and their adventures, as well as those of their disciples, partake more of the character of Oriental romance than the results of philosophic study. The most celebrated of the alchemic philosophers were not only the companions of princes, but many of them were even kings themselves, who chose this royal road to wealth and magnificence.

No delusion in the world ever excited so extensive and long-continued an interest, or, rather, it might be called madness; though it now seems wonderful how the fallacy of it should have escaped detection during a period of seven or eight hundred years, when so many causes of suspicion and disappointment must have occurred amongst its professors; but the fond idea seems to have been strengthened by this want of success, which was attributed to any cause rather than the proper one.

An alchemist, in his writings, complains of the difficulties attending the search after the Immortal Dissolvent as the grand agent in the operations was sometimes called, and very feelingly asserts that the principal one is the want of subsistence or money, as without a supply of the latter to buy glasses, build furnaces, etc., the operations cannot go on.

The several metals were described metaphorically as planets, animals, etc., and mystical allusions were made to the sacred Scriptures in confirmation of the truth of the science by the most forced interpretations of certain passages, as for instance: "He struck the stone, and water poured out, and he poured oil out of the flinty rock;" and the whole composition of the philosopher's stone was thought to be contained in the four verses beginning, "He stretched forth the heavens as a curtain; the waters stood above the mountains."

The descriptions of the several necessary processes partook of such figurative language as none but the adepts could possibly understand. Dr. Dee, in the fullness of his wisdom, thus instructs his disciples: "The contemplative Order of the Rosie-cross have presented to the world angels, spirits, plants and metals, with the times in astromancy and geomancy to prepare and unite them telesmatically. This is the substance which at present in our study is the child of the sun and moon, placed between two fires, and in the darkest night receives a light from the stars, and retains it. The angels and intelligences are attracted by a horrible emptiness, and attend the astrolasms for ever. He hath in him a thick fire, by which he captivates the thin genii. That you may know the Rosicrucian philosophy, endeavor to know God himself, the worker of all things. Now I will demonstrate in what thing, of what thing, and by what thing is the medicine or multiplier of metals to be made. It is even in the nature, of the nature, and by the nature of metals; for it is a principle of all philosophy that nature cannot be bettered but in her own nature. Common gold and silver are dead, and except they be renewed by art—that is, except their seeds, which are naturally included in them, be projected into their natural earth, by which means they are mortified and revived, like as the grain of wheat that is dead."

This is somewhat worse than what Mr. Burke denominated a gypsy jargon.

The powder of transmutation, the grand means of projection, was to be got at by the following process, in which it was typified as the Green Lion:

"In the Green Lion's Bed the sun and moon are born, they are married, and beget a king; the king feeds on the lion's blood, which is the king's father and mother, who are at the same time his brother and sister. I fear I betray the secret, which I promised my master to conceal in dark speech from every one who does not know how to rule the philosopher's fire."

One would imagine, in the present day, that there was very little fear of being accused of too rashly divulging the important secret by such explanations. Our ancestors must have had a much greater talent than we have for finding out enigmas, if they were able to elicit a meaning from these mystical, or, rather, nonsensical, sentences.

Roger Bacon was the first English alchemist. He was born in 1214. Popular belief attributed to him the contrivance of a machine to rise in the air, and convey a chariot more speedily than by horses; and also the art of putting statues in motion, and drawing articulate sounds from brazen heads. From this it appears that he had made considerable progress in the formation of autómata. There can be no doubt that he discovered the mode of making gunpowder; in his works the secret may be found, vailed under an anagram. The discovery has, however, on doubtful authority, been ascribed to Berthold Schwartz, a German Benedictine friar, who lived about the middle of the fourteenth century. In an old print, the *merit* of the invention is ascribed to the devil, who is represented as prompting the friar's operations and enjoying their success.

Can we be surprised, that in an age of ignorance, the wonderful doings of Bacon obtained for him the name of a magician, and the friars of his own Order refused to admit his works into their library, as though he was a man who ought to be proscribed by society? His persecution increased till 1278, when he was imprisoned, and obliged to own that he repented of the pains he had taken in the arts and sciences; and he was at last constrained to abandon the house of his Order.

The credulity and avarice of princes often caused them to arrest alchemists, and, by means of the torture, endeavor to force them to multiply gold, or furnish the powder of projection, that it might be ready for use at any time; but it was generally found that, like poetical composition, perfect freedom of thought and action were necessary to so desirable an end.

There is an edict of Henry VI., King of England, in letters patent to lords, nobles, doctors, professors and priests, to engage them in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, especially the priests, who, having power (says the pious King) to convert bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, may well convert an impure into a perfect metal

Even Pope John XXII., the father of the church, was weak enough to become an adept; he worked at the practice of hermetic philosophy in Avignon, and at his death were found eighteen millions of florins in gold, and seven millions in jewels and sacred vases. Notwithstanding his writing a treatise on alchemy, and making transmutations, yet such was the mischief arising in his times from the knavery of pretended alchemists, that he issued a bull condemning all traders in this science as impostors.

Pope Sixtus V. had a true idea of the real value of this science; for, when one presented to him a book on alchemy, his holiness gave the author an empty purse, emblematic of the vanity of the study.

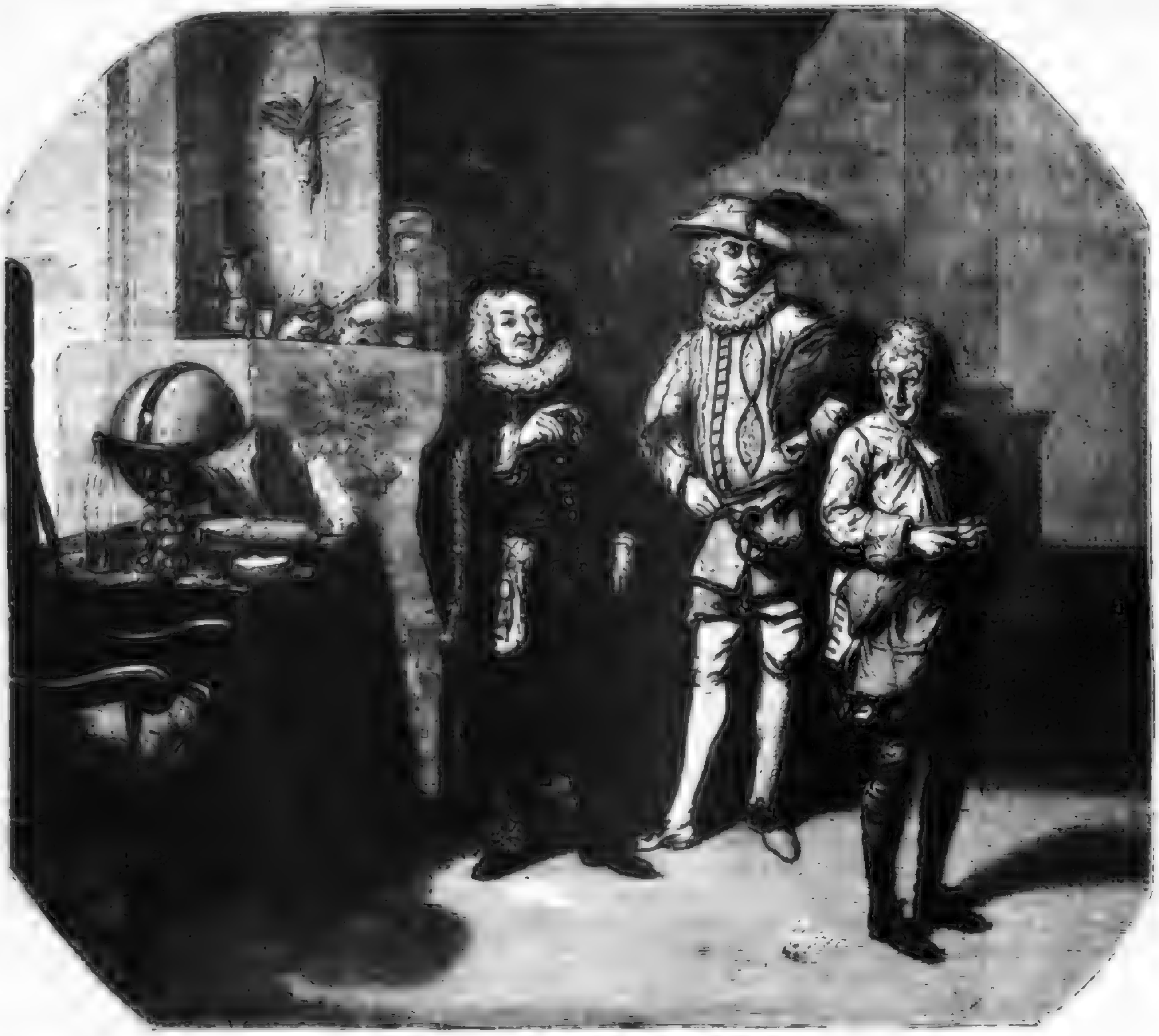
In the fifteenth century this science was applied to medical uses, and the preparations of mercury, antimony and other metals were used with the happiest success. The unexpected success which attended the first exhibition of chemical preparations awakened a new hope in the minds of the alchemists, which was no less than the discovery of a universal medicine, an elixir vitæ, for conferring immortality and perpetual youth and health. Paracelsus and Van Helmont entertained these visionary speculations, and the hopes of possessing a universal solvent long haunted the imaginations of writers on chemistry.

Paracelsus was born in 1494; he practiced physic in Basle, and the following circumstance induced him to leave it: A canon was in extreme sickness, and the physicians forsook him as incurable. Paracelsus saw him, and promised to restore him to health. The canon expressed himself gratefully, as one who would feel the obligation, and make him a suitable recompense. Two pills performed the cure, which was no sooner effected than the canon undervalued it, and contended against the claim of the doctor; he had been *cured too soon*. The magistrates were applied to, and they awarded Paracelsus a very moderate fee, proportioned to his short attendance; so, in disgust, he quitted the city, and declared that he would leave the inhabitants of Basle to the eternal destruction which they deserved. He then retired to Strasburg, and thence into Hungary, where he took to drinking. He died in great poverty, at Saltzburg, in 1541. Oporinus, who served him as his pupil, said he often saw him in great want, borrowing money of carmen and porters, and the next day he would repay them double from a fund that could not be discovered. His proper name was Philip Aureolus Theophartus Paracelsus Bombastus, of Hohenheim; and his disciples add, "Prince of Physicians, Philosopher of Fire, the Trismegistus of Switzerland, Reformer of Alchemistical Philosophy, Nature's Faithful Secretary, Master of the Elixir of Life and Philosopher's Stone, Great Monarch of Chemical Secrets."

The ingenious Mr. Evelyn, both a sensible and learned man, seems to have been unwilling to deny the truth of what had so often been asserted to him. In his entertaining "Diary" he says:

"June 4th, 1705, the season very dry and hot; I went to see Dr. Dickenson, the famous chemist. We had a long conversation about the philosopher's elixir, which he believed attainable, and himself had seen it performed by one who went under the name of Mundanus, who sometimes came among the adepts, but was unknown as to his country or abode. The doctor has written a treatise in Latin, full of astonishing relations; he is a very learned man, formerly of St. John's, Oxford, where he practiced physic."

Being in Paris, Mr. Evelyn visited Marc Antonio, an ingenious enameler, who told him two or three stories of men who had the great arcanum, and who had successfully made projection before him several times.



AN ALCHEMIST'S OFFICE IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

"This," says Evelyn, who obviously hesitated between doubt and belief, "Antonio asserted with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors, and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spoke ten different languages."

The most celebrated history of transmutation is that given by Helvetius in his "Brief of the Golden Calf." It is thus given by Mr. Brand:

"The 27th day of December, 1666, came a stranger to my house at The Hague, in a plebeick habit, of honest gravity and serious authority, of a mean stature, and a little, long face, black hair, not at all curled, a beardless chin, and about forty-four years of age, and born in North Holland. After salutation he beseeched me, with great reverence, to pardon his rude access, for he was a lover of the pyrotechnian art, and having read my treatise against the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, and observed my doubt about the philosophic mystery, induced him to ask me if I really was a disbeliever as to the existence of an universal medicine which would cure all diseases, unless the principal parts were perished, or the predestinated time of death come. I replied I never met with an adept, or saw such a medicine, though I had fervently prayed for it. Then I said, 'Surely you are a learned physician?' 'No,' said he, 'I am a brass-founder, and a lover of chemistry.' He then took from his bosom-pouch a neat ivory box, and out of it three ponderous lumps of stone, each about the bigness of a walnut. I greedily saw and handled this most noble substance, the value of which might be somewhere about twenty tons of gold; and having drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects, I returned him this treasure of treasures with a most sorrowful mind, humbly beseeching him to bestow a fragment of it upon me in perpetual memory of him, though but the size of a coriander-seed. 'No, no,' said he, 'that is not lawful, though thou wouldest give me as many golden ducats as would fill this room, for it would have particular consequences, and if fire could be burned of fire, I would at this instant rather cast it into the fiercest flames.'

"He then asked if I had a private chamber, whose prospect was from the public street; so I presently conducted him to my best furnished room backward, which he entered," says Helvetius, in the true spirit of Dutch cleanliness, "without wiping his shoes, which were full of snow and dirt. I now expected he would bestow some great secret upon me, but in vain. He asked for a piece of gold, and opening his doublet, showed me five pieces of that precious metal which he wore upon a green ribbon, and which very much excelled mine in flexibility and color, each being the size of a small trencher. I now earnestly again craved a crumb of the stone, and at last, out of his philosophical commiseration, he gave me a morsel as large as a rape-seed; but I said, 'This scanty portion will scarcely transmute four grains of lead.' 'Then,' said he, 'deliver it me back,' which I did, in hopes of a greater parcel; but he, cutting off half with his nail, said, 'Even this is sufficient for thee.' 'Sir,' said I, with a dejected countenance, 'what means this?' And he said, 'Even that will transmute half an ounce of lead.' So I gave him great thanks, and said I would try it, and reveal it to no one.

"He then took his leave, and said he would call again next morning at nine. I then confessed that while the mass of his medicine was in my hand the day before, I had secretly scraped off a bit with my nail, which I projected in lead, but it caused no transmutation, for the whole flew away in fumes. 'Friend,' said he, 'thou art more dexterous in committing theft than in applying medicine. Hadst thou wrapped up thy stolen prey in yellow wax it would have penetrated and transmuted the lead into gold.'

"I then asked if the philosophic work cost much or required long time, for philosophers say that nine or ten months are required for it. He answered, 'Their writings are only to be understood by the adepts, without whom no student can prepare this magistery. Fling not away, therefore, thy money and goods in hunting out this art, for thou shalt never find it.' To which I replied, 'As thy master showed it thee, so mayst thou, perchance, discover something thereof to me, who know the rudiments, and therefore it may be easier to add to a foundation than begin anew.' 'In this art,' said he, 'it is quite otherwise, for unless thou knowest the thing from head to heel, thou canst not break open the glassy seal of Hermes. But enough; to-morrow, at the ninth hour, I will show thee the manner of projection.' But Elias never came again; so my wife, who was curious in the art whereof the worthy man had discovered, teased me to make the experiment with the little spark of bounty the artist had left. So I melted half an ounce of lead, upon which my wife put in the said medicine. It hissed and bubbled, and in a quarter of an hour the mass of lead was transmuted into fine gold, at which we were exceedingly amazed. I took it to the goldsmith, who judged it most excellent, and willingly offered fifty florins for each ounce."

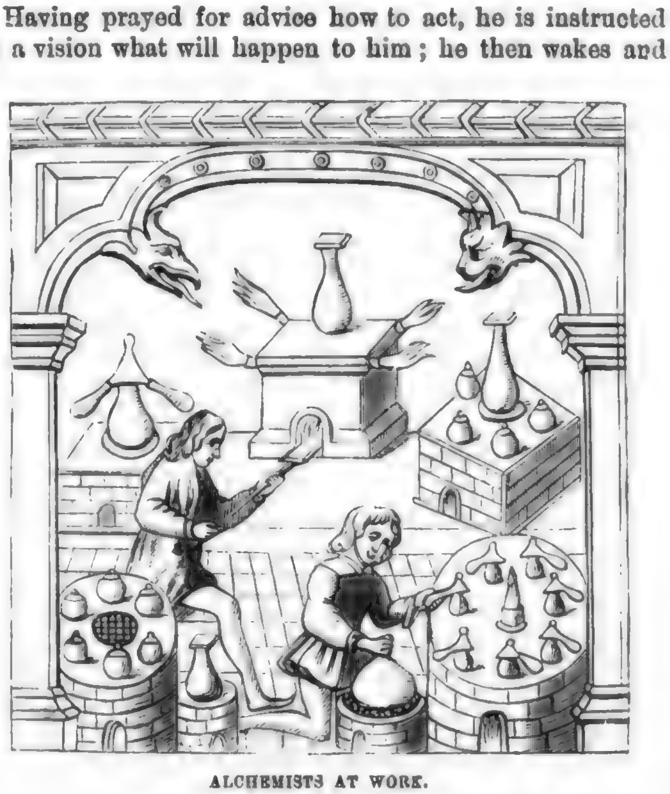
The accumulated disappointments of several centuries in the prosecution of this science, or discovery, did not eradicate the belief in its practicability; and so late as the year 1698, one humbly styling himself Philadept wrote a book concerning adepts, not proving that they did exist, but leaving the *onus probandi* to those who were skeptical on the subject. Indeed, it was a generally received opinion in the seventeenth century that the philosopher's stone did really exist, and the gravity and sincerity of the authors who discoursed of it prove this. Philadept says: "It is evidently unreasonable to assert or deny anything without reason. No man can give any good reason importing that there is no such thing as the philosopher's stone. On the contrary, there are many reasons to believe there is such a thing. There is a tradition of it in the world; there are many books on that subject, written by men that show an extraordinary gravity, sincerity, and fear of God, and who solemnly and sacredly protest they have wrought it with their own hands; and, besides, they have, at several times, shown the effects of it, before divers witnesses, whereof there are too many instances to reject this proof. Then they lay down principles which appear rational to any one that considers them. There have been, also, too many great cures performed by philosophers to be reasonably questioned by them who *are* acquainted with those matters. Those that *are not*, ought not, in reason, to determine against it. My intention is not to dispute about the principles of hermetic philosophy; they have been established by many authors beyond dispute, but most clearly and invincibly by the learned Gasto Claveus of any I know."

Passages in Scripture, as has been stated above, were often brought forward in corroboration of the theory of alchemy, and it resulted, in the course of time, that a religious sect arose, who blended the mysteries of the Christian religion with the several processes of alchemy toward the grand regeneration of metals; a species of allegory understood and to be interpreted only by the disciples of that Order, known by the name of Rosie Cross; its symbol being four red roses arranged in crucial form. In a book, entitled "The famous celebrated Nuptials of the thrice great Hermes," allegorically describing the mystical union and communion of Christ with every regenerate soul, composed by C. R., a German, of the Order of the Rosie Cross, and published by him in 1559, this victim of mysticism and fanciful romance thus describes one of his hallucinations:

"On Easter eve I was in meditation, and being now ready to prepare in heart, together with my dear Paschal lamb, a small, unleavened undressed cake, all on a sudden ariseth so horrible a tempest that I imagined no other but that, through its mighty force, the hill whereupon my house was founded would fly in pieces. But, inasmuch as this and the like, from the devil—who had done me many a spite—was no new thing to me, I took courage, and persisted in my mediations till somebody, after an unusual manner, touched me on the back, whereupon I was so hugely terrified that I durst scarcely look about me; yet I showed myself as cheerful as, in the like occurrences, human frailty would permit. The same thing twitched me several times; I looked, and beheld a fair and glorious lady, whose garments were all sky-colored, having a bundle of letters in all languages in her hands. She selects a small one and lays it on the table, and, without a word, departed with so mighty a blast, that for a quarter of an hour I could not hear my own words. The note was sealed with a curious cross, having this inscription—*In hoc signo vinces.* Within the note was written:

"This day, This day, this, this,
The royal nuptials is;
Art thou thereto by birth inclined,
And unto joy of God designed?
Then may'st thou to the mountain tend,
Whereupon three stately temples stand,
And there see all from end to end;
Keep watch and ward, thyself regard;

Having prayed for advice how to act, he is instructed in a vision what will happen to him; he then wakes and



ALCHEMISTS AT WORK.

prepares for his journey, "putting on a white garment, girding his loins with a blood-red ribbon, bound crosswise over his shoulders, and in his hat were stuck four red roses, that he might be the sooner taken notice of by this token among the throng."

This sect became a secret society; it originated in Germany, and attracted the attention of all Europe for twenty-five years. Part of their mystery consisted in an almost miraculous method of curing diseases. Some of their pretensions were explained by one John Hayden, servant of God and secretary of nature, in a book entitled, "A new method for the cure of all diseases, freely given to inspired Christians." In an "Apologue for an Epilogue," he saith, "I shall here tell you what Rosicrusians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the Order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world; that are as the eyes and ears of the great King, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated, as Moses was, according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the gibberish which could once not only find readers, but even dupes to follow in the train of the writers.

In later times there have been a few believers in transmutation. In the year 1782, Dr. Price, of Guildford, by means of a white and red powder, professed to convert mercury into silver and gold; and he is said to have convinced many disbelievers of the possibility of such a change. His experiments were repeated seven times before learned and intelligent persons, who themselves furnished all the materials, except the powders which were to operate the transmutation. These powders were in very small quantity. By whatever means it may have been accomplished, it is certain that gold and silver were produced. But, admitting that, with respect to its production, Price was an impostor, it is indubitable that he must have been in possession of one valuable secret, that of fixing mercury so as not to evaporate in a red heat. Price published an account of these experiments, but stated that he had expended the whole of his powder, and that he could not obtain more, except by a tedious process, which had already injured his health, and which, therefore, he would not repeat. He died in the following year, and his death was attributed to his having swallowed laurel-water, in order to evade further scrutiny and the detection of his imposture. The fact of his having poisoned himself is at least doubtful.

Another true believer in the mysteries of this art, says Mr. Brande, was Peter Woulfe. He occupied chambers in Barnard's Inn, when he resided in London. His rooms, which were extensive, were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. A gentleman once put down his hat and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages and parcels that lay about the chamber. Woulfe had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Some of his apparatus is said to have been extant since his death, upon which are supplications for success, and for the welfare of the adepts. He had an heroic remedy for illness; when he felt himself seriously indisposed he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back in the returning coach to London. He died in 1805.

The last of the English alchemists seems to have been a gentleman of the name of Kellerman, who, as lately as 1828, was living at Lilley, a village between Luton and Hitchin. He was a singular character, who shunned all society, carried six loaded pistols in his pockets, barricaded his house, and filled his grounds with spring-guns. The interior of his dilapidated mansion was a complete chaos. He pretended to have discovered the universal solvent, the art of fixing mercury, and the powder of projection. With the last of these he had, he said, made gold, and could make as much as he pleased. He kept eight men for the purpose of superintending his crucibles, two at a time being employed, who were relieved every six hours. He had one characteristic of a disturbed intellect, that of believing that all the world was in a confederacy against him, and that there was a conspiracy to assassinate him.

HOW MACARONI GOT ITS NAME.

Macaroni is eaten with relish equally by all civilized European peoples. At the commencement or the close of a dinner, in the character of sweet or of savory alike, it is deservedly as popular without as within the frontiers of its native land. But the incident which originally gave it its name is, we venture to believe, known to few of those—even in Sicily, its birthplace—who hold it in the highest esteem.

Once upon a time a wealthy Palermitan noble owned a cook not only accomplished beyond compare in the practice of his profession, but gifted by nature with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated Parmasan familiar to those who have partaken of "macaroni al sugo" in Southern Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord—a gourmet of the first water—and stood by, in deferential attitude, to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation "Cari!" idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum, he exclaimed, "Mà, cari!" or "Excellent, indeed." Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose to even higher flights, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, "Mà, caroni!"—"Indeed, most supremely, sublimely and superlatively excellent." In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery, he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.

THE PALM-LEAF HAT.

By Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The loiterer among our New England hills and valleys, in these bland Summer days, can see through the open doors of any farmhouse on his way, a picture out of that single romance of workaday life which has not yet followed the lesser romance of the spinning-wheel—the braiding of the palm-leaf hat.

A pastoral romance is it from which the picture comes, and though requiring for its scenery and background all the soft unfolding of the Spring and the sun-gilded pomp of Summer, yet otherwise the adjuncts are few—the old farmhouse with its moss-grown roof, the well-sweep, the hawk nailed to the red barn-doors, the laborers in the intervale. But what a multitude of hopes and fears and imaginings enter into it, and how the ends of the earth are tributary to it!

It may be there is a mortgage to pay on the farm, in order to keep the roof over the heads of the household, and to which task father and mother, and sons and daughters, alike bend their energies. It may be there is a coveted strip of land to bargain for; or, what is likelier still, the girls have their own hands to depend on for those fineries which are the pride of their eyes. Whatever the spur, the work is gotten from the country store, the hat-block is set ready, and gay visions dance before the eyes of the nimble plaiters—visions, perhaps, of the heavenly-silent Sundays, when nothing but the distant bells and the daring bird-songs shall disturb the air, and the new frock and the gay ribbon, bought by the braiding of the straw, shall make each damsel seem the fairest of the fair women to her chosen swain as she rises with her hymn-book in the choir, or steals demurely up the aisle below—visions, perhaps, of the way the tears will spring into the old father's blue eyes, ambushed behind their white brows, when his girls put into his hands, at last, the money whose want has made his life a burden, and which the sterile farm with its yearly crop of rocks would never raise; visions, perhaps, of the new home to which this miserably-paid braiding is to bring bedstead or bureau at length, or possibly the little cabinet organ that has been secretly the heart's longings for this many a year.

Do you suppose they ever pause to think, as the urchin, with his cherished penknife, slits the palm into the widths and lengths they wish, of the way that leaf waved in its greenness before the West Indian trader brought it over seas? of the islands ringed with the azure waters, domed with the azure heavens, bathed in an atmosphere that the winds drew in long wafts and currents of odor far out to sea, and where, above orange-grove and tamarisk-thicket, tossed the great plumes of the palm? Now and then, perhaps, in a vague reverie of wonder that includes the parrot on his perch—that marvel of the country-side, won from some strolling sailor, and innocently admired in the midst of all the Spanish oaths he screams. Now and then, for in actual experience another horizon hems them in; a world of facts, not fancy—prose, not poetry, fills their minds, as they dip their deft fingers in the bowl of water beside them, and weave in their fresh strands, and double and bend and shape the work as neatly, if not with as handsome results as their Italian sisters do, and with scarcely ever a dream on the contrast between their own fair, wholesome state and the squalor of the Piedmont peasant.

Nor is it altogether on selfish ends, on the poor but precious payment for the work, or the coveted gingham and linen of the "store," on the fashion of the future cut thereof, that their thoughts dwell. These farmers' maidens have room in their meditations for higher flights than those. "Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," have already occupied their attention; politics have not been forgotten; the tariff has been discussed by the small manufacturers, with the reasons why palm-leaves should be admitted free, while palm-leaf hats should protect their little labor with a duty of nearly half their value; sides have been taken and battles have been fought over the merits of the great armies of the world, wherever they may be contending; woman-suffrage and St. Paul have had a tussle; and, indeed, it is ten to one if Tyndall and Huxley, and even Darwin himself, or some faint phantasms of those worthies, have not figured in the conversation—else to what use the Normal School, *Tribune* or *Independent* filtering through the remote mails, or the one brother studying himself into a dyspeptic at Dartmouth or Amherst or Andover?

While the morning's work was done in kitchen and chamber—while eggs were hunted, chickens fed, butter churned and wrought into golden balls in the dairy, the well-browned baking set away in the buttery, the dinner cooked to which the great horn summoned master and men from the field, dishes washed, floors swept, and the afternoon toilet made—while all this was being attended to, the gossip of the neighborhood was attended to as well; confession of peccadilloes were made, perhaps, as the confessing one stirred round on the kind errands that hid blushes, in the act of putting away a dish, or burning one's face with looking in the oven; and the way was clear, when the maidens began their plaiting, for discussion of the minister's sermon, of the inside of the weekly paper, of the news of the great unknown world, till by-and-by silence comes, and the thoughts of each slip away down the lane they love the best.

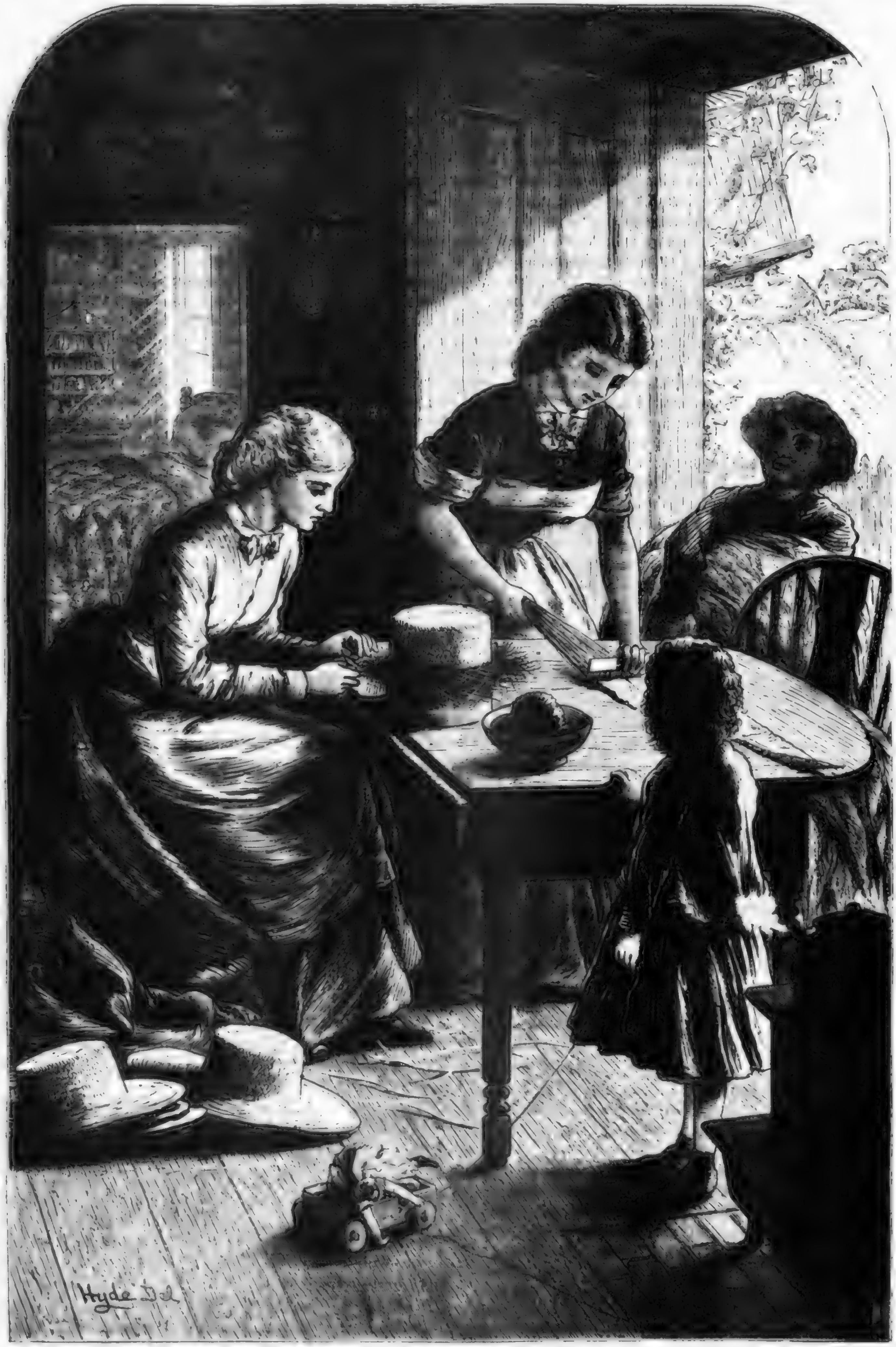
The pewter glistens on the dresser, the evergreen in the chimney-place of the best room sends out a faint fragrance through the unlatched door, to mingle with that of the lingering herbs strung over the kitchen-mantel; the robins dart through the low-hanging apple-trees without; the cat watches them in half a dream; the sweetness and silence of Summer afternoon broods over all things; the old clock slowly ticks off the time in the corner, where it has stood for a hundred years; and their hearts begin to tell over the old story, older than many a hundred years. The sunshine lies thick on the hillside, the blue mists begin to rise in the valley; soon tinkling bells will tell of the cattle coming home; soon twilight will empurple all the sunset; the stars will steal out above the bending boughs that arch the lovers' lanes—and then, what strolling down their dewy length! what lingering at the bars! what moments sweetened by the passing breath of the field-flowers, or the wandering scents of the honeysuckle and southern-wood of the gardens! moments that, when they are old and gray, that same passing breath will bring all alive and glowing to their sense once more. And what a quick thrill and heartbeat now make, all at once, the lass bending with sudden flush above her straw, of one kin with the queen upon her throne, whose blood has been stirred by the same mysterious spell!

Ah, pretty maidens! pretty with all the freshness and roundness of youth, if with no other beauty, you may be happy in the years to come! Your children may rise up and call you blessed; and your husbands may be the bulwark of the land! But will any of your happiness ever quite equal the bliss of the afternoon-dreams you had when braiding your palm-leaf hats? Happy without knowing that you are so, may you never feel, except possibly to lighten it, the different lot of those who do your work herded together in crowded city rooms, and paid a daily shilling which does not keep enough soul in their body to prevent festering!

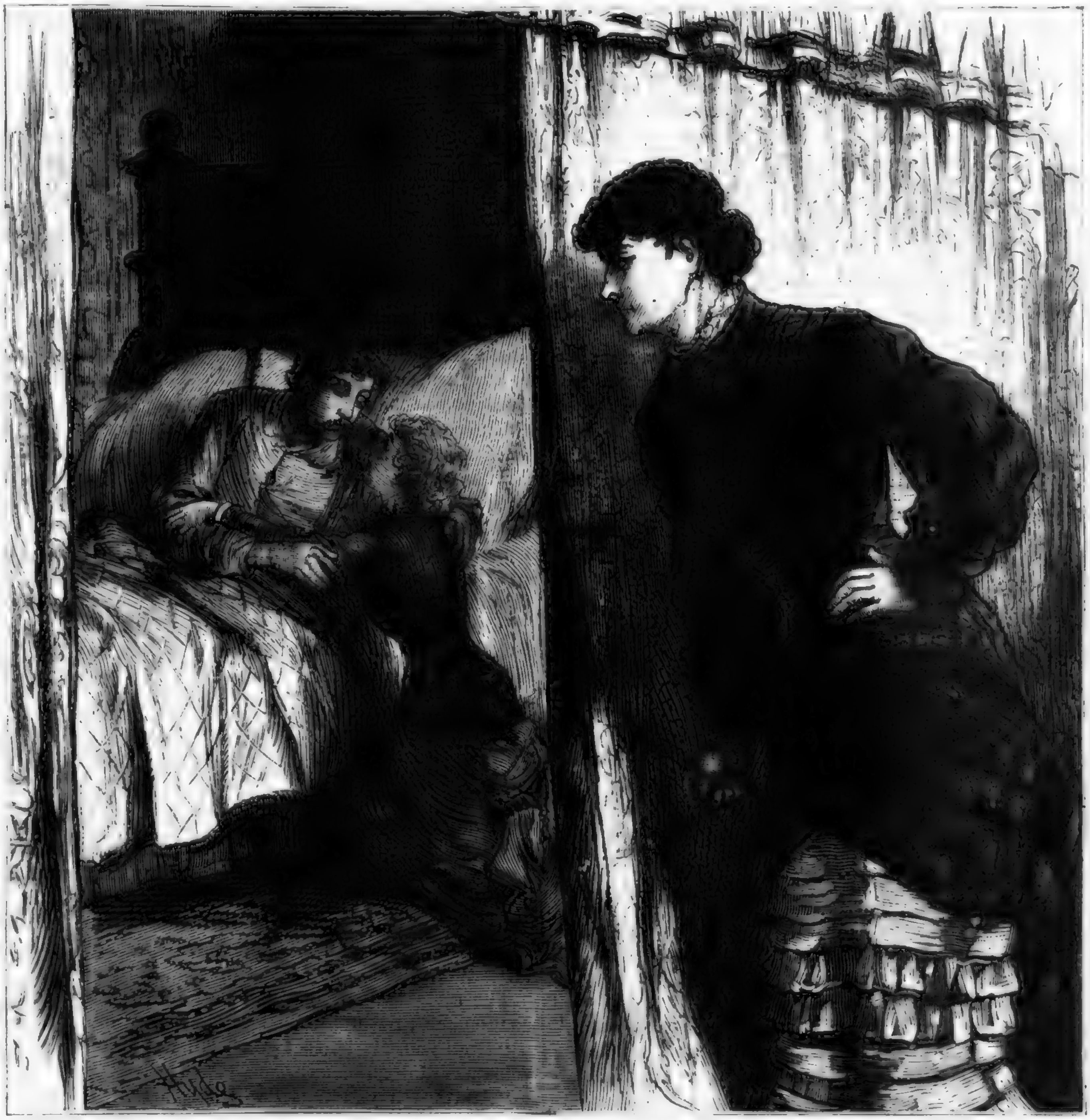
And amidst all the noisy march of machinery may you still preserve, to us and to yourselves, the simple idyl of the Palm-leaf Hat!

Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose ennobles, and offices the most menial cease to be menial the moment they are wrought in love. What services are rendered around the bed of sickness which, in other circumstances considered mean, become at once holy and quite inalienable rights! To smooth the pillow, to proffer nourishment, to soothe or to obey the fancies of the delirious will, to sit for hours as a mere sentinel of the feverish sleep—these things are suddenly raised, by their relation to hope and life, to sacred privileges.

The man who possesses a passionate and revengeful temper is deprived of reason, and all that is great and noble in his nature is suppressed.



THE IDYL OF THE PALM-LEAF HAT.—SEE PAGE 702.



THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.—"THE SILENT WATCHER IN THE ANTE-ROOM CLINCHED THE TAWNY FISTS, AND GLARED AT THE TWO BEAUTIFUL JOCELYNS IN MALIGN RAGE."

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter V.—Merciless Marie.

While Fulke interviewed the physicians in the grand library, with its statuary and costly antique, General Jocelyn sat in the tiny study up-stairs, writing letters, and occasionally making a great effort to look over the accounts laid there by his steward for inspection. That it was the sanctum of a man impressed the beholder at the first glimpse. Guns, spurs, powder-horns hung on convenient hooks, or stood in sundry corners; riding-boots and gloves were tossed about in the confusion one delights in, when one knows they are sure to be found where they were left, and never, by any chance, disappeared. The writing-table presented the same incongruous array of the many articles General Jocelyn fancied himself in daily need. A brace of dueling-pistols lay in their open case at his elbow, account-books, billets, letters, bronzes, fishing and hunting accessories, pipes and cigars, and a vase of fragrant flowers mingled themselves together in a mass, through which the bright blossoms seemed to rise, always beautifully pure and sweet.

Hugh Jocelyn wore the same terrible look of torturing anxiety. The seclusion of the study prevented the necessity of that forced cheerfulness, which seemed such hollow mockery that he marveled if others did not see the miserable sham. The mask fell as he entered this little "den," as Winifred termed it; fell and revealed the worn, wearied ravages of the struggle. He wrote mechanically business letters and brief entries in account-books, which were erased a moment after because of their incorrectness.

"It's no use," he said, tossing the pen down impatiently, and taking one of the dueling-pistols from its long, dark case; "this is the shortest and—easiest," he muttered, with a grim smile. "How easy, no one can guess. How horribly easy it is! But for Winifred, I must take care of her—my little Winifred."

He laid the deadly weapon on the table again, half reluctantly. Just as he did so the door opened swiftly, and a petite, agile woman, not very young, not very old, with eyes of startling brilliancy, ran up to him with both hands outstretched.

"My dear, dear general!" she exclaimed.

Hugh Jocelyn rose from his chair slowly, and stood like one petrified.

"Marie!" He uttered the name with difficulty, not offering to touch the two tawny, small hands held out in such gushing enthusiasm. "Marie, are you really here?"

"Of course I am, a week sooner than I expected. But, *mon Dieu!* I was seized with a longing to see you again. The same magnificent old soldier that you always were, and in such luck—but one never knows what is to come to people. Twenty years since I have seen you; but I should never have forgotten you, never. And you are so rich! come into so much money! I saw it in the papers, and came off immediately."

Hugh Jocelyn listened to her, without an effort to interrupt all the effusive delight the stranger seemed to feel, or, at least, expressed. If she rejoiced at seeing him, one glance into his pale, harassed countenance might have told her volumes of the anguish he endured at standing face to face, after twenty years of peace and relief, with this woman.

"Marie," he said, huskily, "what has brought you here? What did you come for?"

She laughed wickedly, quite unconcerned at the reception he vouchsafed.

"Oh, a multitude of reasons," she answered, coolly. "Cannot you guess some of them? I wanted to see you living *en prince*. You were always grand, and I don't see one whit of alteration in you, except—yes, a *tristesse*, a troubled look. Ah, yes! I can guess what caused that; one can't forget—that is a grand trouble—one can't forget," and she glanced up confidently, half smiling at the freezing coldness of Hugh Jocelyn under her sunshiny blandness.

"You have come here, Marie, and reminded me that your memory, at least, is good——"

"Mine, at least, is very good," she interrupted, with a pleasant significance.

"Very good, if you choose," resumed the general, still more frigidly. "Pray, say at once what brought you here? What motive or interest have you to serve?—for I know you too well not to comprehend that you have an end to gain."

"Ah, yes," she answered, in naïve deprecation, smoothing her glossy black hair with a thin, almost skinny hand. "Ah, yes, we do know each other, if anybody does; and, *mon Dieu!* how good of you to pave the way!—though, how could I be embarrassed by you, superb gentleman that you are? I always told Fulke that you were, of all others, the most courtly, and the greatest brute I ever met."

"Fulke!" he repeated, with no surprise in his manner. "Fulke! And so my suspicions are correct. You are his informant."

She laughed merrily, a not unmusical laugh, infectious and pleasant enough to any man save this one, with that ghastly pallor gathering again in his face, and that deadly grip tightening once more on his heart. He sat down in the same deliberate, unhurried way, majestic and graceful in a man of his proportions; sat down helplessly, as if his limbs refused to support him.

"Now, my dear general, how could you think that, apart from my old admiration for you, I could be idiot enough to give up my secret to any one. No, no! Fulke may have a hint of it, but nothing more. Don't grow foolish because you are rich. You were always gallant in the old days, twenty years ago, you know; your well-known gallantry and that magnificent presence of yours did wonderful execution. *Ma foi*—poor Gabriel was brute enough to do his best to spoil it——"

"Stop, Marie!" sternly interrupted Hugh Jocelyn, while his melancholy eyes wandered wistfully toward the pistol, lying so dangerously near. "Stop! You did not come here for this. I have enough of badgering, enough to bear, without your adding to it. You were faithful once, perhaps you may be so again."

The reckless, bold face, the face of an adventuress, grew suddenly pensive and dreamy. For one moment Marie Frissac seemed to gaze mentally back over the past, and then the flint-like expression slowly returned.

"Yes, I was faithful once—faithful once to the handsomest man of his time. Ah, *ma foi!*" she added, shrugging her shoulders and laughing defiantly, "you are still the handsomest man of your time. Twenty years has not injured you. But for me, look at these," she held out two skinny, clawlike hands, then pulled up the loose sleeves; "have they not changed in twenty years? Once as round and soft as an infant's, now—ugh! I have had a hard time. I am poor, and you must replenish my purse."

Hugh Jocelyn opened his check-book without a word, and filling up a check, tore it out and handed it to her.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, rapturously, holding the check away from him, as if she fancied he might snatch it out of her grasp. "When have I had so much? All new laces and new silks, mine are threadbare. Do you have much company at this fine old castle? for I intend to make you a long visit—perhaps live here altogether, who knows?"

The same look of loathing and horror came into his countenance, not unmingled with terror.

"I tell you, Marie, that you shall not stay here." His voice was high and sharp.

"And I tell you that I will stay here." Hers had a wicked ring of delight in the accent, as if it pleased her to assert her sway over this man. "I tell you, *cher ami*, that I will stay and sit at your table, and help your Winifred to do the honors of this grand establishment. I tell you that I am going to stay near you all my days. I will do it. Ah, *cher ami*, when have you had the faithful friend Marie has been to you?"

"Marie!" The general took up the pistol and examined it narrowly. Of what he was thinking, with that intense suffering in his countenance, perhaps even the Frenchwoman herself scarcely conjectured. She sat there looking at the handsome man, with a strange, deathless admiration in her eyes. "Marie, you know my past. Have you no mercy for me in that selfish heart of yours? You see how I idolize my Winifred; you see that my heart is bound up in her, that I am willing to spend my money, to suffer for her sake tortures and humiliations a thousandfold worse than death—ay, death would be a short, swift way out of it all. But for her, can you not spare me? Will you not go peacefully away from this house, and from my pure and lovely Winifred? Marie, spare me this!"

He appealed to her womanly compassion with and odd, forcible humility, but there was no pity in the heart beating under her shabby bodice. The woman, small and elfish as she was, with her tawny skin and glittering eyes, could admire, but she could not and would not pity Hugh Jocelyn.

"I tell you," was the dogged answer, "that I, too, glory in your good fortune—for your good fortune is my good fortune. I shall stay here."

There was a silence of several minutes. General Jocelyn seemed to be pondering over the situation, presenting such a dark aspect in whatever way he viewed it. The result of his cogitations was a blunder. He appealed once more to her compassion, not for himself, but for Winifred.

"*You* must not stay here with Winifred. For her sake, Marie, leave Jocelyn Hall."

"I shall stay." The woman's look grew more resolute.

"She is so young and innocent," hopelessly began Hugh Jocelyn, a bitter pain in his voice. "Can you not leave me some peace and security for the few years I have left? Is it fair, Marie, to strike at me through the one tender point? You know how dear Winifred is to me—you, of all others, know this."

"Ay—I, of all others, should know this," grinningly interrupted the woman, her countenance still harder in expression. "But for her I should not be what I am now—a suppliant, a beggar in Hugh Jocelyn's house—and you, of all others, should know that."

"You may fling my words back as you please, Marie"—he seemed to go down a step in courage as he said this—"but you are not a proper person to throw an influence over an impetuous, beautiful girl like Winifred. For me what does it matter? You were faithful once—yes, once—while there was no temptation to betray."

The tawny hands clinched, a fierce, almost savage light glittered in the Creole eyes, the white teeth were visible between the red lips in an angry, canine way.

"There was always temptation, Hugh Jocelyn; temptation to be even with you for the slight and degradation you have made me endure. You remember that it is easy to forget that, but for my fortunate possession of your secret, you would never have troubled yourself to look on my face again, and I have not betrayed you for the same reason holding me silent twenty years ago. I did not betray you then, I have not betrayed you now; but I do not mean, fool-like, to relinquish my hold upon the rich man's purse, and," she added, with an evil significance, a strange change crossing her face, "I have no love for Winifred. No love for the girl whose future is in my hands. Ay, it is for me to say whether or not she shall be a beggar. And who knows what I may say?"

"Ay, who knows what any woman may do, or what any man may expect from them?" was the low response.

Both looked bitter and gloomy, both seemed ready to commit any folly but for that terrible something, that icy shadow holding the gentleman and the adventuress in its grip.

"You ought to know what to expect. But, understand, your Winifred is another consideration. I suppose she has grown up pretty? She inherited good looks by the mother's side," she added, with a meaning laugh, that, oddly enough, brought that cold moisture again to General Jocelyn's brow. "I hope, for her sake, she does not resemble the mother. I hope, too, that we will get on together. I've seen more of the world than she has; but she must be civil to her father's old friend, for that is the capacity in which you are to present me to her and your guests."

"And you expect me to palm off a sham, a fraud, upon my friends and daughter?"

"Be tranquil, my dear general. It is either for you or for me to expose what you are pleased to term a fraud, and I really think, *cher ami*, my revelations may produce the greater sensation of the two; seeing you are the rich General Jocelyn, of Jocelyn Hall, and I only poor little shabby Madame Frissac, of God only knows where. Now, which shall it be, you or I?"

He made no answer, only involuntarily his wistful gaze fastened upon the pistol. How could he contend with this sharp-witted woman, so coolly asking him which should tell the story of the past. Whatever it might be, he, at least, was driven to madness at the threat.

"I make no stipulations, Marie," he said, slowly. "What I ask of you must be granted of your own free will. What I ask of you is this—Will you leave Jocelyn Hall or not?"

He was holding the pistol in his hand, the hand for twenty years hidden from human eyes. She came close to him, her color rising to burning heat, and a look in her eyes as hard and inexorable as any visible on Fulke's sardonic countenance.

"I shall stay!"

Before she could say another word he lifted the pistol, with a swift, desperate motion to his temple, but not too swiftly for the agile creature at his side. Her tawny little hand gave the weapon a sudden, strong blow, and knocked it upward. The ring of a pistol-shot and an agonized shriek echoed simultaneously through the great mansion.

"Eh, *mon Dieu!* What a fool!" she cried out, taking the weapon from his unresisting fingers. "As if it would not bring everything out to kill yourself now. Think of the girl—your Winifred—you silly fool." And quite undisturbed she walked to the door, and unlocking, threw it open. "Don't be alarmed, petite," sympathizingly exclaimed the guest, taking the lead in the matter quite naturally.

Winifred had fallen on her face upon the floor, moaning and shrieking in frantic grief and alarm.

"It was an accident. He is not hurt. The careless wretch, he is not hurt—*venez, ma petite*," and seizing Winifred's arm with more of strength than of tenderness, she raised the girl from the floor, and, drawing her swiftly into the room, again closed the door.

"Papa! oh, papa! Was it only an accident? Are you sure you are not hurt? My own dear papa—are you sure of that?"

General Jocelyn put his arm around her, and allowed the girl to caress him passionately for a moment.

"Are you sure? Oh, papa, you had such a miserable, terrible look. Could it have been an accident?"

"Of course it was," interposed the subtle voice, a trifle sharp and imperative in its accents. "Of course it was. You cannot suppose he meant to take his own life now, when he has you—and wealth and such good friends. My dear general, put away those handsome toys of pistols and present me to your Winifred. Or, shall I do it myself?—*tres bien*. I am Madame Frissac, your father's long-tried, faithful friend. We have come to stay with you in this grand establishment—indeed, I have almost promised the general to take up my abode here, if we like it."

Winifred had turned sharply and confronted her, with a keen penetration in the beautiful dusky eyes that seemed to divine the false under the real.

"We? Pray, whom do you mean by we?" she demanded, haughtily.

"*Ma mère!* Ah, I always forget that you are not French, too. My mother—of course she accompanies me—we are such old friends of your father. And, ah, *petite*, you are so like, so very like, your mother—so terribly like. The resemblance is startling"—nevertheless the Frenchwoman set her teeth hard together as she repeated the assertion—"so wonderfully like I could imagine myself beholding her again, just as I used to in New Orleans."

"Did you know my mother, then?" Winifred spoke with less asperity, albeit she still held aloof, and maintained the haughty reserve the sunshiny girl sometimes startled others by assuming. Despite the civility of the one and the bland gush of the other, it was evident these two women were antagonistic. Distrust and scorn legibly traced itself in Winifred's delicate young features. Dislike and implacable enmity became just as clearly visible on the other thin, faded, startling countenance, world-worn and callous, but twenty years ago possibly fresh and fair and beautiful. "They tell me I am not at all a Jocelyn?"

"No, *mon Dieu*, no," retorted the other, with a curious smile; "you are not at all a Jocelyn. You are your mother in appearance and manner. I hope we will be very good friends, *ma petite*, for your father's sake. We were always such very confidential friends," and madame drew out a cheap little smelling-bottle and regaled herself with audible whiffs, while she scanned Winifred keenly.

"Strange you never mentioned Madame Frissac, papa. Indeed," supplemented Winifred, with a touch of sarcasm, "it is strange I never heard of any of your friends while we were so poor."

The Frenchwoman laughed securely.

"Very true, *ma petite*, but it revives one's affection to hear that one's good friend has come into so much money. Your father and myself were always friends. I was a friend in need."

"And my mother?" questioned Winifred; "you were her friend, too, I presume?"

"Well—yes. She has been dead these twenty years. I have forgotten her."

"Papa has been absent these twenty years; why have you not forgotten him?" demanded Winifred, in a tone of doubt, which did not disconcert the woman before her.

"I have never forgotten him, and we have come to visit him—perhaps live with our dear general. The place is so grand, and he begs so piteously for a chaperone for you I cannot say no—cannot say it. I am sure of the result, my dear general. I *shall stay*."

General Jocelyn assented silently.

Winifred glanced from one to the other in perplexity, and grew more and more haughtily distant.

"Papa and I find it rather inconvenient to have guests at present. Indeed, we almost might say we prefer being alone; do we not, papa?" She turned anxiously to her father. "Do we not, papa?"

The Frenchwoman's hard, defiant gaze was riveted upon the general; she was smiling in careless scorn, while he raised his head and said, huskily:

"Winifred, you must like my old friend, Madame Frissac. It is quite true what she tells you. She is an old friend of mine, and she will stay with us as long as—as she pleases."

"Ah, yes!" echoed the other, without moving the mesmeric gaze that seemed to hold him helpless under its magic spell. "I shall stay just as long as I please."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MENACE OF THE PITILESS.

BERNARD JOCELYN lay in an apparent stupor, scarcely opening his eyes to do more than glance at the two doctors making their daily visit, and talking learnedly over the "case," which was to lift them into comparative affluence. A yellow, wizened old dame, with the homeliness of ninety years in her wrinkled face, sat by the bedside, now and then refreshing herself with a sip of wine, and listening to the medical opinions with an attention delighting those great oracles.

"Why, *maman*, are you here? A sickroom has a charm for you," exclaimed a lively voice, as Madame Frissac tripped into the chamber, in fresh, gay toilet, and retouched beauty quite delusive to inexperienced eyes.

She had just returned from town after a few days' absence, rejuvenated in wardrobe and appearance, and delighted with all the world save General Jocelyn, who had remained shut up in his study, not even appearing at breakfast, that she might display her faultless *négligé*, gotten up in accordance with her own gaudy French taste.

"Whatever else people may say about me, *maman*, they can never say I do not know how to dress," she had asserted, and old Sara Frissac nodded her gray head, bound round with a red silk handkerchief; nodded it in delighted recognition of Marie's talents.

But the general had not breakfasted with her, to be impressed. The general remained invisible, and the tawny Frenchwoman, not nearly so tawny as before she went to town, turned her attention to the Jocelyn who could but choose to be visible to those who invaded the sick-room.

"The good doctors—ah, they are so wise, they do tell us the nephew of the dear general is almost cured," explained the elder woman, sipping the iced-wine.

"*Dieu!*" exclaimed Marie, stopping short as her glance fell on the magnificent figure stretched on the couch, and the handsome face, with its classic features and dark-brown hair, the long lashes and even brows. "It is handsomer than Hugh himself. And this is Bernard? *Ciel!*" she added, under her breath. "Too handsome to be a beggar."

"The good doctors tell us he is better of the wound," resumed the mother. "But he must be tranquil, so tranquil and serene, and see no one—he must be solitaire. I will return to my dressing-room, and take this little goblet of iced-wine; it gives me spirit and strength; the good doctors will tell you that, Marie," and smiling benignly, the elder dame clutched the goblet, and taking up an ivory walking-stick, departed.

"Does he see anybody, doctor?" Marie asked, turning to the physicians with a coquettish look. "Not even Miss Jocelyn?"

"Miss Jocelyn is especially prohibited, madame. In cases of depression of the osse occiput there is always danger of coagula, or—or if there is danger to the parietal bone, where it is articulated below with the temporal, before with the frontal, behind with the occipital, it is evident that matters are serious," gravely explained Dr. Foster.

"*Mon Dieu!* It is worth coming from New Orleans to hear you explain a case. Doctor, your knowledge is buried in this obscure place." Madame Frissac clasped her skinny hands in wondering admiration, deftly displaying her new bracelets in doing so. "And he will soon be well? How can he help it with such doctors?"

"Ahem! thank you, madame. I believe we do know something of our business. Yes, madame, Mr. Jocelyn can go on his expedition; fortunately, it does not sail for three weeks. Luckily for him the expedition is delayed. He is doing well, but we emphatically forbid any one coming in—Miss Winifred, for instance, who may agitate him. Good-morning, madame; we confide our patient to your care."

Marie follows them into the hall.

"My good doctor, your orders shall be obeyed. I, my own self, will see to your patient. The dear general will be so happy—so happy."

Dr. Foster stopped, in a doubtful, arrested way, then returning a step, glanced at his colleague, and dropped his voice into a whisper.

"Madame, you are mistaken. The general bears his nephew no good will. He is, I grieve to say it, scarcely safe under this roof. Mr. Fulkerson himself admits that, for Bernard Jocelyn's personal safety, we must speedily remove him. He will not answer for the general's execrable temper. The general will not answer for himself. We deplore it, and hesitate to mention this of one of our oldest and leading families. But, madame, we feel safer, now that you are here to check the general's vindictive hatred, and prevent injury to our patient."

"*Peste!* it is folly!" she burst out, angrily. "Sheer folly. I'll ask that ugly savage about it. Fulke shall tell me."

"Do, madame; that excellent young man will explain. You had better leave our patient now. Good-morning, again, madame."

The physicians walked away, but Marie softly turned by another door to the ante-room, which the nurses usually occupied. It was empty and silent, but the impressible Frenchwoman felt an interest in handsome Bernie for the sake of the past. She was not proof against the charm his splendid beauty had for all women. The chamber-door into the hall was wide open, but she never noticed it. She peered through the almost closed communicating door eagerly at the faultless face just visible between the blue curtains.

A REVERIE.

Madame Frissae's brunette countenance seemed petrified with astonishment, and then, as the doctor went on, it cleared into a very evident blaze of her fiery temper.

"*Mon Dieu!* You amaze me; it is Fulke that is angry and ferocious to that beautiful Bernard. Fulke that is jealous and bitter. Hugh likes the handsome nephew and detests the ugly one. Fulke is jealous, doctor; that is all. The general has the temper of an angel."

"Ah, madame"—the doctor shook his head doubtfully; he had substantial reasons for believing in General Jocelyn's hatred of Bernie, else why did he pay such a fee to have him removed?—all Fulke's bitterness could never raise five thousand dollars—"ah, madame, I fear it is too true you are not yet informed of the general's ill-feeling—it is unchristian and ungodly, I grieve to say."

"So like Hugh—the beautiful Bernard," she whispered.

Marie was motionless as a statue, watching this other Jocelyn, perhaps, as sometimes in the past she may have watched the general. Possibly she might have withdrawn after a brief, intent contemplation of the scene, when there was a sudden rush of light, swift-flying feet, and in an instant Winifred, in her fleecy, azure dress, ran into the room, and sprang on the bed close to Bernie.

He opened his eyes and arms simultaneously and folded her to his breast in passionate tenderness.

"Oh, Bernie, they won't let me see you; I am locked out; Fulke has made them do it. Bernie! Bernie, are you almost well, so that you can go away from here and come to see me sometimes?" And Winifred pressed her wet, beautiful cheeks against his, and talked rapidly, as if the terror of discovery hung over her.

"My darling, why can you not see me? I close my eyes and think of you every day and night, and listen for your step, but you never come, my little wife—why is it?" Bernie stroked the golden hair in the same fond way. If he was dying, this great love must have asserted itself above all else. He loved her better than life. "What has Fulke to do with you seeing me? My love, nothing can come between us now. We cannot be separated; don't let them frighten you, my darling."

"What has Fulke to do with it?" Winifred nestled closer to him, and drew his arm around her. "He has everything to do with it, Bernie," she replied, with bitter truth. "He is master here; he rules papa and everybody in the house, and, oh, Bernie, I can't understand it; papa is so miserable and unhappy, and there is a terrible woman here—a painted, tawdry creature, who pretends to be papa's friend, and helps to make him miserable. I am sure of it, and papa won't send her away, and won't let me do it. I don't know what has come to papa and to all of us."

Bernie drew her face down and kissed the pretty, pouting lips contentedly.

"I don't much care, Winifred, if they would let me see you as often as I pleased. But who is the woman?"

"An ugly, little, faded witch, all art and gush, and hypocrisy. I don't believe one word she utters," retorted Winifred, impetuously. "But," she added, gravely, "Bernie, there is something dreadful hanging over us. I feel it, but I can't understand it. I only know that papa has changed to me, and know, too, that when this woman crossed our threshold, it was another bitter enemy. Through all her bland gush, I feel that it is another bitter, implacable enemy for me, as bad, almost, and evil as Fulke."

A quick alarm sprang into Bernard's countenance.

"Fulke," he repeated, a deadly fear quivering in his voice. "Winifred, I would rather see you dead than at Fulke's mercy. I have always told you so, my darling; nothing can be as unscrupulous and sinister and black-hearted as Fulke, and nothing on God's earth as dangerous for you, my lovely darling, and I am here powerless to defend or claim you. I must recover rapidly, for in the face of heaven and earth—come what may—I will claim my wife, unless you yourself ask me to wait. I will have you, darling, the moment I am well enough to demand you of your father. I must save you from Fulke, my Winifred."

Winifred smiled happily, then passed her delicate white fingers through his short, silken brown hair lovingly.

"Bernie," she whispered, softly, "you will recover. Can you conjecture what enemy gave you this blow—this horrible blow?"

Bernie smiled curiously at the beautiful, tender eyes, and her shudder of fear for him.

"An enemy who did not mean to spare my life, Winifred; but I was watching you, my love, and heard nothing, saw nothing else, until the blow fell and stunned me. It is a profound mystery, perhaps," he added. "I have a strange intermingling of bad fortune and good fortune. My expedition does not sail for three weeks. The cruise will be short, and when I return, remember I am coming back to my wife."

Winifred shivered.

"I hope so, Bernie, if—if that dreadful mystery does not destroy us. Papa is miserable, and I don't know why. He has these tawdry, shabby people here, and I don't know why. I only know they are low, impertinent creatures; and, Bernie, I feel intuitively they are my enemies. This painted, made-up woman hates me. She is my evil genius. See if she is not."

The silent watcher in the ante-room clinched the tawny fists, and glared at the two beautiful Jocelyns in malign rage. Marie could hear the contemptuous terms in which Winifred, with her fresh, exquisite loveliness, described the Frenchwoman, and they were barbed with truth.

"Eh? *Mon Dieu!* I will stop thy cooing, my pretty ma'amselle," she hissed through her set teeth, as she crept stealthily out of the room. "Yes, I will change that tune. To tell him I was a painted, artful witch, low and impertinent, and painted—painted! to tell him I painted! Poor little fool! Marie Frissac will change that tune. Poor little fool! It is your last cooing, my pretty ma'amselle—your last cooing, for you have said truly, 'This painted woman hates me.' Eh? She has good reason. To tell him I painted—painted! It is your last cooing—your last. Laugh *à la Diable!* it is your very last! Ah, *mon Dieu!*"

The musical, flutelike tones of Winifred's laughter pursued the Frenchwoman along the upper hall, down the steps—light, soft, silvery laughter, exasperating her to madness.

"Eh? Telling him I painted—painted!" she muttered, in her rage, as she flew to the library, and flung open the door without knock or ceremony.

As usual, Fulke occupied the library. After Fulke took up his daily vigil there the master never entered or enjoyed the luxurious seclusion of the Jocelyn library.

"Do you know where your Winifred is now?" she demanded, sharply.

Fulke laid down his book, and placed a chair for her.

"How can I know, my dear madame, unless you tell me?" he said, noting the wrath in her countenance. "She is angry, and an angry woman will betray anybody or anything to secure her revenge," he reflected, sagely.

"I have made discoveries this morning—great discoveries. Let me tell you, once for all, I will not have you fastening scandal upon Hugh Jocelyn. He does not bear Bernard ill-will. You shall not drop insinuations about him, or make people suspicious of him."

Marie stopped in her rapid, angry outburst. Fulke looked significant and sinister.

"Wait," he said, slowly. "How do you know who attempted Bernard's life? The general gave the alarm, the general discovered him, the general happened on the spot first, and, perchance, the general gave the blow. Who else could?"

She shook her wiry fist in his face, with an angry laugh.

"Silence, you stupid Fulke! I tell you it shall not be said. But for Winifred—do you wish to marry the girl? She is a shrew—a spitfire!"

"That does not signify in the least. When she has been my wife for a year she will neither be a shrew nor a spitfire. Look at me. Do you think she will?"

Fulke leaned back, and fixed his eyes upon her intently. Never had his saturnine countenance looked more unpleasantly ferocious than at that moment, and never did the man's iron will, his pitiless purpose, seem so clearly revealed. Madame Frissac laughed again, and arranged the lace around her wrists in a satisfied way.

"It is all very well, you clumsy, *gauche* creature, if I help you, and I will. I like your inexorable determination. I like strength and mastery in a man, and I detest this silly Winifred. She has ridiculed and slandered me, as she has you, and I refuse to be the target of her sneers and gibes. You may enjoy being laughed at, but I do not. *Mon Dieu,* I cannot forgive it."

"And I do not mind it in the least; I shall marry Winifred," he said, deliberately.

Madame Frissac stamped her foot furiously.

"You fool!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "You must first be quit of that beautiful Bernard."

"I shall marry her in spite of him," icily asserted Fulke, without moving.

"Perhaps," she retorted, "you do not know that she is cooing to that magnificent Bernard now, at this very moment, curled up in his arms, kissing and caressing him. Ah, you fool! you must first be quit of Bernard, for she is cooing to him now—now!"

Fulke's face grew white with rage, but he never hurried or raised his voice out of its even, monotonous tones. Nevertheless, the look on his evil face boded ill to some one.

"You have told me that I must be rid of Bernard," he said, turning at the door to look back. "You shall see that my will rules. By this time to-morrow Bernard will be out of my way. By this time to-morrow Winifred will appoint the day to be my wife. She will do it willingly, or——"

"Or what? Speak! speak!" ejaculated the Frenchwoman. "You are a *grande* savage, a tiger—speak! What will you do?"

He drew out the leathern pocket-book, and took therefrom a paper.

"I will crush them all. I will place this in the hands of the nearest magistrate."

CHAPTER VII.

"NEVER! WHILE I LIVE!"

WINIFRED was talking rapidly in her soft, sweet way, a toned sprightliness, never loud or aught but the perfection of well-bred vivacity—talking to Bernard, making good use of the stolen minutes. Neither thought of a listener, perhaps neither thought of anything but each other. At last Bernard's arms enfolded Winifred in a long, tender embrace; her presence acted like an elixir of health to the wounded man.

He felt strong and dominant again with this lovely creature so close to his heart; and, his wife for all eternity, she would be near him, this fair wife. It mattered little what all the world said—they were bound—and no human power could sever the bond unless they themselves willed it. The two had this security to brace them against the ills and calamities gathering darkly in the horizon. Fulke might be unscrupulous and vindictive, but Fulke must succumb to the law, and the law, human and divine, gave Winifred to her husband.

Bernie laughed away the qualms of conscience sometimes intruding themselves into the pretty head as she sat there talking, her face in a glow of radiant color, the magnificent eyes bright, soft and tender.

"I have recovered so rapidly this morning that I almost prefer not to wait any longer to declare the truth to Uncle Hugh. I could bear a scene with any one in the world, if it ends in my taking you away with me, Winifred," Bernard said, pressing the slender fingers to his lips, passionately.

"Taking me where, Bernie? What would you do with me while you were sailing on the Arctic seas?"

A shadow fell on his handsome face.

"True, Winifred; I forget that I am a pauper—verily a pauper—come of the beggarly branch of the Jocelyns."

She laughed softly.

"We were the beggarly branch not long ago, Bernie—we, papa—and poor Winifred people used to call me. Nobody cared for us then; all these horrid people kept their distance. We were so poor that they were afraid to meddle with us—afraid to find out where we lodged and how we lived. Ah, Bernie, it is delightful to be rich and have beautiful, lovely things around you, but I fear my papa was happier in the old days than he is now. Poor papa, if he would only tell me what it is."

"Don't distress yourself, my pet. It absolutely can't be anything dishonorable. The general is a man of such untarnished honor. It cannot be that; but he was very poor. Possibly something—some of those terribly degrading makeshifts, shabby subterfuges to which a reduced gentleman is sometimes driven. I say it is just possible some of these may have come to Fulke's ears, and he may hold it over the sensitive pride of poor Uncle Hugh. I think this must be the hold Fulke has. Some indiscretion twisted in the hands of a bad man into a means of torture to Uncle Hugh, and revenue to himself."

Winifred's dusky eyes filled with tears as Bernard offered his own explanation of the inexplicable power Fulke had obtained over a man very manifestly disliking him.

"He says, Bernie," she whispered, "that it is a crime. He calls it that."

"Confound his insolence!" retorted Bernie. "He does that to gain a stronger hold upon Uncle Hugh's fear of disgrace. You know your father is morbidly sensitive of dishonor to his name and fame. Very great poverty sometimes conduces to that extreme sensibility. Don't let Fulke bully or frighten you by these evil shadows, Winifred, dearest."

Winifred raised her head with a touch of proud defiance.

"He shall not cow me into believing him. I don't believe him. It is only for papa I am troubled. I wish, Bernie, you would hurry and get well, and——"

"Have it all over with Uncle Hugh about the claim I have on you," supplemented Bernie, with a doubtful smile.

"I meant nothing of the kind. Not at all, sir. Seriously, Bernie, papa can't refuse me anything. I will coax him to consent, and we won't be troubled about mysteries. I detest mysteries as much as I do Fulke, and I always associate the two. Somehow, Bernie," abruptly added Winifred—"somehow I have a presentiment that some calamity lies between us; and yet it seems so easy and plain. Papa never has refused me anything."

"Miss Winnie, chile"—Mammie Jane's mulatto face peered in at the door, and her shrill whisper seemed to penetrate every corner of the room—a shrill, frightened whisper—"Miss Winnie, come out'n dis, honey. Marse Fulke's cussin' en ragin' up dere in de study long as you bein' here. Come out'n dis, honey. He's plottin' sommut awful en drefful, en raisin' ole marse wus en Satan hissef. Oh, honey, come wid Mammie Jane, for Marse Bernie's sake, ef yo' won't fo' yo'self," implored the old woman, in a frenzy of terror—the awe-stricken terror servants felt for the anger of Fulke—anger that never forgot or forgave; and surely as fate itself might deal retributive justice, so surely Fulke's malign wrath sooner or later closed its terrible circle round the offender.

Winifred laughed heedlessly, and laid her soft, cool cheek against Bernie's hand in *caressante* mirth; but Bernie's face sobered, as it invariably did at any mention of Fulke in connection with Winifred.

"Foolish Mammie Jane! What can Fulke do?"

"Chile, chile, come on wid Mammie Jane! Dat man can do anything. Chile, you ain't safe nowhar in dis world if dat man got any grudge against you. Oh, honey, Miss Winnie, dere's trouble brewin'; en you knows dat

Marse Bernie can't help hisself, nor you, neither. God-a-mighty, honey, come along fore dey finds you!" she piteously entreated, throwing her arms around Winifred and lifting her from the bed. "Chile, Marse Bernie can't help you, and ole marse can't. No; de Lord knows he can't save hissef from Marse Fulke en dat little furrin hyeny dat done use him up. Come along! Lord! I hears em comin'!" and without another word, in a frenzy of alarm Mammie Jane lifted Winifred in her strong arms and carried her through the ante-room into the passage beyond.

The door closed and shut them out, as the other door unclosed and General Jocelyn, white and nervous, stood on the threshold, and behind him glared the viperish, treacherous face of Fulke.

General Jocelyn brushed his hand across his eyes several times. Bernard started at the change in his uncle. The tranquil contentment of the pleasant, courtly gentleman had vanished. Threads of silver were visible in the dark-brown hair, lines of anguish and bitter pain grooved themselves around his beautiful mouth; an expression verging on desperation became more and more visible in the dark-gray eyes.

Twenty years of poverty had not aged Hugh Jocelyn as this last fortnight since Fulke and the Frenchwoman had cast their evil influence over Jocelyn Hall and its hapless master.

"Eh, it is not so, Fulke," he said, in answer to some remarks of Fulke's. "You see, it is as I told you."

"That don't alter what you are to do," hissed Fulke, close to his ear. "Curse the trickery. I don't believe it is as you say. That don't alter things."

Hugh Jocelyn advanced a step into the chamber, reluctantly, as if he fain would retrace it if he dared—if only the fierce glare of his relentless enemy might be removed from him.

Fulke stood immovable, his watchful gaze on his uncle, silently impelling him to some act which the other loathed.

Again he advanced, more slowly, evidently to gain time—possibly to nerve himself to play his ugly *rôle*—the character Fulke was driving him to enact, the character he must assume to the end or fall.

"Bernard," he began, in an unnatural, hollow voice, "are you better to-day?"

"Yes, thank you; much better, Uncle Hugh. So much better that I do not think it necessary to encroach upon your hospitality much longer."

A gleam of relief seemed to cross Hugh Jocelyn's face; he smiled a swift, vanishing smile, almost ghastly on the haggard countenance.

"Ah, yes! I congratulate you upon your rapid recovery, and, if you are able, perhaps I had better order the carriage for you to-morrow morning."

He stopped short and glanced at Fulke, still leaning against the doorway, rigid as marble, and no less hard in heart than aspect. His gaze was still riveted upon his victim; he was compelling him to hurry their kinsman out of the house.

Bernie perceived the influence silently wielding such sway over his uncle. For Winifred's sake he compassionated him, but possibly his faith in past innocence scarcely equaled hers.

"I think I can safely venture to-morrow morning, Uncle Hugh, thank you. The doctors are such drones, they keep a man lying on his back longer than it is necessary, and my expedition sails so soon now, my arrangements must be made to join at the appointed time."

Bernie's pleasant tones, blithe and fearless as they were, seemed not in the least cheering to the man held to the front by an implacable enemy in the rear. Fulke had boasted of the power of his will. He had not boasted in vain. Hugh Jocelyn seemed to stand straight in the range of this man's mesmeric influence. He moved him automatically, and the older man seemed powerless, helpless. God only knew why, but he must obey.

"Very true, you must have arrangements to make," he said, with more and more embarrassment. "And it is just as well, Bernie, my boy—that is, Bernard, I may as well inform you now—of—of your Cousin Winifred's engagement to Fulke. I wish it announced."

Even Bernie's *sang froid* was startled by the announcement, evidently made with great difficulty.

"To Fulke?" he repeated.

"Yes, curse it. There is no difficulty in understanding that," insolently interposed Fulke.

"You say she is engaged to Fulke, Uncle Hugh?" inquired Bernie, ignoring the other, half contemptuously.

"I said so, certainly."

"Yes, that is what you said." Bernie spoke in the indolent, delusive way, beguiling so many into believing him of an easy and yielding disposition. "Will you sit down and tell me why you assume that Winifred is engaged to Fulke?"

"I prefer standing," hastily answered Hugh Jocelyn, glancing past him at the reflection of Fulke's sullen face in the opposite mirror. "And in stating the facts of Winifred's engagement, permit me to say that the simple announcement covers the whole ground, except, yes, one point—possibly, as Winifred's affianced husband, Fulke has the right to join me in objecting to any visits from my daughter to you. Her sympathetic disposition may prompt her to come, but pardon me if I say that neither Fulke nor myself considers it decorous or prudent for so young a person to make herself a subject of gossip to servants and neighbors; consequently, you may perceive why it is advisable for you to remove to your own lodging to-morrow, and that intercourse between us should cease until sanctioned by either Fulke or myself."

Hugh Jocelyn wiped his brow in an exhausted, mechanical way, and sat down in the nearest chair, as if strength failed him utterly. Bernie had listened in tranquil politeness, while Fulke, watching the two, looked chagrined and more than ever sulky. He expected an angry vituperation, and had no patience with well-bred quarreling. He meant to carry his point if he must march over the dead bodies of his opponents; but the jealous hatred he bore Bernie craved some rougher adjustment of difficulties.

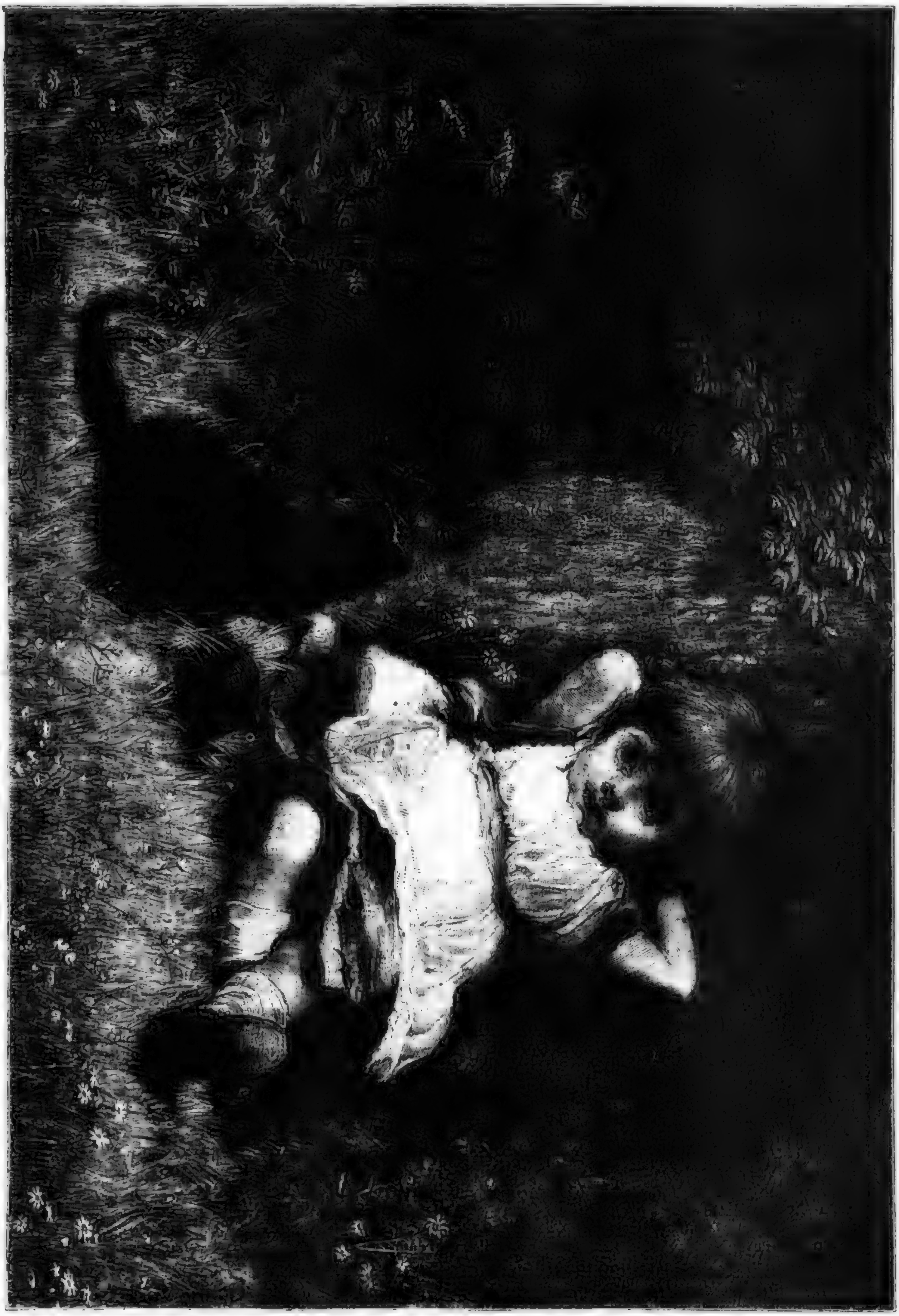
"I beg your pardon, Uncle Hugh," Bernie said, courteously, while he twisted his long mustache in pensive serenity, "for appearing to doubt any statement of yours; but the truth is, I fear you have not yet consulted my Cousin Winifred; at any rate, I am bound in honor to inform you that she is at this very moment irrevocably engaged to me."

Hugh Jocelyn smiled sadly; Fulke muttered an audible imprecation.

"Do you hear that, Uncle Hugh? Be good enough to tell Jocelyn the truth—be good enough to remember the compact," he said, significantly.

General Jocelyn started.

"True, true; not much danger of forgetting that," he said, in a pained, humiliated voice, while he shaded his eyes from the light, or possibly from Bernie's steadfast, searching, half-disdainful glance. If ever Hugh Jocelyn felt the degradation of his position, it was just then, with his fearless nephew lying before him, scanning his face with those clear, penetrating eyes, and, perhaps, reading thereon the cowardice or shame compelling him to tell a disabled



THE TWO PETS.—ENGRAVED BY KNESING FROM A DRAWING BY W. A. CRANSTON.

kinsman to quit his house, and that kinsman, as Hugh whispered to himself in the dragging hours of the long, drear night, that kinsman, "my only brother's only son." "Fulke reminds me, very justly, Bernard, that in these matters young girls are guided by the decision of a parent; at least, understand me perfectly: Winifred must abide by mine. Winifred must marry Fulke."

With an indolent, amused look, Bernie raised himself on the pillow.

"Uncle Hugh, my Cousin Winifred might desire to obey you, but understand me perfectly, while I live my Cousin Winifred is insuperably bound to me; she can be no man's wife save mine."

Fulke bent forward eagerly, with startled, frightened expression. The very same assurance that Winifred herself had given him. The self-same words. What could they mean? How could they baffle him, or break the cordon his evil hand had cast about the Jocelyns? He advanced a few steps into the room.

"You are insane, Uncle Hugh, to permit this assertion. I tell you, once for all, I will not have it," he broke out, angrily. "Winifred's name shall not be coupled with that of any other man. I will stop it by an immediate marriage."

Utterly unhurried and undisturbed, Bernie again ignored Fulke, and addressed himself to his uncle. He tacitly refused to recognize Fulke's right to have any voice in Winifred's affairs, and Fulke equally resolved to assert it.

"Not while I live, Uncle Hugh, can Winifred marry any other man," he repeated. "She could not, even if she desired it." He ceased rather abruptly, in mercy to the intense alarm breaking over General Jocelyn's pale face.

"It is a plot between them—a vile, nefarious trick," shouted Fulke, losing all control of himself in his overwhelming rage. "I'll make you repent it before I am two hours older. I'll show Miss Winifred whether she can defy and trifle with me as she pleases. I fancy she will think better of it in two hours—yes, in two hours she will go on her knees and implore me to marry her. I say you shall repent this infernal trick, Hugh Jocelyn. Ay! repent it on the gallows. I'll make the country ring with the story of that infamous crime in New Orleans. I defy you to tear that cover off your hand and tell its history! You are a double-dyed villain, cheating justice every hour that you live——"

"*Tais-toi!* What is it?" demanded a clear, rather shrill voice, as Madame Frissac's wiry, daintily dressed, diminutive figure pushed by Fulke and stood before the general, an odd compassion mingling with the sharp curiosity as she beheld the helpless distress and terror in Hugh Jocelyn's aspect.

He seemed stricken and powerless, nevertheless, as she stood directly before him. He stretched out his hands mechanically toward her.

"Marie," he whispered, helplessly.

Without a word she lifted the hand bringing down such cruel taunts upon him—the hand never bared to human gaze for twenty years—the hand around which such dark hints of tragic guilt hung like a pall, threatening to enfold Jocelyn Hall and its master—lifted it to her tinted, retouched lips, and kissed the dark kid covering passionately.

"What has he to say of your hand, Hugh? What does he know of that, or of our affairs? I tell you, Fulke Fulkerson," she said, a swift anger in the not unmusical treble—"I tell you that you are not master here, to come bullying and ordering a gentleman in his own house like the brute, the monster that you are! You know nothing. I alone know Hugh's secret, and with me it shall rest."

"Ay," sneered Fulke, provoked out of his habitual caution, "perhaps you are a trifle better acquainted with Hugh Jocelyn's past history than most women would care to be; perhaps if the truth that you and—and——"

He paused, a vicious, wicked gleam in his eyes, as if he longed yet scarcely dared fling broader, coarser insult upon this little woman, cowing him more than brute strength might ever achieve.

"Speak on, good monsieur, if you dare," she said, very quietly.

"I say if you and the general choose to tell the story of your friendship twenty years ago, some of our virtuous neighbors might take alarm."

"Silence there, you infernal scoundrel!" shouted Bernie from his pillows, as Hugh Jocelyn sprang to his feet. "How dare you defame a lady?"

"Sit down, Hugh. Ah, dear Bernie, you are ever the gallant Jocelyn! Content you. Marie Frissac is not afraid of any man, be he ever so much *le diable!*" Madame Frissac clapped her thin hands, and glanced at Fulke like a smooth, sleek tigress brought to bay. She had said that he was a savage, a tiger, and she loved his relentless animosity. She had spoken truly. Something in her nature responded to his barbarity; but, like all women, she loved his barbaric hate when it fell only on those she detested. The Frenchwoman loved and hated fiercely; she flaunted her penchants and passions before the world defiantly, and fought her own battles with its opinions. "Fulke Fulkerson, do you think that I am going to have my dear general browbeaten with the bit of scant hint you have? No, no, it shall not be. Neither shall I submit to your shrewish tongue."

"Very fine," interrupted Fulke, pacing up and down rapidly—"very fine; but will you just say whether or not I have spoken the truth? Will you or will you not say whether you are the woman Winifred would receive if Winifred knew the truth about you? Deny that, will you?"

"You poor fool!" she laughed, in cutting scorn. "I deny nothing. You may tell it to all the world—you may post it in the shops, cry it from the housetops, and Marie is all tranquil. Marie cares not a sou for it. Marie holds the secret of twenty years in her breast. Monsieur Fulke may please to remember he does speculate on the general's misery, and I will not have it. He builds his castle on straw, and *ciel!* I knock it down with a tap. I expose him and everything with a word."

Fulke still paced up and down, scowling blackly, still vicious and sardonic.

"Then be good enough to tell us, if you are so brave, how it is that you are Madame Frissac, when your maiden name was Frissac, and when there are no other Frissacs in Louisiana? If you did not marry a Frissac how do you come to be Madame Frissac? Tell the world that little episode in your history, will you?" persisted Fulke.

She laughed disdainfully, but even under the rouge her cheek paled somewhat, and her eyes, glittering with temper, turned involuntarily to the general. They looked at each other, Hugh Jocelyn and his guest, an unreadable look no one might interpret save those two. General Jocelyn visibly shrank from the sneering insinuation Fulke conveyed in the question, but Madame Frissac met it as insolently as it was asked.

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, amiable monsieur, or you may take your hint, your petite morsel of spoils plundered from a rich man's secret, and depart," was the mocking response, as she drew the new bracelets into view and arranged the real lace around her thin throat. "You may go without your pretty Winifred."

Fulke's rapid strides ended suddenly as the light words fell from her lips.

"My dear madame," interposed Bernie, "you are an old friend of my uncle's, perhaps——"

"Ah, I know what you would say," she interrupted, with a graceful gesture. "You mean to introduce yourself. But I knew Gerald Jocelyn in the old days; he was never as handsome as his brother Hugh. But you are quite as handsome."

"Thanks," replied Bernie, good-humoredly. "Then I won't introduce myself. I am already introduced—a hereditary introduction. I was about to explain that we were speaking of my cousin Winifred before you came in, and I beg to repeat to you, dear madame, what I assured Uncle Hugh would prevent any matrimonial plans for Winifred. She is engaged to me."

"And if she is, *cher ami*," retorted madame, tapping his arm playfully, "what is that to the general? He has not consented. It is no engagement until he consents."

"None whatever," echoed Hugh Jocelyn.

"Ah, madame, you are too true yourself to say that."

Her eyes softened, as they sometimes did when General Jocelyn said kindly things, or paid her some inimitable compliment, in that resistless way the Jocelyns had, and now, when this handsome Bernie, in his deep, rich tones, touched the one quality strong within her, it pleased the worn-out heart of the worn-out Frenchwoman.

"Suppose it is matter of policy, my princely Jocelyn," she resumed, drawing a seat near and tacitly ranging herself on General Jocelyn's side, whatever and wherever that might be. "Suppose—pardon, *cher ami*—suppose you are not so rich? One must have money—money. Your Winifred loves to live in a grand way. She has been poor, but she cannot endure to be poor again; and you have no money, therefore the good general makes provision—he marries her to this monster"—she indicated Fulke, standing inside the door, listening in surly silence, but listening as if his life hung on her words—"this prudent Fulke, too wise to spend one wasteful sou."

"My dear, eloquent madame, the match you propose for her is no better, in point of fortune, than my humble self. Your reasoning is excellent, but your facts are mistaken."

Madame Frissac shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly and held up her hand to arrest further explanation.

"Nevertheless, Bernard, you must cure this penchant. For this time the Jocelyn cannot, as he always does, have his own way; and that magnificent face and form of yours will bring you an heiress, anywhere in the universe; but this one—content you now—this one is not for you. This one is for the savage, the tiger, Fulke."

The sullen growl of acrid satisfaction from Fulke justified the descriptive terms.

Strange as it seemed, the three men turned to this one diminutive woman and hung upon her caprice breathlessly. She had been scarcely more than a week at Jocelyn Hall, and in a week was autocrat of the destinies of all the strange household. She ranged herself with General Jocelyn, but she ranged herself against Winifred. That Marie held to her fealty to him was beyond a doubt; that she avowed her antagonism to Winifred equally admitted of no question. Fulke's spirits rose in taking Winifred from Bernie; his vindictive malice felt that he struck the handsome Jocelyn a deadly stroke.

"Nevertheless, my dear madame," rejoined Bernard, with the advantage of that pleasant courtesy nothing ever ruffled, "as long as I live my Cousin Winifred can marry no other man than myself. She is mine."

"*Peste!*" was the half impatient reply; "you are just as tenacious and obstinate as all these hard-headed Jocelyns, and you will bring yourself sorrow, as some of your kinsmen have, all because you will not be warned, because you will not see the inevitable."

"It is because I would save every one of you needless trouble and sorrow that I warn you how worse than useless it is to pursue this heartless project of a marriage between Winifred and a man she cannot even tolerate. I tell you again that while I live Winifred is mine. I decline further explanations to any one except Uncle Hugh."

The three were rigidly still for a moment after Bernie's clear, fearless voice ceased. General Jocelyn moved uneasily; Fulke's countenance darkened perceptibly. If there had been the slightest chance of a reply he would have demanded an explanation, but Bernie ignored him persistently and contemptuously.

"Perhaps," began the general, doubtfully, "Bernard had better make this explanation. I can't conjecture what he means by such an assertion. I still claim the right to dispose of Winifred."

"My dear old soldier," interposed the Frenchwoman, quickly, "explanations are tiresome and boring; they are too long for our short lives. I have just explained all that this beautiful, headstrong Bernie need know. Your Winifred cannot bear poverty. She must marry the next heir; and, *mon Dieu!* she has no need to be sad."

"The next heir!" ejaculated Bernie, a profound astonishment in his tone. "Madame, you seem to forget that my uncle's daughter is my uncle's heir."

Once more that subtle, significant look of intelligence passed between Hugh Jocelyn and Marie Frissac, and a dire distress seemed to weigh upon the former. His head drooped on his hand, but he uttered neither word nor remonstrance.

The Frenchwoman laughed with such deprecation and bland effect that Bernie, watching her from under the long lashes lazily closing over a pair of dark-gray eyes which nothing escaped, said, mentally, "She is meditating a lie."

"My good Bernie, I am going to tell you a secret, you are so honorable. Keep it from your Cousin Winifred. Ah, keep it from her!" she began, with such apparently ingenious frankness as confirmed his suspicion. "But, dear friend, your uncle respects his half-brother. Your uncle, our poor heart-broken general, hides his grief. He is in honor bound to give it to Fulke——"

"Pardon," interrupted Bernie. "Only in case of Uncle Hugh having no children."

"Ah, you handsome stupid!" she retorted, with crafty diplomacy. "He is in honor bound. He desires to provide for Winifred and please his half-brother. It is as he chooses. My dear general, have I not stated your great ambition?"

Hugh Jocelyn roused himself slowly.

"You have stated it, Marie. Bernard must go, and Winifred shall marry Fulke," was the fiat that fell from his lips, and this time none could doubt that he meant it.

"I will leave your house in an hour, Uncle Hugh; but while I live Winifred is mine—while I live Winifred can never marry Fulke," was the stern, deliberate answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

GONE! GONE!

THE drawing-room was a miracle of bright color and light. The frosty Autumn breeze admitted of a cheerful blaze of fire in the grate, which flickered and flitted in changeful shadows and shapes, apparently as pleasing to the old crone of ninety as the grateful warmth, toward which she extended her withered hands in childish enjoyment.

"So good, so very nice," she muttered. "Yes, and we are to stay all tranquil here, and dine *à la* prince. Oh, these wonderful savory dinners, and wines like nectar. It is worth living ninety years to have that for six months. Marie, is that you? Wrap my shawl around me, will you?"

The door closed after the intruder, but instead of Marie it was Winifred, in an exquisite toilet of pale-green, singularly becoming to her dusky eyes and golden hair.

"*Mon Dieu*, the angel! It is, it must be Mathilde!" ejaculated old Madame Frissac, with a bewildered stare at Winifred.

"No, no; I am Winifred Jocelyn. You have never seen me, although you have been here so long. Shall I put the shawl around you? It is chilly," Winifred said, drawing the shawl around the aged shoulders gently and deftly.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, staring at Winifred, who stood on the rug, the glimmering light smiling down upon her in amused surprise.

"*Dieu! Dieu!* The very voice, the eyes seeing into one's soul. Speak again, my child. Mathilde—ah, *ma ravissanté* Mathilde, speak again," she went on, laughing and crying in her cracked treble, and gazing at Winifred.

"You mistake me for some one else. I am Winifred Jocelyn," assured Winifred.

"Ah, yes, you may say that; but it is Mathilde. *Dieu!* how could I forget Mathilde? Beautiful, unlucky Mathilde! And how madly he adored! Ah, how I chatter! You are Mathilde's child. My head is poor sometimes; I am failing; but it comes to me after a bit. Mathilde died nearly twenty years ago," rambled on Sara Frissac. "You are Mathilde's child. They said it was a girl."

"My mother's name was Winifred; she died when I was born; papa never married again, and never loved any one except my mother. He seldom speaks of her; he cannot bear it. He loved her, and no other woman living," asserted Winifred, with some pride. "We Jocelyns never change when we love or when we hate."

"I know that. I know well how he adored her. Hugh Jocelyn worshiped her—he worshiped Mathilde just as they say the beautiful Bernard worships you. And, ah, I trust it may not bring him the same ill luck." Winifred smiled gently; she pitied the wandering and mingling of past and present of the weakened brain. "My head is poor, but I never forget things that befell years ago—and I never forget that awful time. Take care, it may come back to Mathilde's child and that other Jocelyn. Listen to me, child. You have dark eyes and golden hair; so had she, and evil came of it. But let me whisper to you. If it had not been for all that terrible, heinous trouble we would never have been here, me and Marie—drinking champagne and iced-wine like cheap water. It brought us here. Yes, yes, the dark eyes and golden hair brought us here——"

"*Maman*, is it possible? What are you chattering about?" exclaimed Marie, entering at that instant, and pausing in very visible displeasure.

"The fire is so warm and so pleasant, I chattered of nothing. Only it is Mathilde come to life—she is Mathilde's child." The elder woman pointed to Winifred with her ivory walking-stick, and unmistakable apprehension in her countenance as she perceived her daughter's frown.

"Imbecile!" muttered Marie, ringing the bell. "Pardon her, Miss Jocelyn. Winifred, she is in her dotage. Go up-stairs, *maman*; they will brighten the fire for you up there."

"And bring me some wine—iced wine. And will you send me something delicious from the table? Ah, Marie, we will stay here always, won't we? Yes, yes. How divine it is! That trouble twenty years ago gave us all these good things."

Marie bit her lips angrily.

"Take her back to her room," she said to the servant, who stood back that General Jocelyn might pass into the drawing-room.

He advanced courteously to greet his guest.

"Why are you leaving us, Madame Frissac?" he asked, stopping in front of her.

"Marie says I must go—it is her command; I chatter too much. I have seen Mathilde's child, and I have told her she will bring sorrow to the Jocelyns, as her mother did—as the other Mathilde." Hugh Jocelyn reeled; his face became ashen. He glanced in mute appeal to the crafty Frenchwoman standing behind her mother, smiling benignantly. "The poor *maman* can't comprehend how dreadful her memory has become," she observed, darting a warning, menacing glance at General Jocelyn.

"Not so bad, Marie; not so bad. I never forget Mathilde," mumbled bent old madame, as she hobbled after the servant. "And the wine, don't forget that, Marie, or the *bonne bouche* from the table. Oh! it is so good, such perfection!"

General Jocelyn walked to the mantel, and leaning his arm upon the marble, gazed into the fire, as if unable to trust himself to speak.

"My dear Winifred," Marie said, scanning the girl curiously, with perhaps an old, keen thrill of jealousy of the beauty, brilliant and glowing, quite unaided by art. "How charmingly you are dressed, and how well you look! I think you have almost as much taste as a Frenchwoman, and that is saying a great deal." Marie looked up at the general, expectantly. Her gay toilet of deep crimson and black velvet might have offended a faultless taste, but it suited her. She had seen her best days, despite the skillful retouching of faded tints. The brightness was a trifle garish, but the fiery glitter of her great, black eyes needed strong hues. "I fear, my dear," she went on, jestingly—"I fear your toilets will be quite lost on your *fiancé*, Mr. Fulke."

Winifred walked up to her father, and slipping her hand through his arm, folded the other around it.

"Papa will tell you that I am not engaged to Fulke," she said, leaning her cheek against his arm.

The Frenchwoman watched her, a world of envy kindling in her blazing eyes—envy and jealous dislike.

"How odd!" she laughed, wickedly. "How odd! when the dear general has himself been my informant."

Winifred faced him quickly.

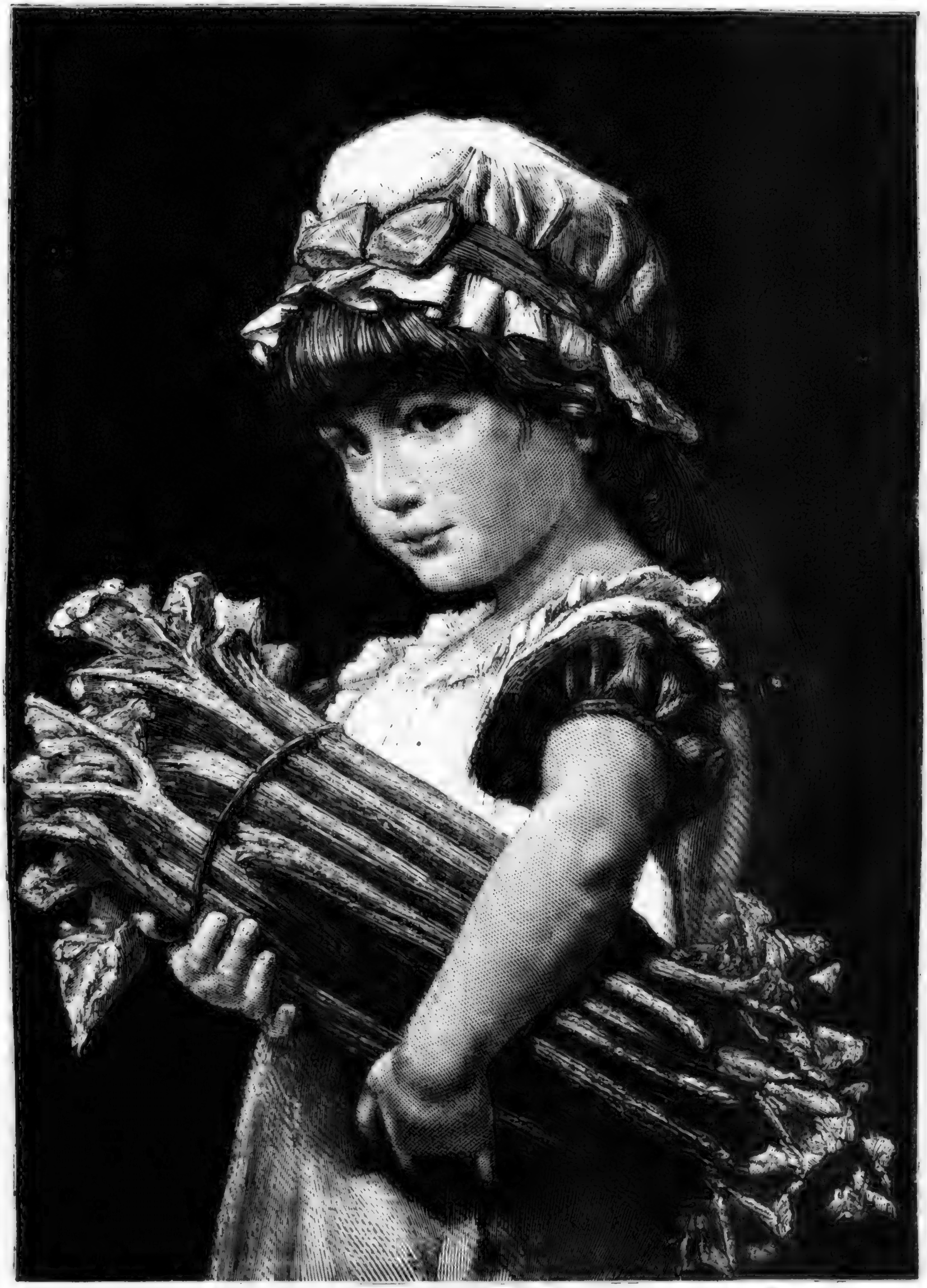
"Papa, you never said that, I am sure. What does she know of our plans?"

The resolute sternness, growing habitual on Hugh Jocelyn's troubled countenance, became tenfold deeper. He was iron on that point, and solely that. Her resistless coaxing failed of its potency when it touched upon this.

"My dear, you are scarcely polite in your vehemence. Of course, I said so, or Madame Frissac would never have told you."

"Very well, papa," rejoined Winifred, her eyes blazing this time. "You may tell her now that I not only won't marry Fulke, but I can't."

General Jocelyn opened his arms involuntarily, and drew his daughter to his breast, with something of his old, intense affection.



GOING TO HAVE RHUBARB PIE.

"My child, listen to me; let me talk plainly on this subject for the last time——"

"Not here, papa; not before her," interposed Winifred, tremulously, as she caught a glimpse of her father's eyes, always steadily shunning her.

"It don't matter; I have no secrets from Marie; it is from you the past is concealed."

"From me!" she cried out, a plaintive ring of pain in the sweet voice. "Papa, would you conceal anything from me? Do you love her better than me? What right has she to come here meddling between us, and bringing us trouble? Oh! papa, say that you love me better than anything in the world."

"Ah!" murmured the Frenchwoman, audibly. "The same old story. Jealous as Satan."

"Papa, say you don't love her—this painted, tawdry foreigner——"

Marie uttered a little French oath, even while she laughed a malign, triumphant laugh, and waited breathlessly for his reply.

"No, no, my child, my Winifred. I love my darling as I always loved you, but it is not of that we must talk now. Winifred, it is because I love you that I say you must marry your Cousin Fulke."

"I won't," she said, decisively.

"Winifred, would you do anything to save me and save yourself from disgrace?" he asked.

"Yes, papa, I would do anything to save you. For myself I care nothing. Disgrace can't come to us, papa. We have done nothing to disgrace or humiliate us. Have we, papa?"

She strove to gaze up into his averted face, strove to steady her voice and hold to her old faith. A terrible misgiving seized the girl that her father was on the eve of some confession, wrung from him by the peril of his position—wrung from him by Fulke and the irate painted woman fronting them.

Winifred felt that she would rather die than hear their base hints confirmed by Hugh Jocelyn's own lips. She trembled violently, and clung to him to save herself from falling.

"We have done nothing—nothing. Have we, papa?" she repeated, her lips parted breathlessly, and her eyes dilated with terror, while she waited.

"My darling, you have done nothing; but I—God knows, Winifred, the sin of twenty years ago is driving me to madness. I cannot bear it. I meant to have ended it that day with a bullet. But for Marie I might be at rest in my grave now; but for——"

"Papa—oh, papa!" she almost shrieked, "I will do anything. Oh, tell me what to do—only never, never speak of that!"

"Winifred, twenty years ago I committed a terrible crime——"

"Oh, papa!" she gasped, shuddering as she covered her face and burst into a passion of weeping.

"My darling," he said, touching her hair with his ghastly lips and speaking mechanically. The Frenchwoman crept softly to his other side; she, too, watched him in breathless suspense, and even while her eyes glared jealously upon Winifred, they filled with tears for the man seeking to avert calamity by a terrible confession. "My darling, it is too true. I did commit the crime. Never ask me what it was—never seek to discover. I have striven to expiate it—striven in vain. Fulke has the clew, and after twenty years of remorse and anguish—God have mercy, my child!—he threatens my life; he threatens to send me to a felon's grave, to cover my name and yours with a hideous shame and obloquy, if you do not become his wife. I cannot tell you more. Ask nothing, Winifred. The secret is killing me. My darling, let me end it with a bullet! This torture is more than humanity can endure."

"Papa, papa!" cried out Winifred, between the suffocating sobs, while she clung closer to him, and the Frenchwoman's hand, all unheeded, stole round his arm—"papa, it is too late! I am already——"

"Stop, stop!" interposed the Frenchwoman, in her swift, high accents. "Be silent! Bernard's ship sailed at sunrise this morning. The *Arcturus* has gone, and Bernard has gone with it."

"My darling," continued the hopeless voice, scarcely heeding the interruption. "I will end it with a bullet!"

Winifred threw up her arms with a wild, frantic cry.

"God! have pity! Papa, I cannot save you."

(*To be continued.*)

SUNSET.

By Susan K. Phillips.

Gone the glory of the dawn,
Rose-flush over leaf and lawn,
Wakening bird and opening flower,
Morning's fresh delicious dower;
Gone the golden hush of noon,
Brooding o'er the rose of June,
Light and warmth in affluence giving
Gladness to the sense of living;
Yet the tender gloaming creeping,
Soothing Nature for her sleeping,
Bathing all we see and know
In sunset's soft, pathetic glow,
In the promise of its rest,
Gives us what we love the best.

Gone the passionate joy of youth,
Gone its fearless, careless truth,
Its frank trust in all it sees,
Its glorious possibilities;
Gone the courage and the strength
Middle age will gain at length,
If steady thought and self-reliance
With sense and faith make pure alliance;
Yet St. Martin's soft, gray weather
Blends in peaceful links together
Youht's fresh hope and Manhood's will,
With patience, sweet content, and still;
The stream calms, broadening to the sea,
Our sunset nears Eternity.

THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.

A Hindoo Story.

Many years ago, the sun was shining over the great plain of Northern India, when a tall, dark, stern-looking man, in a long white robe, came slowly along the banks of the Ganges, and stood looking down into the dark water with such a grave, earnest face that it was plain he had something very serious to think about.

For a full half hour he stood there without moving or uttering a word, while his face grew darker and sterner every moment.

Two or three men, who were coming up from drawing water, caught sight of him, and as they passed one of them pointed at him, and said, with a laugh:

"See, there's Gohur Kshetriya (Gohur, the soldier) waiting for the fish to come and cook themselves for his supper!".

And then they all laughed and walked on, thinking no more about him. But had they known what he was thinking of just then they might not have laughed quite so loud; for at that very moment Gohur was making up his mind to kill a man, and that man was the Emperor Baber, who reigned over the whole of that country.

And what harm had the Emperor Baber ever done to *him?* you will ask.

Well, in the first place, Baber was not a native Hindoo at all, but had come with a great army from a country away beyond the Himalaya Mountains, and had conquered India. Then, having conquered it, he made very strict laws to keep it in order, punishing severely any one who broke them; so that, although he was really a very good man, and a very kind one, there were many people who hated him bitterly, and thought him cruel and unjust.

So Gohur made up his mind that, as the Emperor seemed to be making the people unhappy, the Emperor ought to die, and that *he* would be the man to kill him. He knew well enough that he would be killed himself for doing it, but that did not frighten him a bit: for he thought he was doing right, although, as we shall see presently, he found himself mistaken there.

Now, to meet with the Emperor was no difficult matter, for instead of shutting himself up in his palace, like most other kings of that day, he was found going about into all parts of the town, dressed in rough clothes, like a workman, to see how his orders were obeyed, and whether his people were well or ill treated. So Gohur hid a short sword under his robe, and away he went into the city.

But when he got there he found such an uproar and confusion as he had never before seen. The whole air was filled with flying dust, amid which a crowd of men, women and children were running and screaming, as if frightened out of their wits, while every now and then came a crash, as if a house had fallen, or a great tree been torn up by the roots. And presently, right down the middle of the street, came rushing an enormous elephant, which had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and gone charging though the town, destroying all before it.

A fearful sight it was, that great black mass of savage strength tearing along like the rush of a locomotive, and beating down the huts on either side with one slash of its trunk as it swept by, its huge white tusks gleaming like sword-blades, and the foam flying from its open mouth. Right and left the people fled, shrieking before it, and all was terror and disorder.

Now, I should tell you that in that country there are a set of people called Pariahs, or outcasts, whom every one hates and looks down upon and avoids as if they had the plague, and nobody will shake hands with them or speak to them, or be friendly with them in any way.

Why this is so would be too long a story to tell you here; but for a Hindoo to have anything to say to a Pariah would be thought quite as bad as for one of us to be friendly with a thief or murderer.

Well, it happened that one of the Pariah children—a poor, half-starved creature—had slipped and fallen right in the elephant's track. Another moment and it would have been crushed to death; but a man, dressed as a laborer, sprang out right in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant, which went rushing blindly down toward the river.

But as the man jumped back, the turban that hid his face fell off, and every one saw that this man, who had risked his life for one of the "outcasts," was no other than the Emperor Baber himself.

Then a great hush fell upon the crowd, and every man looked blankly at his neighbor, as if he could scarcely believe his own eyes. In the midst of that dead silence another man suddenly stepped forth.

It was Gohur; and he knelt at the Emperor's feet, and, holding out his sword to him, said, firmly:

"Prince, I am thine enemy, and I meant to have slain thee this day; but he who saves life is greater than he who destroys it. My hands are weak against him whom God protects. Take my sword, and kill him who would have killed thee."

Over the young Emperor's noble face came a strange smile as he listened to the grim confession. He stretched forth his hand and raised the kneeling man gently from the earth.

"Not so, my brother," said he, kindly. "Thou hast said truly that it is better to save life than to destroy it; and should *I* kill any man who has confessed his fault and been sorry for it? Take back thy sword and use it in my service, for from this day I make thee one of my palace-guards."

The stern Hindoo bowed his head and wept like a child.

But Baber's words came true, sure enough; for in after years Gohur was one of his bravest soldiers, and saved him many a time in battle. And to the end of his days he was never weary of telling how the Emperor had spared him, or of repeating the words that he had spoken: "It is better to save life than to destroy it."

ONE PICTURE.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA LENLEY.

Be consoled, signore—be consoled. The signorina shall be my special charge, and she will not need long to be led. The Signorina America will soar! She will be rich! She will be known! She has painting eyes!"

Thus did the good old Italian painter, Anselmo Truffi, endeavor to quiet the dying father of the weeping girl, who, leaning against the grisaille window, entirely given up to her grief, sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing but that she is menaced with one of the worst mortal sorrows—the death of a beloved parent.

What did it matter to her that Truffi was but reiterating his frequent prophecy of her future greatness, or that her father had just confided to the faithful old friend of now eighteen years the savings of his latter life that she may study in comfort to become—like Lenley himself—an artist.

By morning the soul had flitted, and ere another week the solemnities of burial were over, and America was—except for Truffi and his very infirm sister, Giuditta—all alone.

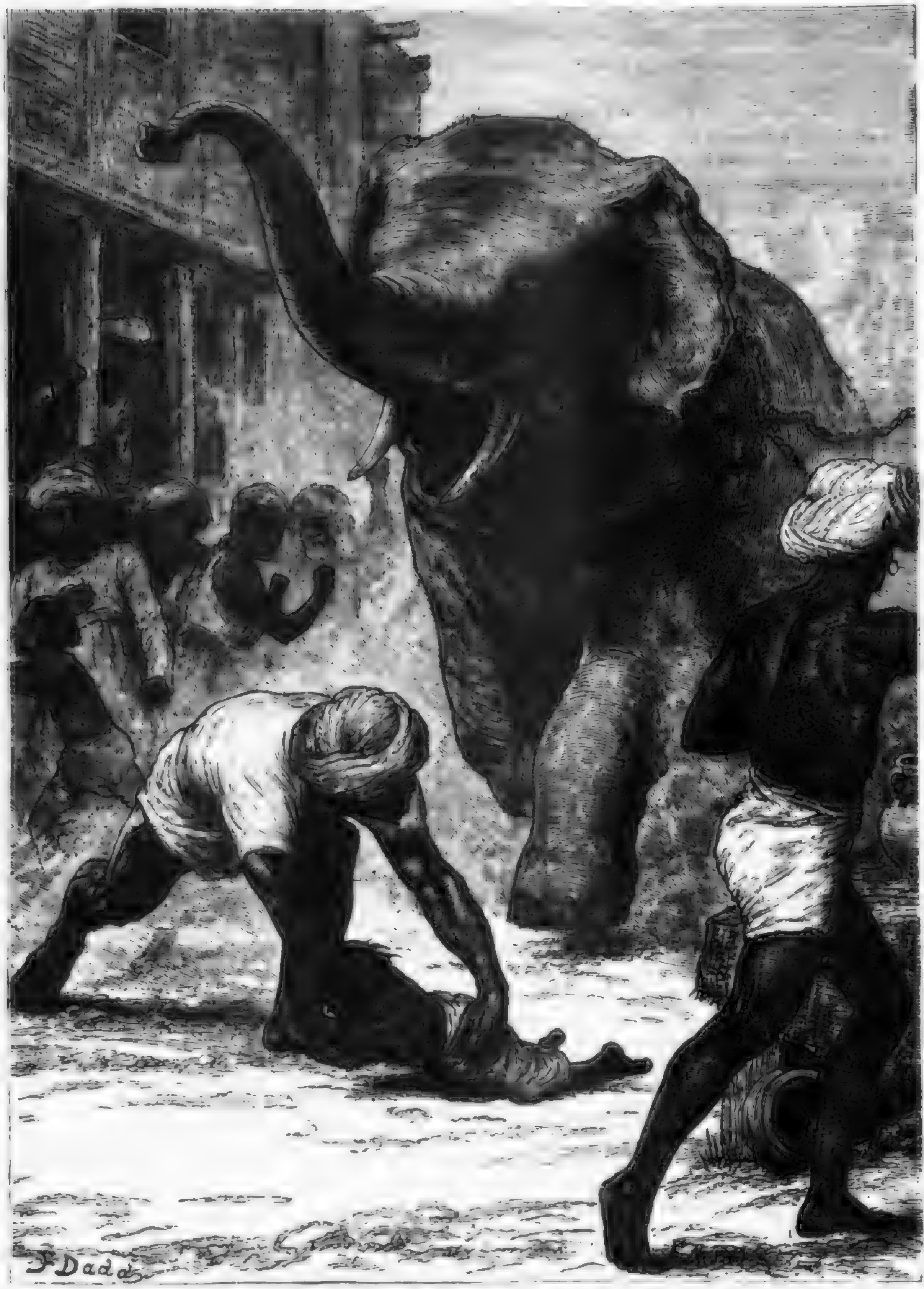
To work, then—to work! For if the little hoard failed ere the crop of success was gathered in, there would be nothing for the orphan but a poverty more soul-debasing, more relentless, on these far shores, than she could have found it in her native land.

Little did America imagine what her task would be. There were already so many artists in Rome whose talent was great. It would be only possible to ultimately succeed by finding some special originality of talent—some pathway comparatively untrodden. And America had promised her father to avoid what he had called "Throwing out feelers." She had promised to allow nothing—till she had done something worthy, indeed—to be seen her efforts by stranger eyes.

"Better never paint but one picture in a lifetime than many trifles," her father was wont to say. "It fritters away the very soul; it is the 'idlesse' of the knight whose armor is too heavy; it is nine times out of ten final failure."

So America became a target for comment, an unfailing source of bewilderment and conjecture. What was she doing, and how did she do it? Truffi alone and old Giuditta penetrated the solitude of her quiet studio, and they were stanch and true in their silence.

America toiled on. Once a week she visited the Gallery of the Cæsars, and sat in the long, beautiful room with its wide casements looking out upon lilies floating over silvery waters, and a reach of emerald trees that helped the sculpture within to seem all the fairer.



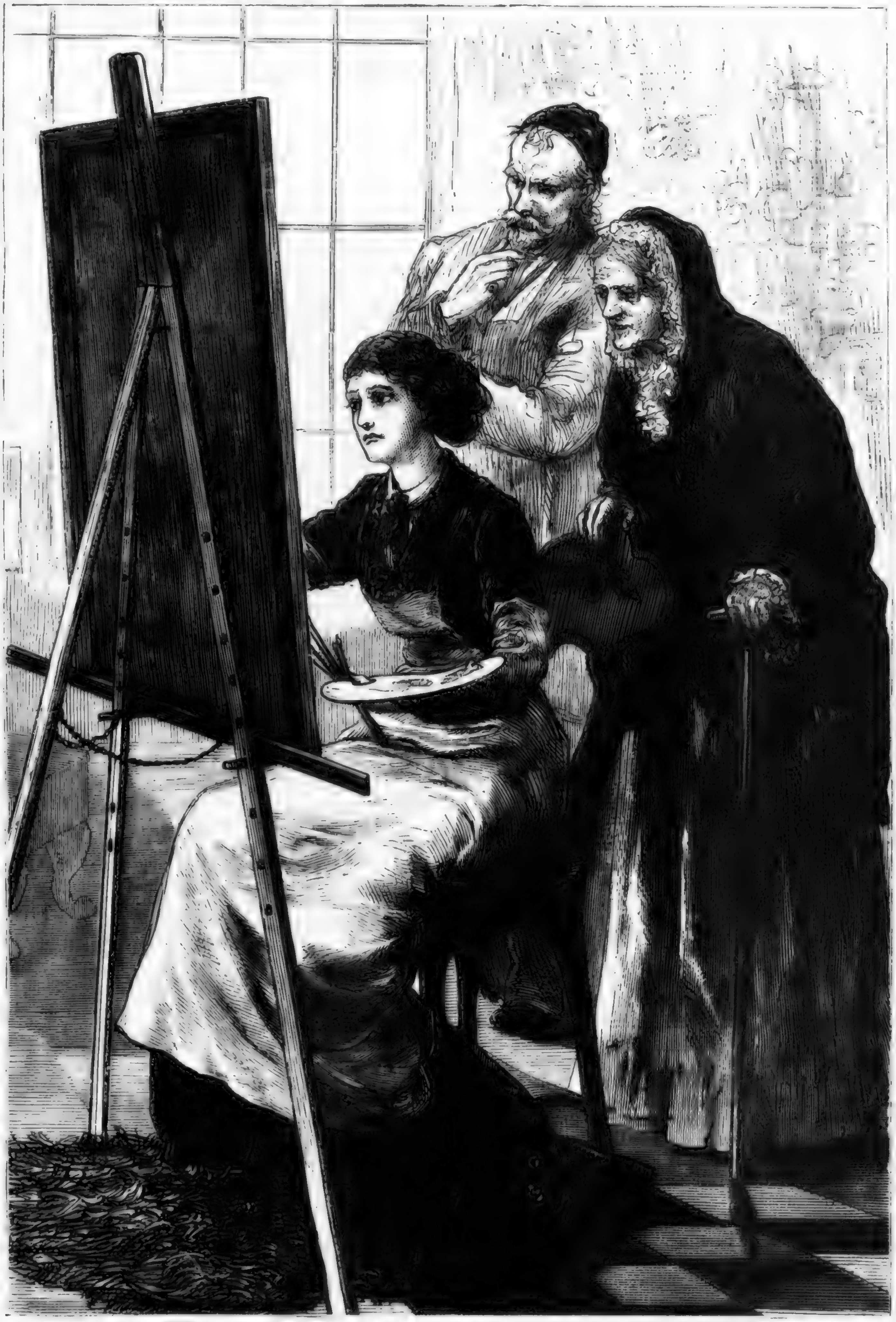
THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.—SEE PAGE 718.

The statues of the Villa Borghese aid the painter and rest the eyes too fevered with color. A painter, too, who learns to distinguish the falsehood of the Pauline Venus of Canova from the truth of the Venus of Phidias and of the Dancing Faun, has not been idle even as regards the canvas.

And architecture helped America as only Roman architecture can. Many a dream of grandeur awoke under the frowning Orsini walls, the Doric pillars of the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Farnese.

Yet whatever the young girl might produce, it would never be pagan. Christian Rome had not awakened in her dreams of gods and goddesses. If anything repelled her in all the glory of its art it was the irreverent mixture of mythology with religion. Pan was too far from Christ to be handled by the same brush.

At last, she being then twenty-three, America Lenley painted a picture. Truffi, who little knew how delicate and fragile the American girl was, and how the smell of the oils



ONE PICTURE.—"TRUFFI ALONE AND OLD GIUDITTI PENETRATED THE SOLITUDE OF HER QUIET STUDIO, AND THEY WERE STANCH AND TRUE IN THEIR SILENCE. AMERICA TOILED ON."—SEE PAGE 719.

nauseated her and oppressed her lungs, had often kept her toiling when she should have rested. It was a pale face that was reflected in the long *cinquecento* mirror that adorned the lonely studio.

Giuditta had her own theory about America's paleness. It was, she said, the thickness of her dark locks.

"All her life," maintained Giuditta, "was in her long, long hair. A pity; yet, after all, the signorina's only beauty was her hair."

And Giuditta spoke truly, for a certain attenuation both of face and form, and an utter absence of bloom, made America lack attractiveness. It might be that a great spirituality of expression made up for that in some eyes, but it is at the rose that one looks, and not at the grass beside it.

The picture—the one picture, the fruit of these silent and, one might almost say, penitential years—was, indeed, a thing of beauty. All that America's own face lacked of beauty, or her form of symmetry, she had given to the white-winged angel—the guardian spirit which, bending above a dead child, is about to bear it to realms celestial.

What a countenance! Upon it shone, indeed, the light ineffable. Those eyes had never looked upon earth or sinfulness. Not more radiant the stainless wings than the immaculate brow, not purer the snowy robes than the features clear with a heavenly lustre.

And in all points the picture was a faithful and conscientious work. How truthful in their rigidity the limbs of the fair dead child; dank with the dews of death its dusky hair; over its eyes the impenetrable vail, never again to be lifted, except to a supernatural glory! The crucifix above the couch bearing a Sacred Form, the draperies on bed and wall, all bore the same impress of an art that did not scorn detail, though marked by the unmistakable stamp of a noble genius.

Anselmo Truffi, in his delight, must needs suggest to the signorina the propriety of going to Paris to sell this "so-beautiful picture," as he called it. He himself must go to Paris; he needed various implements of his art that he could better select there than elsewhere, and Giuditta should see Paris also. The picture would be so different from much exhibited there; "a pure subject and a pure school." There was a lady, too—a very wealthy Moldo-Wallachian—who bought whatever struck her fancy. He knew her. They would exhibit the picture. They would see the countess. The signorina needed rest.

So, ten days after the completion of the picture, the trio departed.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTESS.

THERE was certainly every indication of a wealth profuse and lavish in the residence of the Countess Ilmar. Gunilde Ilmar was not one to deny herself anything. The very bronze in her hall had cost a small fortune. Doré had painted, after Scandinavian legendary subjects, the superb panels that decorated her reception-rooms, and had condescended to do more than daub them. The "Turkish interior" yonder is a Gérome, may it please you, and that group of ladies under trees of the Boulogne woods a Bouguereau.

Gunilde herself harmonized with all this gorgeousness as a diamond with its setting. This America Lenley remarked to Truffi when they, in obedience to her invitation, visited the Moldo-Wallachian; but the old man, who could be sarcastic if he liked, said: "Not a diamond, signorina, not a diamond. I put her not higher than a topaz," which remark, if the countess had heard it, would not, as may be supposed, have pleased her in the least.

Ah, good Anselmo Truffi, why did you not try to sell in Rome the lovely picture by your former patron's daughter? For it is here, in this Paris—here in the house of the great lady who is, you flatter yourself, to lavish her gold to purchase the "Loving Messenger," that the young girl meets that man who is to become the arbiter of a destiny that might, it may be, have been avoided in the happy, though obscure, Roman studio. For America Lenley was doomed to love unloved. Strange that even genius is not a guardian to the heart's weakness, and that the mind, strong enough to have wrestled with discouragement and toil, could not resist the call to an unwelcome slavery of soul!

The countess, dazzling in her sweeping robes of sea-green silk, that form an eccentric offset for her snowy arms and the whirling waves of long, unbraided auburn hair—it was a whim of hers to wear it loose—entered, followed by America Lenley's fate, in the shape of young Lord Selinghurst.

A noble head, clustering, Byron-like rings of golden hair close against the brow; a graceful form and an eager, excitable, enthusiastic manner—such is Algernon Selinghurst.

Differing essentially from anything that had met as yet America's eyes, to her he seemed a revelation of all that was brighest and best, as, when presented by the Countess Gunilde, he began to commence flattering upon her "remarkable painting."

"Delightful young man," said the countess, in an undertone, to Truffi. "I met him on that most beautiful Righi. He is a little too much what one might call impassioned, if you will, but that is very delightful in this cynical Paris. He admires me, oh, so much!"—this with a rolling-up of superbly fringed eyes—the countess had black eyes, brows and lashes, though her hair was light—and a sweep of her golden pheasant fan—"infatuated!" A pause. "Ah, well, we must not listen to our hearts!"

America, talking with Lord Algernon, hears nothing of this; but Truffi, who had it settled in his own mind long before, in view of the fact that a certain handsome young Italian—a nobleman, but poor—had broken his life to unmendable pieces under the countess's general sway, muttered, almost audibly:

"Hearts!—yours is a tougher stone than I could find in our Coliseum, and soaked through as thoroughly as its earth with the blood of stricken creatures! Hearts, Santa Maria!—she talks of hearts!"

Now it happened that Truffi, poor painter though he was, stood high in the esteem of a certain East India nabob, unmarried and eccentric, whom the engaging countess yearned to know.

The nabob was of English parentage, though born in the East Indies, and averse to society. He was enormously wealthy.

The countess had made more than one effort to become acquainted with Mr. Belgrade, untitled though he was. In fact, as the countess would have said to her only confidential friend, a fat old German baroness, too stupid to be anything but a good listener:

"There must be an end some time. If I don't marry soon some rich man, all goes down, down, down!"

The countess's peculiar phraseology was a mixture of that acquired in many London seasons, in a few in Paris and Italy, and a natural carelessness of speech.

"Why, then," the good old baroness would say, "do you keep that young nobleman hovering about you? He has nothing but a much-hampered estate, and that poor fellow loves you."

"How dull you are, Clara! Don't you know that I *must* have some one to make delightful speeches to me? I must! It is a necessity of my nature. I am a poetess in every feeling. Music, art, wealth and an adoring suitor! Without these as well a convent, dry bread! Let me grind my little ax, but oh, let me live happily, till I take my own ax and chop my head off!"

Bewildered by the figures of a speech so extraordinary at all times, Baroness Van Rosenthal would settle her wonderful wig, sigh and be silent.

The countess turns now to Truffi.

"How much does the signorina ask for her picture?"

Truffi names the price.

"You remember the 'Death of Adonis' that young Brisbaron painted for me? Well, the nabob, Mr. Belgrade, who saw it on the easel when I bought it right over his head, still wants it. Bring him to me, let him buy it, and I will take the Signorina Lenley's 'Loving Messenger.' And," added the countess, under her breath, "it will be a great thing for her to have her first picture seen in my rooms."

Angry at this patronage so much more than patronizing of a genius so delicate by a purchaser so venal, Truffi replied, haughtily:

"The Signorina Lenley will not need such aids. Her success is sure. The picture has struck the public, if I may so speak, in the centre of the forehead. She will go on."

"Not very long, I imagine," muttered the countess to herself, as she gave America a look that took her in from head to foot, "unless she gets some flesh on her bones and some color in her cheeks. Paint-poisoned, I should say, like poor Brisbaron—don't use the odorless colors, and, I should say, is consumptive by nature."

Now, Truffi was desirous that the countess should buy the "Loving Messenger," though averse to her doing it as though it were a favor. He promised to bring the nabob, and after some further conversation, it was settled that he should do so, if possible, on the following day.

That day, while the nabob and the countess settle the purchase of the "Death of Adonis," and the eyes of that lady—so Truffi assured his sister Giuditta—"spoke all the languages, ancient and modern," for that gentleman's benefit, Lord Algernon Selinghurst, in America's studio, is so enthusiastic as to her talent, so assiduous, so—as the poor girl says to herself—"charming," that a trouble enters her fluttering heart such as never before stirred its pulses. What was this? Love?

Next day the "Loving Messenger" found its way to the rooms of the Moldo-Wallachian, and Gunilde informed everybody who beheld it that it was "The only picture the artist has ever painted. Wonderful, is it not? Everybody says so. It may remain unique, you see. Delicate lungs, and always a chance of fever in that dreadful Rome!"

CHAPTER III.

FAUST.

THE aged Faust, renovated by Mephistopheles through all his semblance of youthful ardor, must have retained that sneer of experience, so as to word the thought, that conversation of the devil brought with it.

Mr. Belgrade, an unrenovated Faust, could have met sneer with sneer. India and Paris, the one for fifty, the other for ten years, had left nothing in that seared heart but a determination to marry whatever woman he might fancy, and that soon, for he admitted to himself that sixty was not precisely young; and, when visiting the countess a second time, he found Lord Algernon's coupé at the door, his gloomy face—saturnine of feature as some bust of Voltaire, and with the same attenuated outlines—grew darker, and he almost glared at the young lord as he entered with his gliding step and suave bow the countess's flower-bedecked morning retreat.

Turn now, and fly for ever, Algernon Selinghurst! There is still time. Deeply as the soul is enslaved, it is not yet so to very despair. You love her: she is but using you to spur on this rich old man, as she had hoped to stimulate others by your presence and evident idolatry. Something may yet be saved of hope and gladness.

The beautiful siren's snowy hand, which will never beat in yours with one pulse of love—which never yet gave yours the warm clasp it craves—has not yet lured you to the very verge of that precipice at the base of which lies doom. Fly—fly now! But he will not fly, now or ever, while she will receive him.

To drink in life from that so faultless face, to mark the curves of those perfect lips, to watch the motion of that glorious form—this has made up the sum and purpose of the young man's life for months; and he believes that Gunilde Ilmar—hovering on the brink of social ruin from the exposure of her debts and almost poverty, the treasures of her sumptuous rooms being all she really possesses, except a few jewels—will marry him.

Has she not led him to think that she would settle herself in the humdrum solitude of his estate—Aspen Hall? She will be content, she tells him—content with him and love!

Oh, unsophisticated simplicity of youth and candor? The Moldo-Wallachian scarcely believes that there is such a thing anywhere, and if in you—why, good look simply bestowed you upon her for the time being, that, properly strung up, the deliciously wealthy Mr. Belgrade might, seeing you enslaved, fall himself into like bondage.

Reasoning like a very Macbeth,

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly."—

the nabob, on the eleventh day of the sixth week of his acquaintance with the countess, proposes that in his delectable society she shall forget the tragic death of her whilom spouse, killed at a boar-hunt in the company of a sovereign prince; and, placing her snowy palm in his yellow one—quite the color of his own rupees—swear "till death do them part" to be his own. Touching picture!

It now became necessary—the nabob's proposals being accepted—to conceal this fact till it should be too late to hide its result—the marriage—from Lord Algernon.

Something told the countess that, though she had fooled him "to the top of his bent," she had played with a nature of which the ardor made it dangerous. What might follow the knowledge of her present determination Gunilde could not guess. What tragedy!

But that there would be some terrible consequence as the fruit of her cruel duplicity, this woman, harder of heart than would seem compatible with such insight into an ardent character as her fear evinced, was becoming tremblingly certain.

The livid pallor that overspread the young lord's face at the sight of the nabob's equipage at her door, his eager questioning, all argued evil to her—evil to another she had ever cared little for.

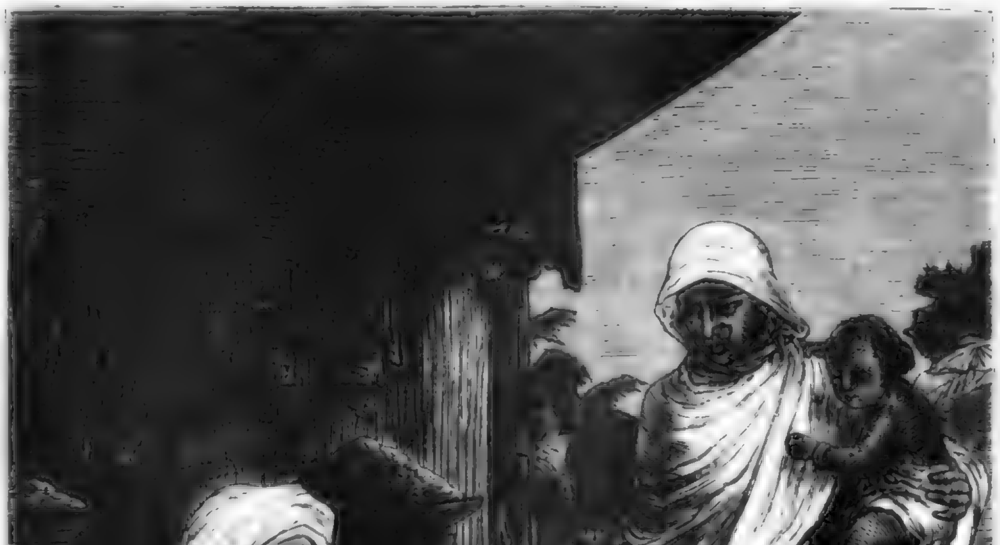
Meantime, in order to be free at certain hours from his persistent presence—he had been wont to spend whole days at her side, following her in her visits, rides, balls, and even to church, where she occasionally showed herself—she persuaded Algernon to sit for her, to Truffi, for his portrait. She wanted it, she said.

The idea of this had come on a day when he had plainly demanded whether she intended to marry Mr. Belgrade, and had, because of a rumor that had reached him of the countess's debts, offered to mortgage his estate to free her.

"We could be happy at Aspen Hall, and I could soon pay off the mortgage by a trifling sacrifice."

Gunilde listened to the plan by which he proposed to effect this, but thought meanwhile only of ridding herself of him at the hours of the nabob's visits.

Nay, she did an act perhaps even more cruel than the deception by which she brought about the freedom Algernon's sittings to Truffi gave.



PEASANT LIFE IN INDIA.—A GRAIN-SELLER IN A BENGAL VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 727.

Seeing, with the keen eye of the woman of the world, America Lenley's infatuation, she persuaded the artless girl, whose sunlike purity made her easily a dupe, that Algernon loved her, and had arranged the sittings with Truffi only that he might find himself in her society. This America believed with all the candor of an immaculate soul, and was happy in her delusion.

The countess absolutely chuckled to herself as she re-entered her carriage after this piece, not of diabolism, she flattered herself, but of self-defensive diplomacy, had succeeded, and the first sitting was in progress. The nabob, our Faust, almost believes that he has won the affection of his *promessa*, so fascinating is she that day. Algernon, coming in at that hour for sherbet and coffee, served *chez la comtesse* at about ten, finds the nabob departing, but is himself so charmingly received that he, too, becomes radiant. America Lenley dreams of love and a home. Truly the countess is a woman of mind!

CHAPTER IV.

THE "SLOW CURTAIN."

It is night. Over yonder, in the little room beyond the studio, where Truffi, painting, stifles his deep sorrow, America Lenley lies in the trance-like state which now has lasted for days.

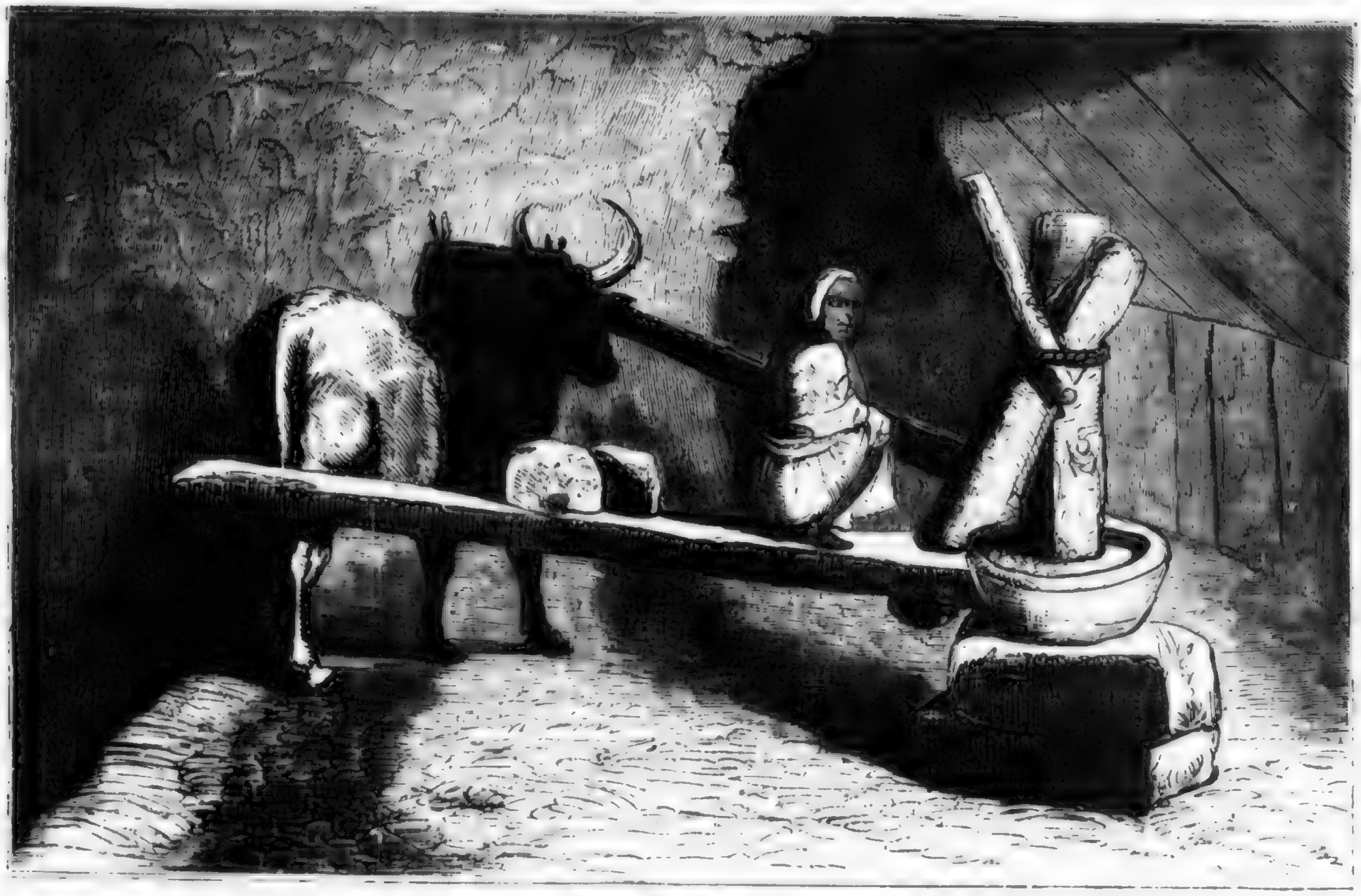
In one little month she had gone to the very pinnacle of a success rare in Paris. It is unlikely that her days, even under happier circumstances than those I am about to tell, would have been long: but what added years she might have had would have been glorious. Alas! poor painter of *one picture!*

For, suddenly, without a moment of preparation, and while she soared on the wings of a rapturous dream—a dream so fond, so foolish—Lord Selinghurst told her, impelled by her gentle kindness of manner, his own pangs and sorrows, the doubts and agonies of his mad love for Gunilde.

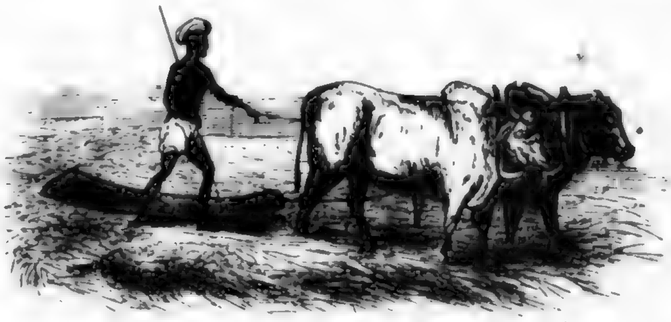
Already undermined by the intense application of years, and originally unsound, America's health gave way as suddenly as an unstable scaffolding from which the main prop is removed.

A violent hemorrhage followed the interview with Lord Selinghurst, and still another followed the first, and now Giuditta, weeping, and watching the flicker of a departing life, noble, lovely and pure, and doomed to die out as rapidly as the perfumed taper upon a holy shrine when Lenten days are done. No more of sacrifice, no more of toil, no more of self-deception, and not another tear!

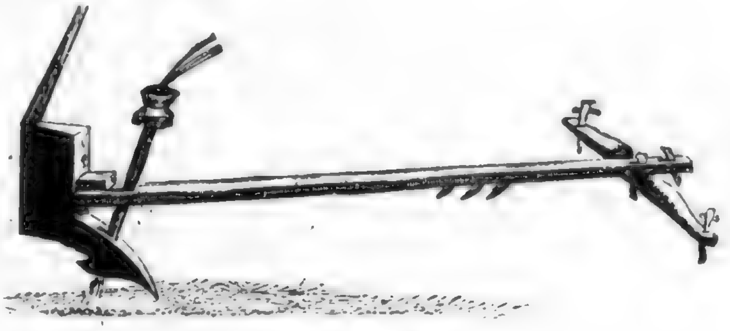
Over yonder, pacing the pavement, are the lackeys of the countess. Jacques, the confidential head-servant, knows that some event is about to happen which may be attended by what he qualifies to the English maid, Betty, as "a consequence unpleasant to ze extreme." Whereat Betty, a rather cynical damsel, who has lost her illusions as to the capabilities of the masculine heart to suffer—having let the greedy worm, concealment, prey upon her more or less damask cheek, pallid now from an unrequited regard for a recreant footman who stole both her heart and



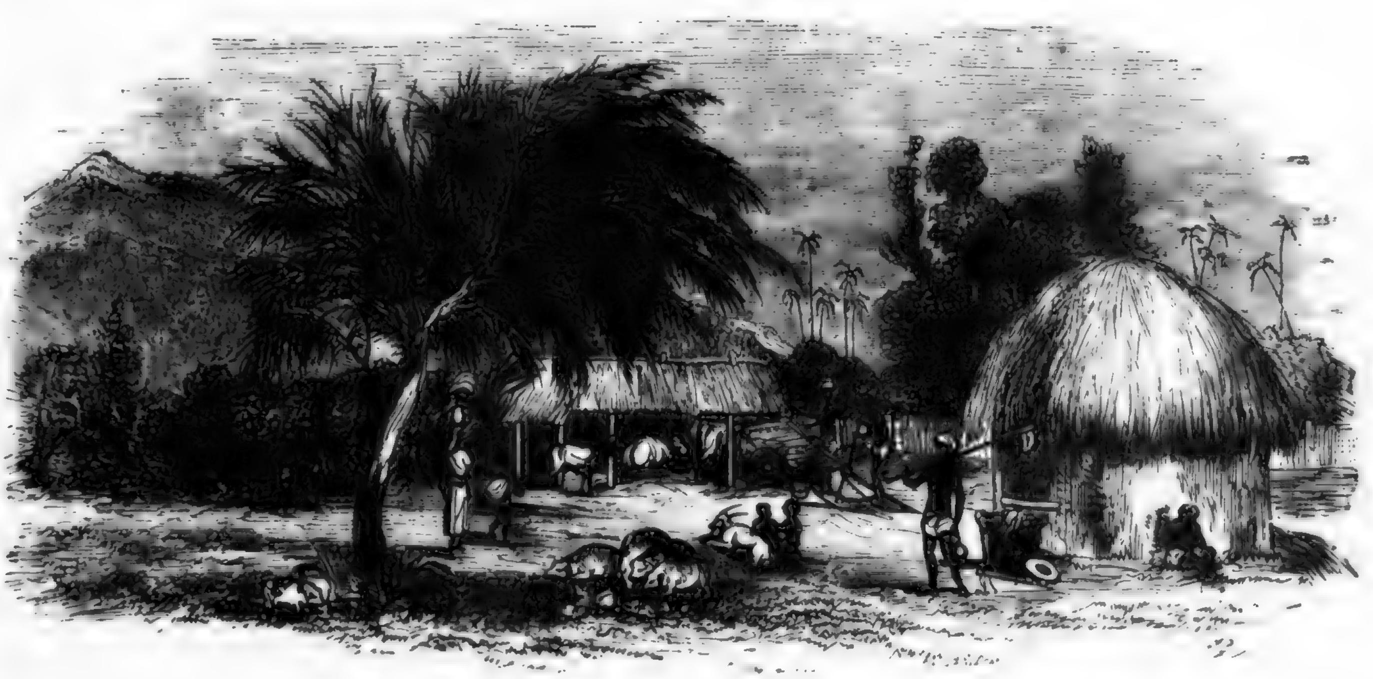
A HINDOO GRIST-MILL.



HINDOO THRESHING.



A HINDOO PLOW.



RURAL LIFE IN INDIA.

wages—shrugs an incredulous shoulder with a movement purely Parisian.

"If the young lord is fool enough to believe in spoons, it's his own fault."

And Jacques retires to the vestibule, pondering upon the possible bearing of "spoons" upon faith.

At this moment a figure superbly attired in bridal array —the wedding had been as private as could be managed in Paris—appeared for an instant at a window.

It is Gunilde, Countess Ilmar, now wife to Lathial Belgrade!

She shrinks quickly back. She has seen pacing the pavement below, the form of one to whom, despite every sacred promise, she has for now ten days closed her doors.

She sees a ghastly face, eyes wild with intensity of misery raise themselves to the light of the wax candles that adorn her boudoir. He has not seen her. She shrink back.

A voice calls to her. Lathial Belgrade, unknowing the anguish of the heart throbbing madly beneath those windows, and capable of regarding its possessor as a mixture of fool and maniac had he known what emotions tore his breast, calls again, little understanding this preposterous delay. She must descend.

Gathering up the fan, vinaigrette and gloves that lie upon her table, and bidding Betty make haste, Gunilde descends at last. As she enters the carriage awaiting her, she sees Algernon Selinghurst's livid face across the street.

No more concealment now. He can read only too well what a dupe she had made of him.

The bridal air and attire of Belgrade would tell the story even did it not repeat itself in the dress of Gunilde and her maid.

A horrible oath of execration burst from the young man's lips. Then he runs on for a few yards in front of the carriage, which has started at a rapid rate, Gunilde urging the coachman on, to avoid, she says to herself, the terrible scene and scandal she foresees.

There will be no further "scenes" with Algernon Selinghurst.

Quick as a flash, and ere any mortal hand could have arrested his course, even had any been extended, he has thrown himself beneath the feet of the carriage-horses.

The coachman vainly attempts to check them. The bridal vehicle passes over the body, and the impetuous heart, the maddened brain, after a few brief instants of agony, are for ever still. The air still quivers with the final curse.

The body was carried beneath America Lenley's windows just as, "flying as a dove," her soul rose to heaven.

Paris rejoiced on the morrow in "an immense sensation," a "new thing."

They say the nabob has tightened the matrimonial reins, and objects to being financially destroyed.

THE FRUITS OF INDIA.

The gushing custard-apple, with its crust of stones and luscious pulp; the bulky plantain-cones, heavy with nutritious fluff; the ambrosial mango, with its barbaric magnificence of flavor and perfume; the *licht* hiding under a shell of ruddy-brown its globes of translucent and delicately fragrant flesh; the yellow *loquat*, peach-skinned and pleasant, but prodigal of stones; the monstrous *jack*, that in its eccentric bulk contains a whole magazine of tastes and smells; the enticing *tipari*, in its crackling covering; the solid guava; the oxalic *kamrak*, the tart tamarind, the *toot*, ridiculous in name, but pleasant of substance, and the plebeian but very wholesome *bair*. The citron, too, gorgeous and uselessly generous, hanging out to your hands its golden fruit, guessing that you will not pick them, knowing that you cannot want them, except, perhaps, to throw them at the peaboy; the multitudinous oranges, laughing in ruddy bunches through the green leaves, but so often, alas! soaking the juice they have secreted into their rinds, turning your first gratitude to resentment—fat-skinned and nice to pluck, but hollow-stomached; the modest limes, the fruit of the sick, with their faint color, fainter flavor, and flood of pleasant juice; the splendid shaddock, that, weary of ripening, lays itself upon the ground and swells at ease; the rank *popeyas*, clustering beneath their coronals of shapely leaves; the pomegranate, with its clustered rubies enflasked in bitter rind; and the melons of many kinds. Nor are these his only prey, for though fruit garnish his meal and furnish dainty trifles to it, he spends the fierce onset of his first hunger on the humbler vegetables. The spare carrot and the solid turnip, the wrinkled lettuce, the tempting tomato, with its polished lobes; the celery blanching in its pits, and, hiding their cool stores beneath rough leaves, the prickly cucumbers.

Among all these the peaboy thrives—a while; for they say peaboys die young. This is perhaps the reason one never sees peamen. Or, perhaps, shouting at intervals becomes a second nature to them, and they develop into night-watchmen, and die—for night-watchmen also are short-lived—of bronchial diseases.

AN ANCIENT FLITCH OF BACON.

Some two miles Danish from Hjorring lies the manor of Asdal, one of the most ancient in Jutland. It is a farm house, remarkable now alone for its side of bacon—a side of greater historical notoriety than even that of Dunmow, for this very flitch you see hanging up, a shriveled, rusty bone, dates from almost five hundred years.

It was in the early part of the fourteenth century that Karl Polse, lord of Asdal, was accustomed to turn out his swine in the Autumn to feed in the neighboring forest together with those of the lord of Odden. The proverb at that time ran, "Odden the old, and Asdal the bold," and a certain rivalry existed between the neighbors.

The Winter drew nigh, and the swine, fattened by beech-mast diet, were now herded and driven home to their respective farms. A dispute, however, arose concerning the possession of a certain bulky sow, followed by a train of some dozen squeaking piglings.

"It's mine," exclaims the lord of Odden.

"No such thing," replies the lady of Asdal; "I know her by her curly tail."

"Fiddlesticks!" continues the lord of Odden; "that all depends upon the dryness of the weather. Yesterday her tail was as straight as your ringlets."

"I'll go to law," indignantly answered the lady, not at all pleased at the implied insult to her tresses.

So to law they went. The Jutlanders were, and we believe are, like their Norman descendants, essentially a litigious race. The authorities heard both cases, plaintiff and defendant—felt puzzled—scratched their polls. The matter might have remained undecided to this day had not an ecclesiastic present suggested how on an old carved stall in Hjorring Cathedral he had seen represented the Judgment of Solomon, and forthwith explained the history to the assembled Court, who unanimously condemned the sow to be split in twain, and a moiety handed over to each contending party, with orders to salt and smoke their respective sides, and hang them up in the manor-hall—the judge declaring in his charge that whoever preserves his side for the longest period free from worms and rust shall be pronounced the rightful possessor of the twelve little porkers, which, until the cause be decided, shall be considered wards in Chancery, and be allowed to feed, increase and multiply.'

Time rolled on; great had been the preparation of the lady of Asdal, and here she had the advantage over the lord of Odden, who knew more of the art of war than that of drysalting. What spices, what saltpetre—if then invented—what curing, what smoking she made use of we cannot pretend to say, but the side of bacon was a feast only to gaze upon.

Little porkers grew and multiplied; the forest swarmed with curly tails and straight; the side of Asdal is still fresh as ever; that of Odden has a rusty look, but still no harm to speak of. Another inspection is over, the suit is still pending, nothing new "in re demurrer," as the papers say; but after a lapse of years corruption declares itself at Odden, decomposition later, and then, worst of all, defeat.

Loud are the rejoicings at Asdal, louder even than the grunting and squeaking of the herd of swine, handed over fat—strange to relate—from Chancery to the possession of its triumphant mistress.

"Victory," she sings. "Ever while Asdal stands shall that side of bacon hang untouched in my hall, or may my curse——"

But, suffice it to say, the now shriveled, rusty side still remains, historical, authenticated—an object of superstition, on which the fate of Asdal hangs—for now five hundred years. It was, you will agree with us, "a monstrous fuss about a bit of bacon."

FIGURES FOR A DINNER.

On Christmas Day, 1862, when Confederate money had begun to depreciate, turkeys in Virginia were worth $11 apiece, salt thirty-three cents a pound, while the "yule log" was $15 a cord; fire-crackers were $5 a pack. In 1863 turkeys had risen to $50 apiece; whisky and rum for egg-nogg cost $75 a gallon; sugar was from $5 to $10 a pound; flour $125 a barrel. Gold was at a premium of $2,800, and a plain Christmas dinner cost about $300. In 1864 flour was $600 a barrel; butter $40 a pound, and sugar $2 an ounce. At a Christmas dinner at a country house near Richmond, they had for dinner a $300 ham, and the last turkey on the plantation, value $175, with $100 worth of cabbage, potatoes and hominy. Corn bread was served, made of meal at $80 a bushel, and salt at $1 a pound. The dessert was black molasses, at $600 a gallon, and after one cup of tea—real tea, worth $100 a pound, treasured for the occasion, and not sassafras—there was coffee, *at discretion*, made from sweet potatoes cut into little squares, and ground.

SHADOWS.

Many things can be learned from a shadow. Let us make an example or two. First, suppose we are in a part of the country with which we are not much acquainted, and we want to know the direction in which we are traveling; we can tell by the direction in which the shadows are thrown. We have simply to note the time by our watch, and bear in mind that the sun rises in the east, and sets nearly south by midday, after which he goes west. We must, at the same time, bear in mind that the shadow is thrown in exactly the opposite direction, so that when the sun is southeast, as it always is before midday, the shadows are thrown northwest. We need but compare the direction in which we are traveling with the line cast by our shadow. Again, suppose we are out walking, near midday, in the Summer, and we have no means of knowing the exact time, nor the direction in which we are walking. Take a stick—a walking-stick will do very well, indeed—plant it upright; its shadow will be thrown by the sun, providing it is shining at the time, and, as it is near midday, its shadow will be short, and we can tell whether it is before or after noon, for, if before midday, the shadow will become shorter and shorter; if just after, it will increase in length. So that in this experiment we get both an indication of the time of day and the means of telling the four points of the compass. In this lies the whole secret of the sundial.

PEASANT LIFE IN INDIA.

By R. P. Salter.

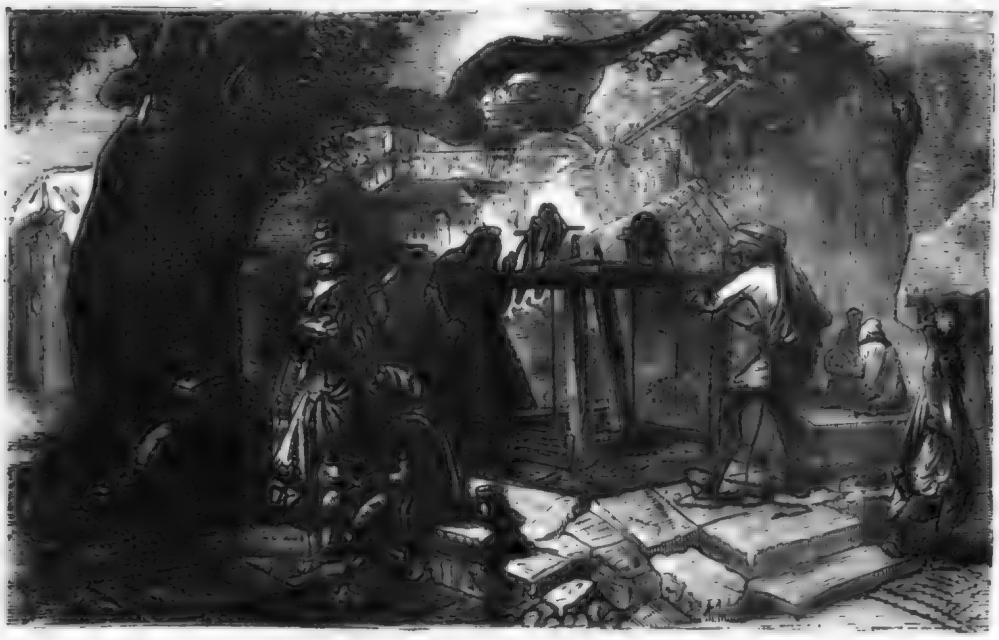
"How annoying! Oh, I am *so* disappointed!" cried Florry Lloyd. "After traveling hundreds of miles through India, we arrive only to find at last that my dear father is no longer here—transferred last week to some other place with an equally unpronounceable name. It is all the fault of these natives, who do not seem to know what time is, and who travel as if a journey was to last a lifetime, and each one of us sure to reach the age of the patriarchs. But," brightening up, "we shall certainly find father soon, for it is not very far from here to the frontier, and he must be somewhere on this side of the line."

Florry's disappointment was not without good reason. She had made the long voyage from America with her mother, to join her father, an American missionary stationed in Northeastern India. At Calcutta two young Englishmen returning to that part of the country, where they had large planting interests, had been introduced by a friend to the two ladies, and, charmed by the prospect of having such society on the trip, had proffered their services as escorts. Mrs. Lloyd had gratefully accepted their offer, and the experience of the young men and their knowledge of the country and the natives, acquired during a long residence in India, had been of great assistance; while the pleasure of company had served to make of what might otherwise have been a tedious journey an interesting and pleasant episode in the life of each member of the little party.

"It *is* too bad," said David Ecclesine, the younger Englishman. "We are now at Bhangulpore, quite near our plantations, where our presence is sadly needed, but we will not leave you till we have seen you safe at Kuppoorpuckree, where your father is now sationed. Yes, really, it is provoking to get you here just a week too late to find him."

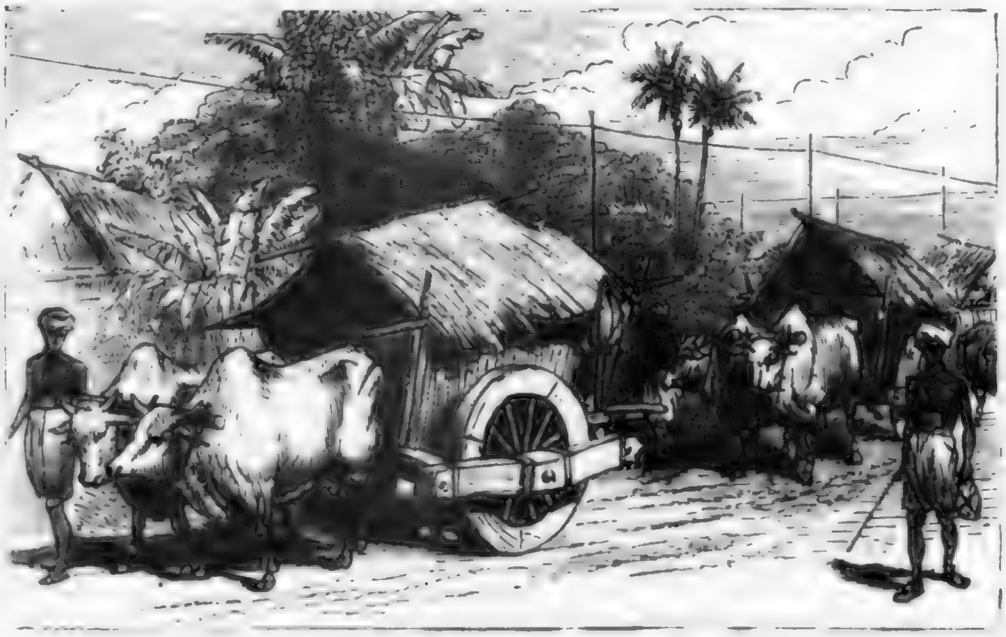
And yet Ecclesine did not appear crushed at not finding the Rev. Mr. Lloyd at Bhangulpore. The fact was, that intimate association on the journey, the novelty of his position as protector and instructor, the appeals made to his experience by Florry, and too constant opportunity for gazing into her black eyes, had awakened in him feelings warmer than friendship, and when the time for parting was supposed to be near, he had found the remainder of the route only too short, and wished that missionary stations were even more remote and difficult to reach.

The little party, with their native attendants, were in the main street of the village; on each side of it extended

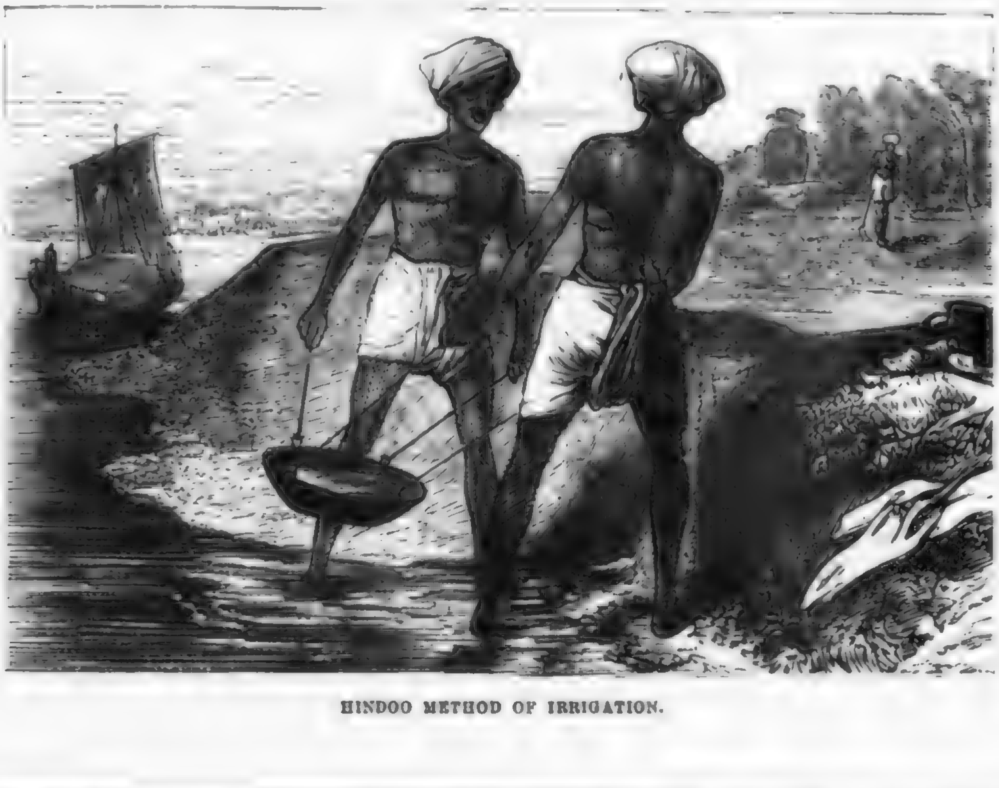


SCENE AT A VILLAGE WELL.

small shops, shaded by tumbledown verandas covered with old matting, rotting shingles and torn jute-cloth; side-lanes, or alleys, branched from it, the houses on them mere huts of bamboo and mud, arranged without order, apparently dropped here and there. In these huts the owners sleep in the rainy season, and there the meals are cooked. At right angles to each hut is a smaller one, which serves as shelter for the goat, or the cow, if the family is rich enough to own one, and as store-house for the wretched fuel of leaves, cakes of dried cowdung and maize-stalks. A bamboo or pea-stalk fence incloses the other sides of the quadrangle formed by the two huts, and makes a square court-yard. This yard, hidden from view of passers by, is the inner house of the family, and is the cleanest spot in the whole establishment. Carefully swept each day, as a religious duty, it is here that the women sit and prepare the meal of rice, or perhaps fish, if the village fisherman has recently dragged the pond; here the vegetables, red-pepper, spices, are dried before storing them for Winter use in the large family jar of sun-baked earth; here the young girl makes her toilet, and arranges her shining black hair and her ornaments. In this yard the children play and are washed, and the old woman spins on her old-fashioned wheel, or grinds corn by hand for the day's meal, as in the scriptural times. Here, too, in the heat, the old men and the young, take their midday siesta, stretched out full length on their backs, or on cold Winter nights shiver and cower over a wretched, smoky cowdung fire, discussing their crops, rents, or some village rumor.



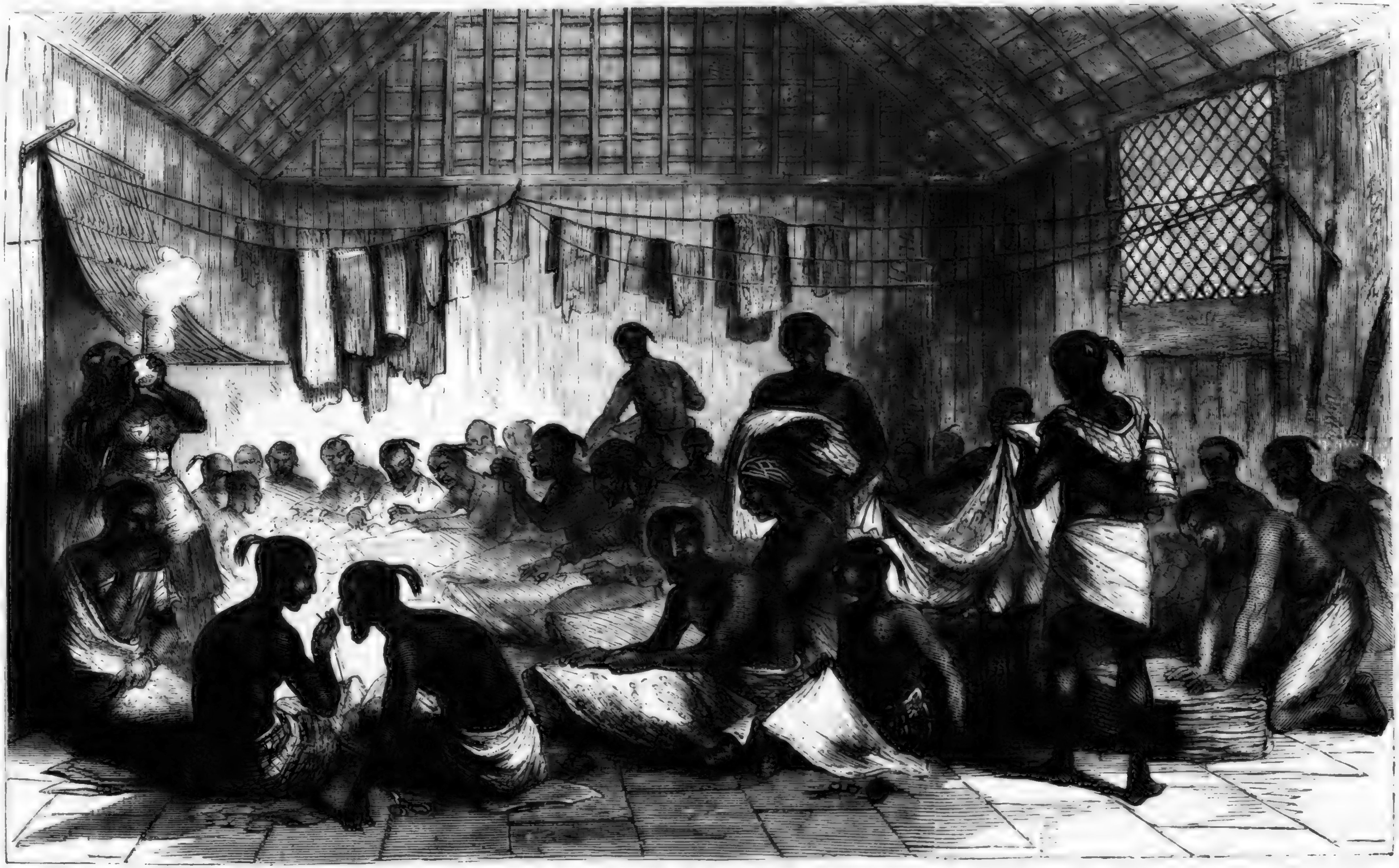
HINDOO GRAIN HACKERIES OR BULLOCK-CARTS.



HINDOO METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

"You cannot enter any of those dirty huts," said Mortimer Flower, the elder of the two gentlemen. "Come, we will try for shelter at that bungalow; it is the house of the opium-agent."

It was low-roofed, but spacious, with a wide veranda in front, and the four travelers were soon accommodated and made welcome by the agent,



HINDOO TAILORS AND SEAMSTERS AT WORK.

glad of any interruption to the monotonous course of his life.

Florry, fatigued, retired early, but Mrs. Lloyd sat on the veranda with the two young men while they smoked their cheroots. The full moon rose slowly from behind the mango orchards that surrounded the village, and shone through the tops of feathery bamboos down on the broad-leaved plantains that shaded the huts; its yellow light bathed the thatched fences that surrounded the little courtyards and revealed, while it half-transfigured, the heaps of refuse—leaves, cowdung, fuel and wood—piled up round each poor dwelling. In front of the doors of the huts were large ash-heaps that smoldered through the day, and served as burrowing-places for the village-dogs, but on which fires now glowed red in the night, choking and half-smothering with their pungent smoke the poor peasants who cowered round them.

A dark figure approached the bungalow; it was Kassee Singh, a shekarry, or native professional hunter, but who was now accompanying the party as guide and headman over the native attendants. He bowed low, yet, unlike most Hindoos, not with fawning obsequiousness, and seated himself on the edge of the veranda at a respectful distance. He was unlike his countrymen also in seeking the company of Europeans, and had acquired a facility of expression in English such as a native seldom reaches, nor, indeed, cares to.

"How long have you been a shekarry?" asked David, knowing that Kassee wanted to talk.

"Twenty years, sahib."

"Twenty years? Why, you do not appear much older than that yourself."

"I am thirty; but with us life begins early. My father, when I was only eight years old, commenced to take me with him into the woods and instruct me in the mysteries of our hereditary calling. He taught me the names, appearance and habits of every bird, animal and reptile; the qualities of the shrubs, grasses and trees among which we passed entire days—yes, and nights, too. He taught me silence and patience while listening for the footfalls of an animal, and how to distinguish those of each, whether leopard, pig, tiger, deer, fox, bear or monkey; how to discover the lurking-places, haunts and whereabouts of any animal without seeing it. My ancestors have always been professional hunters, for, as you know, I belong to that caste."

"In India," said Mortimer to Mrs. Lloyd, in explanation, "a man's caste determines his calling; the son of a fisherman must remain a fisherman; of a carpenter, a carpenter. He cannot become a blacksmith, nor a shekarry or a boatman."

"But," asked she, "does not that tend to overcrowd certain trades?"

"Strictly carried out, it would; but it is a social restriction rather than an active, determining custom. Each villager is a petty farmer, not dependent on his trade or calling; and although in a small community there may be twenty carpenters, each of whom knows the rudiments of his craft, yet the actual work in it is left to the hereditary village carpenter. Land in India is not divided into large farms, belonging exclusively to the proprietors, as with us. There are wealthy rajahs, baboos or rulers, or large traders, who may have inherited, purchased, acquired by grant, or in some other manner extended tracts of land, but their tenants on these lands cannot be dispossessed at will; as long as a ryot—that is, a cultivator, pays his rent regularly, he holds his little piece of land by tenant right, and cannot be disturbed in its possession by his superior—or, as one might say, his feudal lord. He holds it on what you would call a perpetual lease; he can sell or transfer this lease, and the purchaser acquires all the rights of actual ownership. The ryots, or peasants, are children of the soil in the truest sense; they are part and parcel of it, and a landlord counts his possessions by villages, not by acres. Round each palm-shaded, nestling, humble village the land is parceled out among the ryots; some own an acre, others a half-acre, others five, eight, sometimes as much as twenty acres.

"The life of the ryots is a hard one. In the rice-planting season they toil in mud and water, bending over their work in the chill, early dawn, the cravings of their stomachs partly staid by a breakfast of rice or parched peas; bending over it through the forenoon hours, the scorching sun beating pitilessly on their naked backs until noon, when they return to their miserable huts for a scant repast and a short siesta. Again through the long weary hours of the hot afternoon they toil, until darkness gathers and forces them to the village.

"The labor of irrigating, attending to the crop and watching it at night follows, and when, at last, the rice is ready to be harvested, men and women wade in water and slush up to their knees, silently, earnestly and rapidly performing the important work. The rice is cut with a jagged-edged reaping-hook, and bound into heavy bundles; these are carried at once on the heads of hurrying, perspiring, weary workers along raised dikes, to the little family threshing-floors. None can be left on the field over night, for in this teeming, hungry population, it would inevitably disappear before morning.

"And so the struggle for existence goes on from year to year, from childhood to premature old age; the poor peasants, intent only on supplying their animal wants, live their hard, unlovely lives without aspirations, without hopes—and, indeed, without fears for the future; for all their thoughts are on the present, and their minds and bodies are fully occupied in providing for the rent and their daily subsistence."

"No wonder, then, the village is so quiet," said Mrs. Lloyd; "all are too tired to care to stir far from their huts."

"There is another equally powerful reason that keeps them close," remarked David; "their superstition. The lower classes believe that the spirits of the dead walk abroad after dark, and almost every native will tell you some strange experience of his own. Even the more intelligent among them are infected with this belief. At home we cannot get a native servant to go on an errand at night, unless we give him a companion. Come, Kassee, confess; you, also, believe in ghosts."

"I am not afraid of them," replied the shekarry, quickly, "and I have never seen one; but in the woods at night I have heard strange sounds, that proceeded from neither beast nor bird. Perhaps it was the evil spirits speaking to the tigers. You know it is not well to give information as to the whereabouts of a tiger, except to some good hunter, who will shoot it soon—for the man who tells will not live long; the tiger will hear of it and will watch for him and kill him. I remember my father told me about an old tiger that his father knew of, which——"

Whatever convincing story Kassee may have been about to tell was suddenly interrupted, a bright flame shot up from the thatched roof of a village house, illuminating the squalid surroundings, and the half-clad family who rushed from the burning hut and stood wringing their hands in impotent grief. Sparks fell on the next cottages, and they, too, were at once in flames, for nothing is more inflammable than a Hindoo village; everything about it is bamboo, thatch and grass—roofs, fences, walls, all like tinder. The fire had probably originated from a spark blown by the high winds from one of the open-air fires that smoldered at the door of each hut, and as the flames spread the villagers looked on, helpless and apathetic, while their little property was being consumed.

The women, seated with the children, rocked to and fro, crying; the men squatted in groups, gazed calmly at the scene, saying nothing, not even untying the cattle in the side-sheds, or making the slightest effort to arrest the progress of the flames, although there was an excellent well in the centre of the village.

"Come," exclaimed Mortimer, "the whole village will be destroyed unless we rouse these natives into life."

The two Englishmen, the opium-agent, Kassee and some of their servants worked with a will, pulling down two or three huts in the path of the fire, and by the utmost exertion forcing the peasants to carry away the *debris*, and bring some buckets full of water, to quench any sparks that fell across the open space on to the roofs of the huts beyond. When quiet and safety were at last assured the friends returned to the bungalow, where they found Mrs. Lloyd and Florry on the veranda, the latter doubly excited by the fire and the loss of her jewelry, which, on retiring, she had laid on the table in her room, and which some adroit thief, taking advantage of the confusion, had carried off.

Although Kassee's suspicions at once fell upon their native attendants, nothing could be done that night.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will endeavor to recover the ornaments. Say nothing about your loss to any of our attendants; leave the discovery of the thief to me. Good-night, sahib."

"How can Kassee discover the thief?" asked Florry, next morning, after the little party was again on the road. "Had we not better stop and question each of our servants?"

"It would be useless," replied David. "Hindoos take to lying as early and as naturally as a young duck to water; they are adepts at it. I have sometimes wondered whether the poorer classes have ever had any guileless childhood. Notice, as we pass, the children in the village school under that large tree ahead. Although seated in the shade, they have taken off their upper clothes this hot day. See how their little dusky bodies sway to and fro as they grind away at their tasks. The noise of their voices increases as we approach; the urchins wish to impress us with a sense of their assiduity. That little group appears deeply engaged in figuring with lumps of chalk on the floor; but after we pass, they will have observed not only our dress and appearance, but will have formed a quick and probably shrewd estimate of our position and characters. Hindoo children seldom play together. They are born old, and the burden of life falls early on their little shoulders. There is a fawning obsequiousness in the lower classes that is very annoying at times. Ask one of them the simplest question, such as the distance to the next village, and his first endeavor will be to divine how your wishes run. If you look weary, he will ridiculously underestimate the distance. Years of servitude and the struggle for mere existence have crushed his manhood, and rendered him anxious to conciliate all those above him. But the condition of the people is improving, land is increasing in value, the jungle is disappearing, and labor is better rewarded. Thanks to the exertions of the English Government, education is now spreading rapidly among the young, and they are growing up with the hopes, interests, and aspirations of men in their souls. Your father and his associates, Miss Florry, are assisting in the great work." Florry gave him an appreciative glance, but one that disappointed David.

"She likes to hear me praise her father, but cares nothing about me for my own sake," thought he.

They were aproaching a small lake. On its bosom floated water-lilies, whose crimson flowers contrasted beautifully with the bright-green leaves; bushes overhung the water, fig and mango-trees surrounded it, and through their branches a flock of brilliantly plumaged parrots whirled, screaming. A temple dedicated to Vishnu stood on the bank, and in the shade of a particularly fine spreading tree sat an old Brahmin. His only clothing was a loin-cloth of cotton; round his neck and over his shoulder was worn the sacred thread that designated his office. His skin was fair, of a golden-olive hue, much lighter than that of the average Hindoo; his expression was intelligent and acute.

"We will halt here to rest," said Mortimer, riding up. "And Kassee tells me he will profit by this opportunity to try the rice-test to discover the thief."

"The rice-test?" exclaimed Florry, inquiringly.

"Yes, it is an experiment sometimes tried with the uneducated classes to discover the perpetrator of a crime or theft, by working on his superstitious fears. The suspected parties are called up, and an Ojah or Brahmin, after carefully scrutinizing their countenances, gives each of them a mouthful of dry rice to chew. Of course, the innocent munch away fearlessly, but the thief, if he be present, is in an agony of apprehension, his jaw relaxes, his throat and tongue become dry and parched, for under the influence of fear and the spell of the Brahmin's watchful eye, his salivatory glands refuse to act, and the rice seems like sand in his mouth. At a signal from the Ojah all spit out their rice: that of the innocent is masticated and soft, while the thief's is dry and hard."

"I should like to recover my jewelry," said Florry, "and yet I hope the thief will not be found among our attendants, who have all seemed so gentle and faithful."

The little party halted in the shade near the temple. Florry went to her mother, while Kassee opened negotiations with the old Brahmin.

"How venerable this temple is! how peaceful and impressive its surroundings!" said David. "Even its idols, with their ugliness and wooden stolidity, cannot destroy the religious influence of the whole."

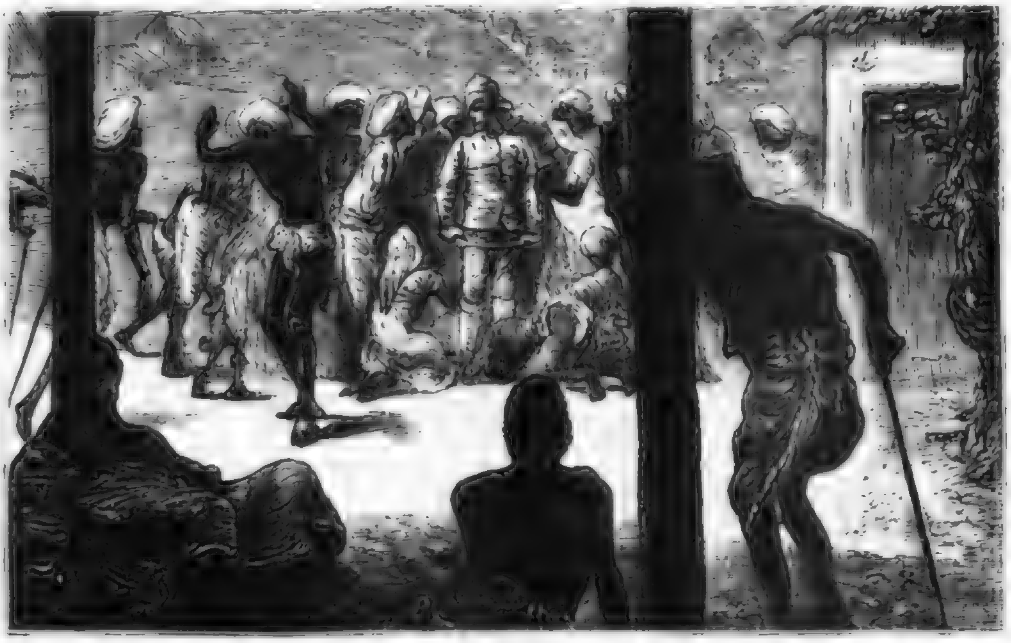
"Yes," replied Mortimer, "many a native finds consolation at this temple, and it is a mistake to represent all the population as ignorant heathens, blindly bowing down to 'wood and stone.' Some of the most degraded and ignorant probably worship the idol itself, but to many of the Hindoos it is only a symbol, and serves as an aid in fixing their thoughts on the great Being it represents, as do the images and pictures in a church for the pious Catholic."

"Kassee! Kassee!" cried Florry, running up. "Come back; I have found my jewelry. Some one has returned it; placed it in the basket mother always opens when we halt. All is here except one piece, and for that I will not have our good attendants tested or searched."

"How characteristic of the adroit Hindoo!" said Mortimer. "Fearing that the dreaded Brahmin would discover him, the thief has slyly restored almost all, keeping only enough to make a search improbable."

Riding along the road that afternoon David watched Florry more attentively than ever. The gentle nature she had manifested, and her evident desire to believe all their attendants true, had finished in the young man's heart what her good looks had begun.

"Miss Florry," said he, "we will reach your father's

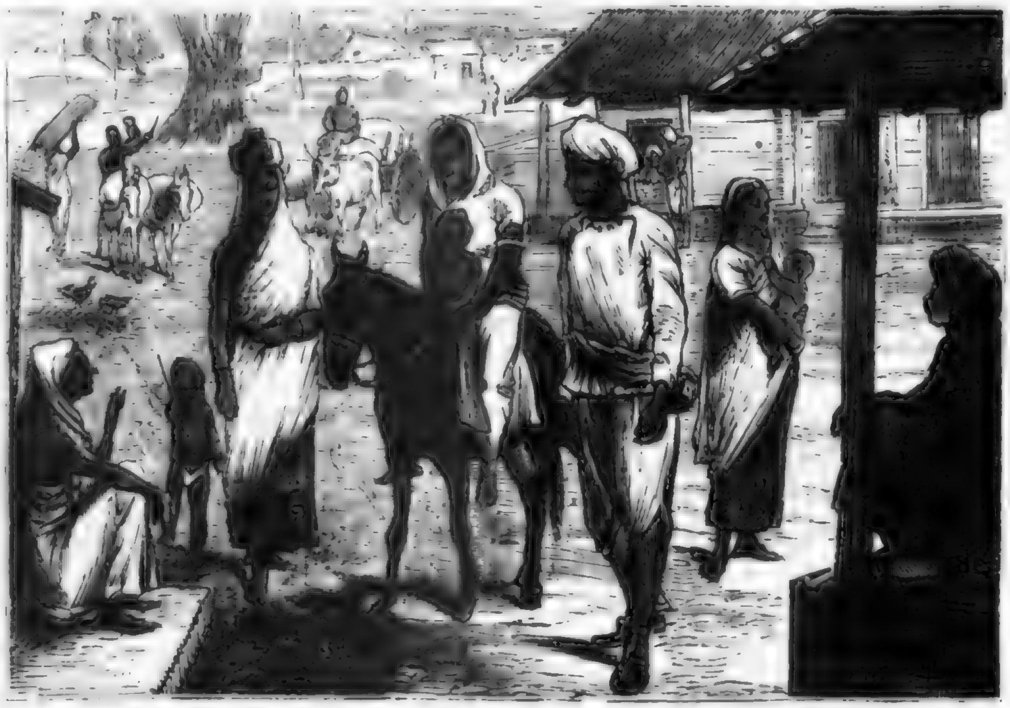


A FAMINE IN BENGAL.—ARRIVAL OF RELIEF FOR A DISTRESSED VILLAGE.

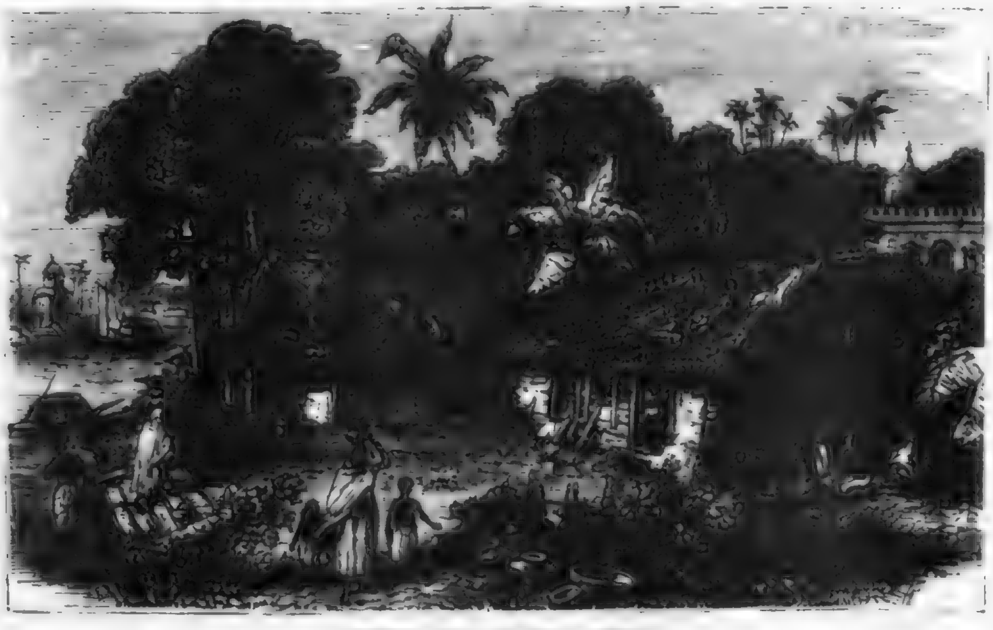
station to-morrow, then we will have to leave you. I hope you will not forget me, and that you will not find your new, strange home lonesome."

"Forget you and all your kindness I never can," she replied; "but lonesome I shall not be, for I have come to India to aid my father in his work, to assist him in his labors among the poor peasants."

David felt chilled. So then she had never thought of him in any other light than that of a polite and solicitous traveling-companion. In this mood he dropped back to talk with Kassee, his favorite, about hunting experiences and the country they were passing through.



SCENE IN A HINDOO VILLAGE.



A HINDOO VILLAGE NEAR BENGAL.

"Kassee," said he, "I have often been out under old shekarries to hunt the tiger, but I wish to go alone; I ought by this time to be a competent shekarry myself. We will halt this evening near that jungle you spoke of. I know there must be plenty of tigers in it, their tracks are so plain."

"There is, I think, only one; an old man-eater," said Kassee. "A tiger coming out of his lair, or cover, will follow the same path for days, till it becomes well defined, and after a while his paths become very numerous; his cunning really shows itself when he comes out of the edge of the jungle, for that he always approaches with the greatest caution. Do not go in till to-morrow morning, when we will all go. It is very dangerous to be in the jungle at night. Then it is that the tiger is abroad and enacts his bloody tragedies."

"Well," exclaimed David, who felt in a reckless mood just then, "you have told me of some of the thrilling scenes you witnessed in the jungle at night, standing in a pit, your eye level with the surface of the ground, so that you could see anything that showed dark against the light. You have seen the tiger spring on its prey, the tigress teaching her young to kill, and, sometimes, two fierce, bloody-jawed, striped demons engaged in deadly strife with each other. Why cannot I see something of all this for myself? I shall take my stand in a pit to-night. Who knows? perhaps the honor of killing the old man-eater has been reserved for me."

That evening Florry joined with others in endeavoring to dissuade David from venturing to pass the night in the jungle, but without avail. He disappeared in its gloomy depths. Soon after dark they heard two distant shots from his rifle, and then all was still.

As the long hours of the night wore on Florry could not sleep; all she had heard of the dangers of tiger-hunting was intensified in her mind, then she recalled David's solicitude and care for her on the journey, and felt how she would miss his bright, cheerful company after they parted next day at her father's station, while at the thought that possibly he might never return alive from the jungle——"

"It is daylight," she heard old Kassee say outside to Mortimer. "If the young man does not return by sunrise we must go in search of him."

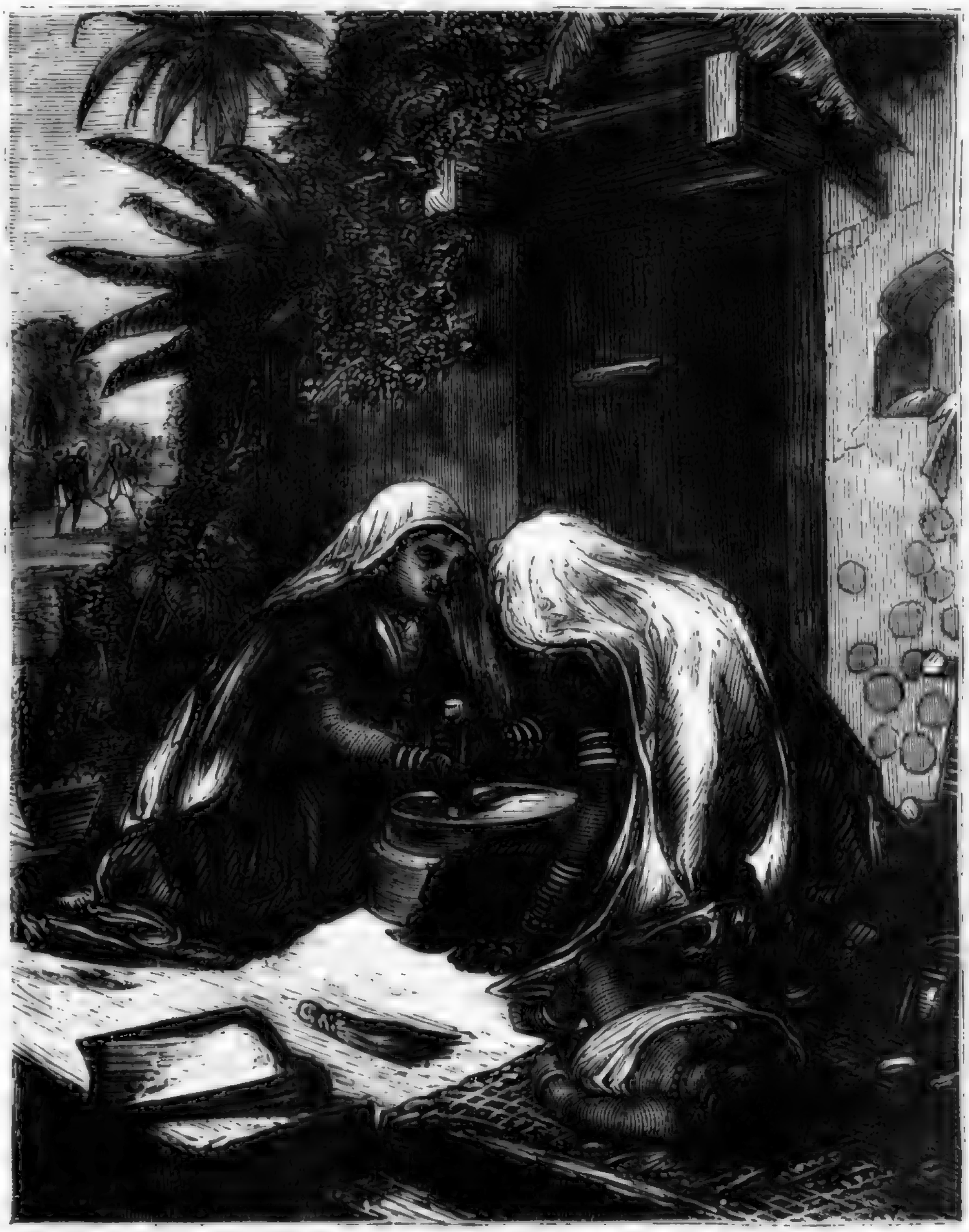
"But have we people enough of our own?" asked Mortimer.

"We will get the village 'gwalla,' or cowherd, to drive his herd through the jungle. No tiger will willingly face a herd of buffaloes or cattle trained to respond to the cries of their gwalla; they will drive off the fiercest tiger or kill him with their horns."

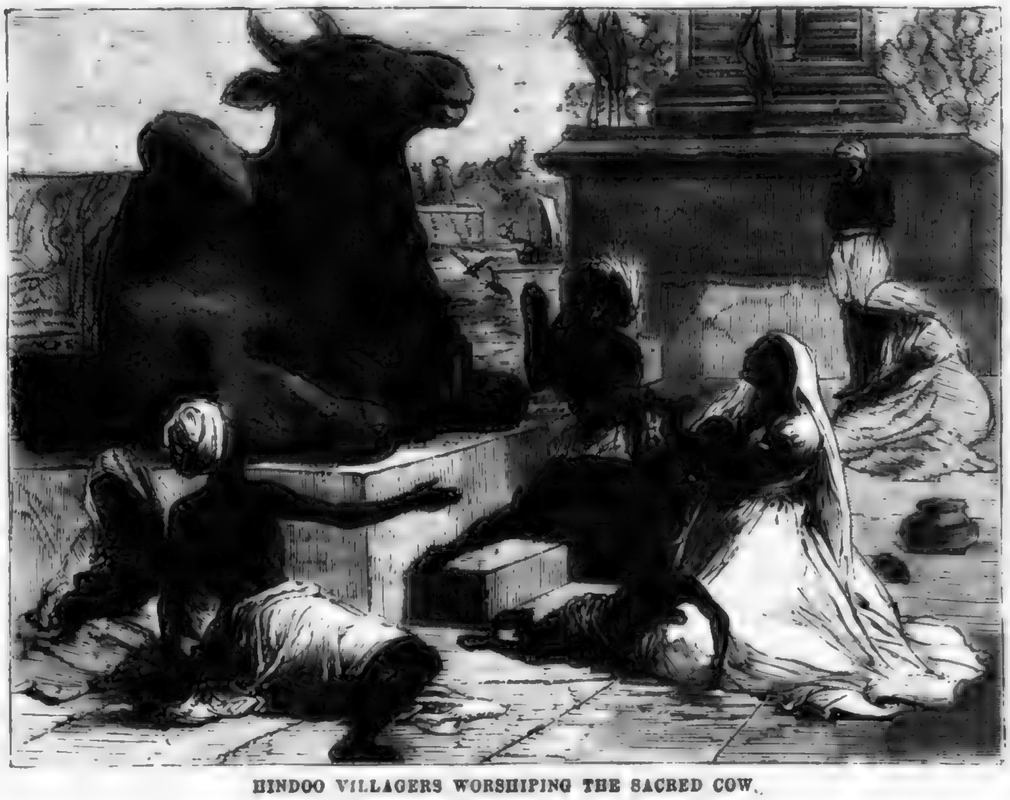
Kassee's plan was adopted. The men set out on the search, and soon arrived at the pit; it was empty.

Pushing on, the gwalla with his cattle ahead, the natives in line, shouting and calling to each other, they went through the jungle till the cattle suddenly stopped, pawed the ground, and lowered their horns threateningly.

"The tiger!" said Kassee;



HINDOO WOMEN AT A HAND-MILL.



HINDOO VILLAGERS WORSHIPING THE SACRED COW.

and there, sure enough, lay the robber, wounded and unable to rise, but tearing up the grass around him with his claws and teeth in ferocious rage.

Kassee gave him a finishing-shot, and the "cheemar" caste, or workers in hide and leather, with the party, skinned it, for a Hindoo will not touch a dead body. It was clear that David had mortally wounded the animal in the night, and when attempting to return in the morning had lost his way.

Lost in the jungle! A dreadful fate ordinarily; but here Kassee's wonderful skill came into full play. By every minute sign on the grass or reeds he tracked the lost man.

Messengers carried back word of the search to the ladies. Their confidence in Kassee was great, but as hour after hour passed without news, Florry's anxiety grew with the lengthening shadows. Finally a shout was heard, and the hunters, old Kassee, David and Mortimer at their head, appeared.

"Oh, David," cried out Florry, forgetting all reserve in the joy of the moment, "you are safe!" and she rushed up to him, pale and excited, seized both his hands, stopped, blushed, and then turned pale again.

That evening at sunset they took a quiet walk, and before they returned Florry had promised David to be a missionary on his plantation only, and as his wife.

"You have made us lose a day with your tiger-hunting and our hunting after you," said Mortimer. "We must start early to-morrow."

"Well," exclaimed David, "I do not care how soon we reach Mr. Lloyd's station now."

"And leave for your plantation," said Kassee, "where my lady shall be mistress, and sit on the tiger's skin."

"Yes, Kassee," responded Florry, "and you shall always be our shekarry."

ROBIN HOOD.

THERE are thousands of people bearing names of which "Robert" is the root and foundation. I wonder if it has ever struck my reader that the *nominal* existence of four-fifths of this large population is the result of the life, adventures, and celebrity of that great outlaw, Robin Hood. To gather up the links of evidence would fill a volume. I will occupy the remainder of this paper by a brief *resumé* of the argument. If I prove my assertion, this will be demonstrating the reality of my title, and show conclusively that the London Directory may be well styled a "romance."

That Robin Hood was the fictitious name of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, has been proven an idle fable; but although there are serious doubts as to the existence of William Tell, there need be none as to the individuality of Robin Hood. That a noted forester—an outlaw—of this name roved in the neighborhood of Sherwood during the first four decades of the thirteenth century, is beyond dispute.

"In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry, sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown."

He and his companions lived by spoils. His popularity was twofold in origin. He was credited with a spirit of liberty chafing against an oppressive and tyrannic rule. He was equally credited, truly or the reverse, with unbounded kindness to the poor. Camden styles him "*prædonem mitissimum*," the gentlest of thieves. Sir Walter Scott says of the spoils he heaped up, that he "shook the superflux to the poor," and, in respect of government, "showed the heavens more just." Dying about the year 1247, it was not very long before he became an "institution": every country ballad, every chap-book had its story of Robin Hood, his princely spirit, his skill in archery, his wondrous adventures, and his hair-breadth escapes. The impression that he was of noble birth only added to his popularity.

This of course could not but have its effect upon the nomenclature of the time. It is well known that when Thomas à Beckett was murdered, almost every child born immediately afterward was, if a boy, christened Thomas. To this tragedy myriads of Thompsons and Tomlinsons owe their surnames. The dictionary and the directory are under equal obligations to Robin Hood. There need be little doubt that Gough's suggestion that his real name was "Robin o' the Wood" (*i.e.* Sherwood) is true. The corruption "Hood" is perfectly natural.

(1.) Look at some English *place-names.* In 1730 there was a "Robin Hood's Well," about three miles north of Doncaster; and Leland, the great itinerary, visited "Robyn Hudd's Bay," under which antique dress we recognize the familiar village and coast "Robin Hood's Bay," betwixt Whitby and Scarborough. Everybody has seen a Robin Hood's oak, or a Robin Hood's bower. At this moment there are hundreds of country inns in the north, called "Robin Hood," with a picture of the bold archer in dress proper, or intended to be so, to the period in which he is supposed to have lived. His bow and arrow are of course always depicted, and occasionally a deer in the distance.

(2.) Look at the old English *proverbs;* and we may premise that if a man has created a proverb he has made himself immortal. "Good-even, Robin Hood," quoted by Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VIII., implied "civility extorted by fear." Fuller quotes, "Many men talk of Robin Hood that neere shott in his bow." "To over-shoot Robin Hood," is another proverbial saying. This is quoted by Sir Philip Sidney. "Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools," is quoted by Camden. The most familiar, however, was "to sell Robin Hood's pennyworths." Fuller refers to this as of things half sold, half given; the great robber parting lightly by what he came by lightly. "Robin's choice," this or nothing, would seem almost to have suggested "Hobson's choice," for Hobson is a patronymic of Robert, Hob being the old familiar pet name for the same.

(3.) To Robin Hood, again, we doubtless owe the familiarity of several names applied to the *spirit world.* Our forefathers were very superstitious, especially the country peasantry. A belief in "brownies," "dobbies," "pixies," and elves kindly or mischievous, still largely prevails in places removed from the busy towns. Superstitions of this kind die where men are herded together. It is only in dusky woodlands ghostly sights appear, or in the silences of the rural churchyard or forest avenue that voices are heard whose utterance is not from human throat! Certainly Robin Hood must stand sponsor for much of the dread that nurses infuse into naughty children's breasts. The pet names or nurses' names of Robert were "Robin," "Hob," and "Dob." The *ignis fatuus*, to this day an object of apprehension, was associated early with the bold freebooter:

"Some call him *Robin Goodfellow,*
Hob-goblin, or mad Crisp.
And some againe doe terme him oft,
By name of Will the Wispe."

So says an old ballad. *Robin* Goodfellow and *Hob*-goblin, it will be seen, represent the same name. Another title for the same was "Hob-lanthorn" (*i.e.* Robin's lanthorn).

Dr. Halliwell gives the term "Hob-thrush," adding that it is always used in association with Robin Goodfellow. In the "Two Lancashire Lovers" (1640) it is said, "If he be no hob-thrush, nor no Robin Goodfellow, I could finde with all my heart to sip up a sillybub with him." Here, then, are four names, "Robin Goodfellow," "Hob-goblin," "Hob-lanthorn," "Hob-thrush"; all used to give personation to that curious light which occasionally may be seen in marshy and woody districts. How natural that these should be associated with that mysterious denizen of the forest, whose name was in everybody's mouth, and who came and went, who showed himself here, there, and everywhere, and yet could never be caught!

> "From elves, *hobs* and fairies,
> Defend us, good heaven,"

say Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays. And every reader of Shakespeare will remember how in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the Fairy addresses Puck as—

> "That shrewd and knavish sprite
> Called Robin Goodfellow":

while by-and-by she adds:

> "Those that Hob-goblin call you and sweet Puck,
> You do their worst, and they shall have good luck."

In the extreme north of England the pet name for Robert was Dob, or "Dobbin." Curiously enough, to this day the term for Hob-goblin is there "Dobby." I ask the reader if this can be an accident? Could it have been possible that five distinct names should be given to the *ignis fatuus*, or to such woodland elves as were supposed to reveal themselves under his frolicsome light, all having Robert as their chief component, had not the thousand and one stories about Robin Hood and his merry men and their nightly escapades been spread over the land by the ballad-mongers of the time that immediately followed his death?

(4.) Once more: look at the *general English nomenclature* of men, birds, beasts, and shrubs. So common had "Hob" become in the northern and midland districts of England (for every man you might meet 'twixt York and Leicester was sure to be "Hob"), that it became a cant term for a country yokel. Thomas Fuller in his "Lives" speaks of "country-hobs" where we should speak of "country-men." Thus, too, Coriolanus is made to say—

> "Why in this wool-less toge should I stand here,
> To beg of Hob and Dick?"

The *jack*-ass is just as often called "*dobbin*" in the north, and an ewe-lamb a *hob*-lamb. The tame ruddock has become the "*robin* redbreast"; a chicken, a *roblet* (robelot, *i.e.* little robin); bindweed goes by the title of "Robin-run in the hedge"; the common club moss is "Robin Hood's hatband"; while every child is familiar with "ragged robin" and "herb-robert."

Surely this is enough to testify to the popularity of Robert! The fact is, that Robin Hood gave a start to his name similar in its effects to that of a snowball. He has grasped all he has touched. He has left his memory upon everything. He has stamped his march upon things animate and inanimate. So long as we have a language and a dictionary, a nomenclature, and a directory, we shall daily be reading and looking upon words and names which, however meaningless on the surface, are teeming with recollections of the bold outlaw, whose thrilling adventures, whose kindly bounties, whose supposed devotion to liberty, made him the idol of his own time, and an object of interest to his countrymen.

And now we may ask, what has Robin Hood done for English nomenclature, so far as surnames are concerned? Well, in the first place, he made "Robert" the favorite name at the front for a century, at least. We even find Robin Hood itself appearing as a surname. A tradesman bearing the sobriquet of Thomas Robyn-Hod lived at Winchelsea in 1388. At the very time that Robert was thus popular, baptismal surnames were being established. As a consequence, Robert was no sooner a Christian name than it became a candidate for the place of a surname. Remembering the different pet names in familiar use, it will not be so astonishing that I should be able to collect no fewer than forty-six separately-spelled surnames, all descending from this one single appellation! while London alone could gather into Hyde Park as many as five thousand souls whose individuality is recognized by their associates through the medium of this famous title.

(*a*) *Robert* has given us Robert, Roberts, Robart, Robarts, Robertson, Roberson, and Robertson.

(*b*) *Robin* has bequeathed Robin, Robins, Robbins, Roblin, Robinson, and Robison.

(*c*) *Rob* has left us Robb, Robbs, Robbie, Robson, Robkins, Ropkins, and Ropes.

(*d*) *Dob* has handed down to us Dobb, Dobbs, Dobbie, Dobson, Dobbins, Dobbing, Dobinson, and Dobison.

(*e*) *Hob* has transmitted Hobb, Hobbs, Hobbes, Hobbiss, Hobson, Hobbins, Hoblyn, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Hopps, and Hopson.

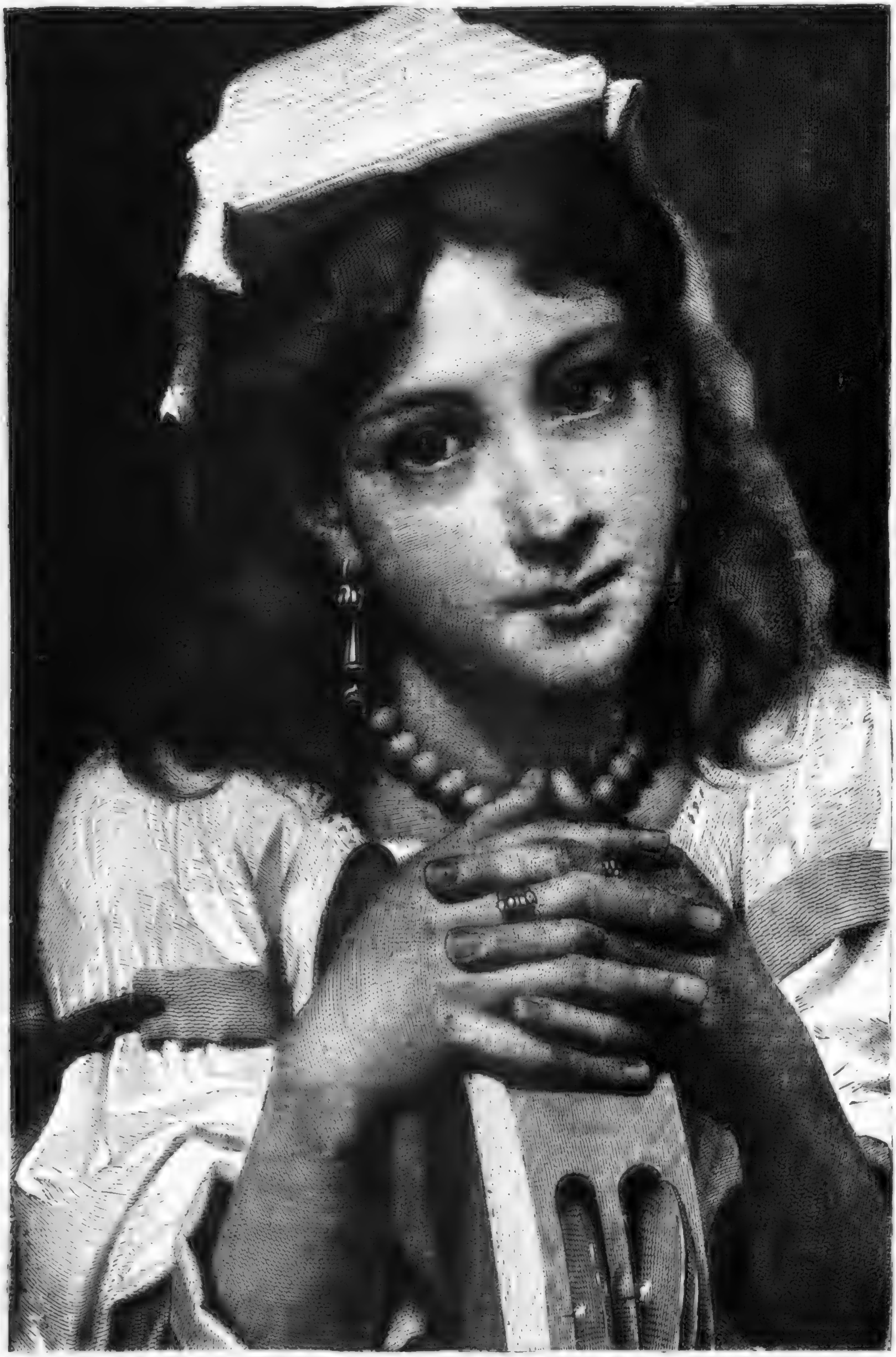
(*f*) Besides these there were once such familiar French diminutives as Robinet, Dobinet, Robelôt, and Robertôt. These did not come directly from France or Normandy. They were forms adopted by the country people from the habit, common then as now, of copying the fashions of the more noble families. Elizabeth Robinett will be found in the London Directory. Hers is the only instance that I can find still existing. The rest were all surnames in the fourteenth century.

(*g*) The Welsh, seizing upon the name, turned ap-Robert and ap-Robyn into Probert and Probyn, respectively.

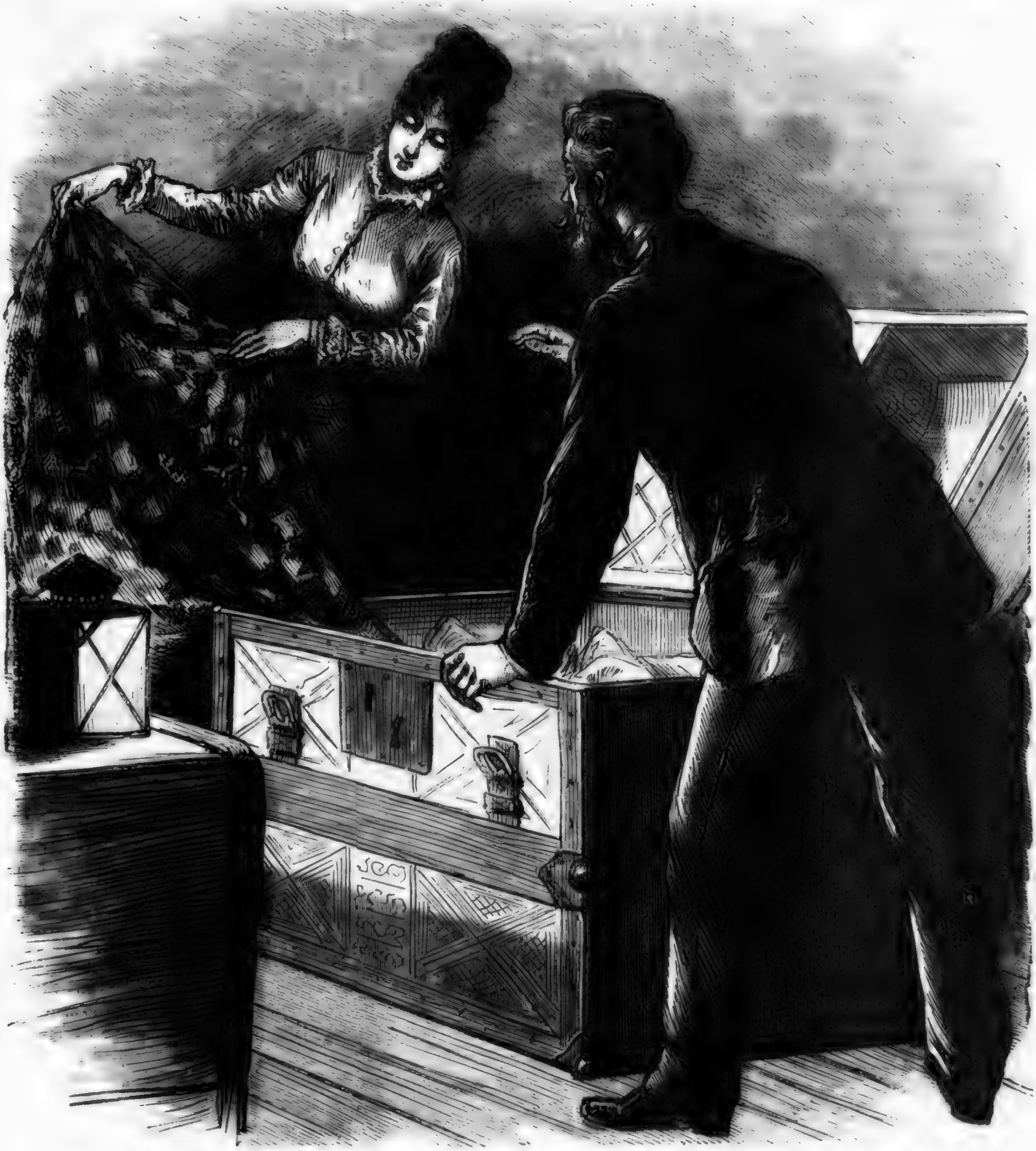
Can I add anything to prove the popularity of Robin Hood? It is possible that we could not have spoken of Hobbism, or of a Hobbist, for the founder of that system of philosophy might have borne some other name. It is possible that there might have been no "Hobson's choice," for that worthy livery-man at Cambridge might, under some other sobriquet, have compelled the young collegian to take the next horse on the list, or none. Certainly our old friend *Punch* would have been unable to poke fun at Cockneydom under at least one name of the famous company of "Brown, Jones, Smith, and *Robinson.*" It is possible, too, that "before you could say Jack Robinson" would never have become an English commonplace. How the phrase originated I cannot say, but it is a very old one, if the couplet quoted from an old play by Dr. Halliwell be genuine:

> "A warke it ys as easie to be doone,
> As tys to saye 'Jacke Robyson.'"

THE future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful winding lane, on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire or to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bare, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have reached a desert waste.



ITALIAN TAMBOURINE-GIRL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY CONINCK.



A CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.—"'IS THAT THE SHAWL?' SHE ASKED, MEEKLY, UNFOLDING IT BEFORE HIM.'

A CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.

Poor Mr. Bradley! He packed his dead wife's wardrobe with the greatest care, dropping tears, into two large Saratoga-trunks, and the drygoods boxes that held all that was left of his beloved Maria.

There were twelve scarcely worn dresses, all in Worth's latest fashion, fluted, puffed, ruffled, fringed and trained. There were four exquisite white wrappers, covered with elegant embroidery, that Maria's soul had doted on—poor, weak, invalid Maria—for only when richly and fashionably dressed was she entirely happy.

There was her latest bonnet, fresh from Paris, that she had never worn, in all its gay mockery of lace and French flowers, useless in the bonnet-rack. There was a row of kid slippers and dainty gaiter-boots idle for ever; there was the box of delicate kid-gloves—a pair for each suit—but the hands that had worn them were at rest for ever, crossed over a lifeless bosom; there were dozens of fine handkerchiefs, dozens of real lace collars and cuffs, and here were her watch and chain and set of diamond jewelry. He laid them away tenderly; these should never be touched or worn, not even by—and here he starts and blushes to himself—not even by Eloise Rand, the cherry-cheeked girl he hopes to call his wife some day.

He scarcely dares own, even to himself, how he has loved her these eight years, ever since he first saw her way off in his Eastern home, sitting in the church-pew next to his own, with the daisies in her bonnet—loved her, and a married man! He used to shudder when he thought how she had laughed her way into his heart.

Mr. Bradley was a handsome, refined, gentle-mannered man whom everybody liked and respected, and he and Maria were both a model couple in every way, though Maria never laughed—her life had been one long-drawn sigh over the blackness of things in general.

She was a good woman, and Mr. Bradley took the most devoted care of her, and loved her as well as any one could any one so pining and fanciful. She was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and was always seeing visions, and like one-ideaed people, who have nothing else to do, she was so carried away with her hobby, that she persuaded Mr. Bradley to a partial belief in the same, but some way neither prospered on this unearthly diet.

Maria, always sickly, grew worse and worse, and had more dyspeptic visions daily of people who had gone happily to rest years before; and thirty-seven yards of new silk scarcely raised her spirits now. The doctor said she could not live through the Winter, unless taken to a milder climate; so Mr. Bradley sold out his business for a song, left his old home and his pew in the church, near where Eloise sat with the daisies dancing on her bonnet-rim, purchased a new installment of clothes, mammoth trunks, handbags and bandboxes, and traveled for four years in California.

They lived a while in the pure breath of the mountains, where, under the robin's-egg blue of California skies, and the wine-like sweetness of California air, Maria grew a little stronger; then they went down on the dreamy Pacific Coast, where they watched the seals from the Cliff House, and were fanned by the soft airs of Oakland and Berkley.

When they grew tired of the Golden Gate and ocean fogs they tried the tropical heats and fruits of Los Angeles (the city of the angels); and so up and down they went, till a large property was nearly consumed, when Maria concluded sea-air was not good for her, so they returned to Stockton, a quiet town some ninety miles east of San Francisco.

Here the chief attraction to Maria was her bosom-friend, Mrs. Robbins, a large, important woman of some means, who lived in a big, solemn house in the suburbs of this town, set in a dense grove of fig-trees.

Mrs. Robbins was a medium, and went into trances and gave sittings, not for money—none of them was ever known to do that—but for pure love of the cause, and for the advancement of the sainted dead, who, it is to be hoped, happily need none of our poor, earthly interference.

When at last Mr. Bradley was forced to go to New York to attend some neglected business, Maria was anxious to board at Mrs. Robbins's, where she could be directly under her healing power and tutorage.

Mrs. Robbins, after some hesitation and the promise of a goodly price for board, accepted her sickly sister, and surrounded by this cheering atmosphere, Maria grew every week more charmingly hysterical.

Mrs. Robbins was guided in all her actions by the spirits of the dead and gone—at least, these were a cloak for all incongruities.

All she did was influenced by "they"—the safety-valve of most of the absurdities of Spiritualists. Did a tramp come to the door—and tramps are delightfully plenty in California—and ask for a bit of bread, she was immediately controlled by some sober and clerical spirit, and read them a lecture with shut eyes and uplifted hands; and, when she waked from this pious trance, she would find the hungry man, with frightened alacrity, had fled down the walk and out at the gate.

"They" were evidently all spirits of a saving disposition, albeit she said they were of the highest order, and induced her to cook in the most economical manner.

During the three months, that lengthened out to four, of Mr. Bradley's stay in New York, Maria drooped daily on a diet—ordered by the spirits—of water graham-cakes, without butter on them, tough chicken, boiled in water, butterless and unseasoned, milkless tea and coffee, oatmeal and dry toast, and the spirits did not allow her to eat enough of even these; but they had such fine séance evenings, such spiritual manifestations, materialization, etc., through Mrs. Robbins!

In the meantime, Mr. Bradley, back in his Eastern home, went to church each Sunday, and saw Eloise in the same old pew, looking a little older and less cherry-cheeked, a little less sparkling and brimming over with smiles, and the daisies in her hat had been exchanged for Autumn leaves.

He learned, with a great, painful throb at his heart, that she had been sick with a fever; that she and her mother were in poorer circumstances than ever; that the man she had set her heart on had married some one else, and that she was twenty-six years old.

So he left his kindly, gossipy old neighbors at last, and got back in time to close poor starved Maria's eyes, to see she had a stylish funeral, to put up a costly marble scroll over her grave, and to wander like a lost man about the verandas of the dreary house where she had died, through long days of perpetual sunshine.

Like Enoch Arden under his palm-tree, he stretched out his hands among these tropical glories toward the East, and longed for Eloise; his heart would revert to the dumpling girl, who earned her own living, coaxing her way through the world, riding roughshod over people's dignity with that merry laugh of hers that rung in his ears so long.

He had lived among shadows so long he craved for her earthly presence, for never was there a heartier human, less *spirituelle* or more fiery, rose than Eloise; but he was tired of angels, and he wrote her as soon as he dared, asking her to take the lost Maria's place.

Her letter in reply was neither yes nor no, but most aggravatingly undecided. She told him it was too soon to think about it, and asked him to wait a year, and then, if he still cared for her and wished to risk the long journey uncertainties, she could better give him his answer.

Poor Eloise was thoroughly surprised, and not knowing what to do, wanted this year for breathing-space, long time as it appeared, to forget the unworthy object she was harboring in her affections.

So Mr. Bradley waited for her through such weary months of loneliness that would have broken Eloise's heart had she known all; and when the slow-paced days were worn away, he packed the first wife's wardrobe, preparatory for his journey.

He began to wish that now, in his straitened circumstances, the many hundred dollars' worth that he was crowding into such small space were back again in money with which to make Eloise comfortable and happy.

Then he thought how few clothes Eloise had, and her taste was so much simpler than Maria's—why not give her the most of these and cheat the California moths? She was infinitely smaller than Maria, and these could be adjusted nicely and no one would be the wiser.

He folded up the rich shawls—a Paisley shawl, a long shawl, an Indian scarf, and what had pleased his eye more than all else, a costly camel's-hair shawl, that he decided should belong to Eloise. He did not stop to think how short and plump she was, or how illy a shawl would become her, but put it carefully away in camphor for the possible future bride.

So he fitted in the last tray and turned the last lock, and left his boxes and trunks in Mrs. Robbins's storeroom by her request. He paid her for taking charge of the same, and gave her the keys at parting, saying:

"They are ready to ship to me any time if I do not return, and, in the meantime, keep these duplicate keys, so they can be aired if necessary.

Poor man! he little dreamed of what a thorough airing they would get before his return!

When he reached home he found the old wound scarcely healed in Eloise's heart, and between this and the dread of leaving her mother, she persuaded him to wait another year, when one bright June day he set out with her to the distant land of the sunset, thinking no cloud could ever rise again in his horizon.

After long days of listening to the cling-clang of the overland train crossing mountain and desert and canyon, they were glad to stop and rest at Stockton to obtain the stored articles before proceeding to their home proper in Oakland.

Eloise's spirits fell, however, at the sight of Mrs. Robbins's formidable-looking house in its grove of fig-trees, which were grown thicker and darker than ever.

The front of the house was closed and locked, but the housekeeper — a sweet-faced, intelligent woman — came running out at the side-door.

"So glad to see you again, Mr. Bradley!" she said, emphatically.

"Mrs. Robbins has been gone East visiting her friend there since April. She said the spirits told her you were dead, and were never coming back, so she locked up your things, telling me, when they were sent for by your relatives, they would find them ready to ship in the storeroom just as you left them."

Mr. Bradley looked relieved. Great respect as he had for Mrs. Robbins, he did not care to be cried over, or to have her go into trances, using herself as speaking-tube for the dead Maria before Eloise, who, he was sure, would laugh in the good woman's face.

So, after a comfortable supper, he repaired with his keys to the storeroom, Eloise—alert with a curiosity as to what the dead woman's wardrobe would be like—at his heels to hold the light for him.

The room was very dark, for they have no twilights in California, and darkness comes with one full swoop.

The big drygoods box stands there just as he left it, and one of the large trunks; in the place of the other one sets a small, seedy hair trunk that might have figured in the Dark Ages.

"My other trunk must be locked up somewhere else," he said to Eloise, peering about in the dim corners, and he proceeded to unlock the one that remains.

"Here, Eloise," he said, handing out from the upper tray a large, neatly done-up package, "is a camel's-hair shawl I have been saving for you. It has scarcely been worn, and though I was offered five hundred dollars for it, I thought it would look so pretty on my darling."

"*I* wear a shawl?" said Eloise, with a gasp. "I never had anything so extravagant."

And she proceeds to pull open a corner of the paper, and espying something blue-and-white and ragged, shakes out a tattered old bed coverlid.

"Is that the shawl?" she asked, meekly, unfolding it before him.

"My goodness, no! It must be some mistake. I was sure I put it in that lid—it must be here where I rolled up her point lace cape and silk dolman," and he unfolded a moth-eaten old coat of the late Mr. Robbins, done-up in the most careful manner. "Can I believe my eyes? I put Maria's best silk dresses in there," and he tumbles out of some flat packages an old ragged ironing-blanket, another ancient quilt, some potato-sacks, exquisitely folded, and an old lap-robe, all belonging to Mr. Robbins.

In the place of Maria's velvet cloak and furs, he finds a worn-out horse-blanket and a bundle of old crash towels.

He looks in the bonnet-tray. Alas! that lovely French hat is bobbing up and down on the majestic head of Mrs. Robbins somewhere in the State of Connecticut, and in its place is an old Neapolitan, which Eloise declares is "the acme of Stockton and Poker Flat millinery." Maria's gloves are adorning her hands, Maria's shoes her feet—except the two pairs he finds, worn entirely to tatters, and repacked with his things.

He pries open the box-lid—bundles of old rags, old flannels and cast-off clothing, that would be a disgrace to any carpet for rags, were deftly rolled up in the places of his fine table-linen and silverware, dainty sets of undergarments and dozens of silk hosiery.

Here the housekeeper appears sympathetically in the doorway.

"I dared not tell you before, but she took the largest trunk, and the Russia-leather handbag, and wore Mrs. Bradley's gray basket-cloth dress and ulster, and had the white dresses and best silks altered over for her. She said your wife's spirit came and made her do it."

Mr. Bradley's face is very red, and he is fishing desperately in the bottom of the box, for he does not like to own he has been a fool.

Eloise, who has fine feeling for real lace, has just opened the lacebox, and, finding it full of shavings, has tossed it spitefully overboard, exclaiming:

"The old Judas Iscariot!"

"Please, Eloise, don't lose your temper and call names. You know you are so impulsive."

"I angry? Not I. I am delighted with the way the old turkey-buzzard has arranged your goods for your relatives after your happy decease."

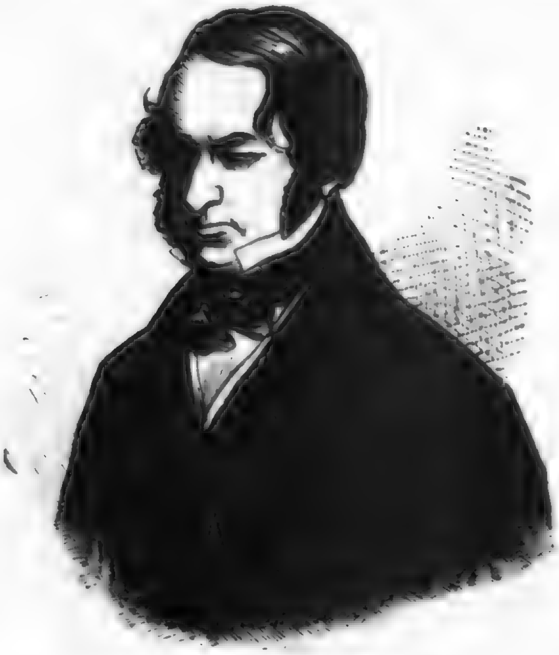
They search the house, but nothing rewards them, except a few odds and ends made over to fit Mrs. Robbins's goodly proportions; some of the table-linen and silver they find in the bottom of one of her cedar chests; but all the available things have gone traveling across the plains, even to the watch and diamonds.

It is worth the cost of these, however, to Eloise, to see Mr. Bradley grow gradually so angry, and to see the visionary way with which he settles himself down in that old house to await Mrs. Robbins's return; and to all her suggestions as to its being a lugubrious old place, she is told by him peremptorily to "wait."

Someway, Mrs. Robbins did not enjoy her visit East so much as she expected.

In the first place, she was cumbered with too much baggage, and the old places and friends seemed to have outgrown her, and she found no spiritualist friend dear to her soul to commune with.

Her friends, who know her peculiar gift of economy, wonder at her rich clothes, and they are comfortless things, after all; the white dresses are a trial to keep tidy, without the omnipresent John Chinaman; the heavy silks are hot and uncomfortable, and catch dust; the shoes and gloves are both too tight for her; the fragile, jaunty bonnet gave out before her journey's end; the old-fashioned country people called her yellow lace "dirty," and the evenings were too warm to wear the stolen shawl.



LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-SEVEN.

Like many people, who mostly believe what they greatly hope for, she believed Mr. Bradley was dead, but she did not believe in Maria's presentation to her of her wardrobe; for, with all her egotism, she had sense enough to know that Maria had grown to hate her and her saving propensities most heartily before her death.

It was with a sense of relief she arrived in familiar Stockton, hot and dusty, crabbed and grimy, from her long and wearisome return trip. She was just stepping into a hack to drive home, when she was transfixed by the porter to whom she handed her checks, remarking:

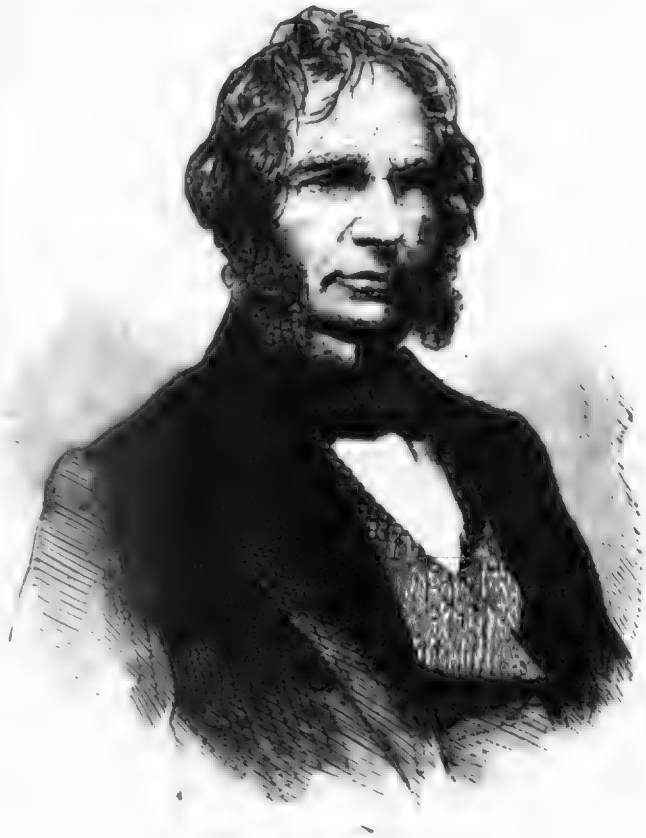
"Can't get your baggage, mum. It's arrested!"

She looks about bewildered, and sees, standing in the depot-door, the ghost of the long-lost Mr. Bradley. No, not his ghost, for never has she seen him looking so happy, so handsome, or so healthy as now. There is an officer with him, who steps up to her politely:

"And you, also, madam, are arrested, and requested to deliver up your entire baggage, as well as damages on the same."

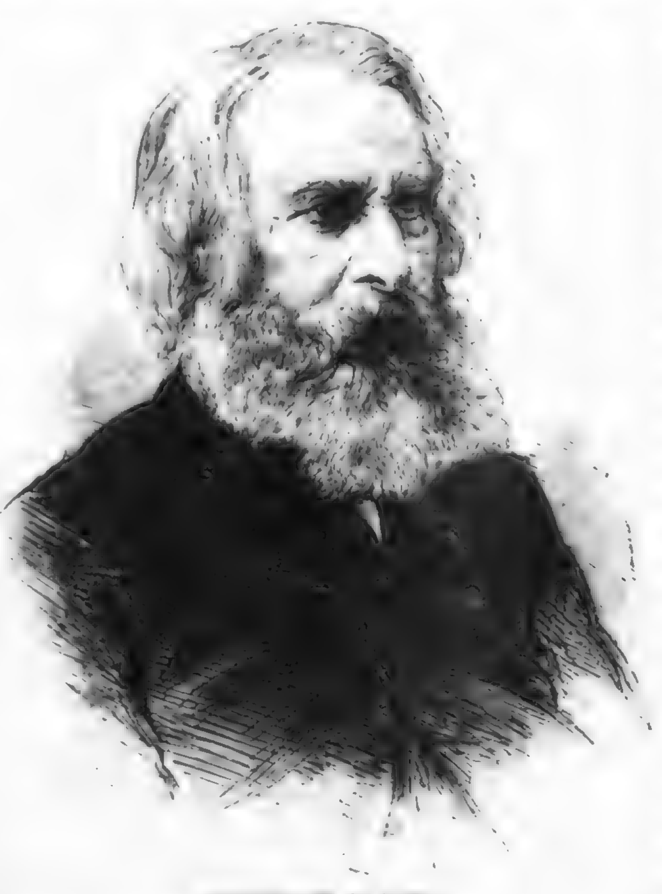
In vain Mrs. Robbins blustered and stormed, went into trances and invoked the spirits that refused to come, accused the housekeeper, and the china-boy, and every one else but herself, of the theft.

Damages or imprisonment were the only alternative, and she gave up the deteriorated wardrobe at last, with what ready money she had, besides.



LONGFELLOW AT FIFTY-FIVE.

Although the worth of their loss was never recovered, yet Eloise will tell you, laughing, that it is the best experience they ever had; for, in the end, it has saved much distaste and bickerings, and some money, as she has never had to attend a *séance*, never had to mix with mediums and clairvoyants, and has thus been pleasantly rid of many a bland and insinuating Judas Iscariot.



LONGFELLOW AT SIXTY.

LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., February 27th, 1807. On his mother's side he descended from John Alden. His father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was the leading lawyer in Maine, and a member of Congress. He went by the name of "the honest lawyer." Mr. Longfellow fitted for college at the Portland Academy, and entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. He graduated in 1825, second in rank in his class. His college life was uneventful; his quiet humor never ran into wild hilarity, nor his genial nature into lawless scrapes. He early gained a fame as a poet. Six months after graduating he was appointed professor of modern languages and literature at his alma mater. While a college student he had written a metrical translation of one of Horace's odes. When a proposal was made in the Board of Trustees to establish a chair of modern languages, the translation was brought forward as sufficient proof of his fitness for the position. Before occupying the new professorship Mr. Longfellow went abroad, and spent three years and a half in studying French, German, Italian and Spanish in their native countries.

Although he was fond of congenial society, and by his tastes was inclined to cultivate it, he never neglected his work. There have been many Americans who have yielded to the fascinations of brilliant company, and have, while abroad, devoted their time to pleasure, and whose letters are filled with fashionable gossip. Mr. Longfellow never lost sight of the purpose for which his European studies were pursued, and on his return to Bowdoin he more than justified the appointment of so young a man to so important a post. His intercourse with students was perfectly simple, frank and gentlemanly, both at Bowdoin and Harvard.

A few years later Mr. Longfellow was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, a position to which he came in 1836, after a sojourn of two years in Europe, and which he held until his resignation, in 1854. Mr. Longfellow's titles were master of arts, from Bowdoin; doctor of laws, Harvard, 1859; Cambridge, England, 1868; and Bowdoin, 1874; doctor of common law, Oxford, 1869. He was a member of the American Antiquarian and of the Maine and Massachusetts Historical Societies, a member of the Historical and Geographical Society of Brazil, a member of the Royal Spanish Academy at Madrid, and a member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

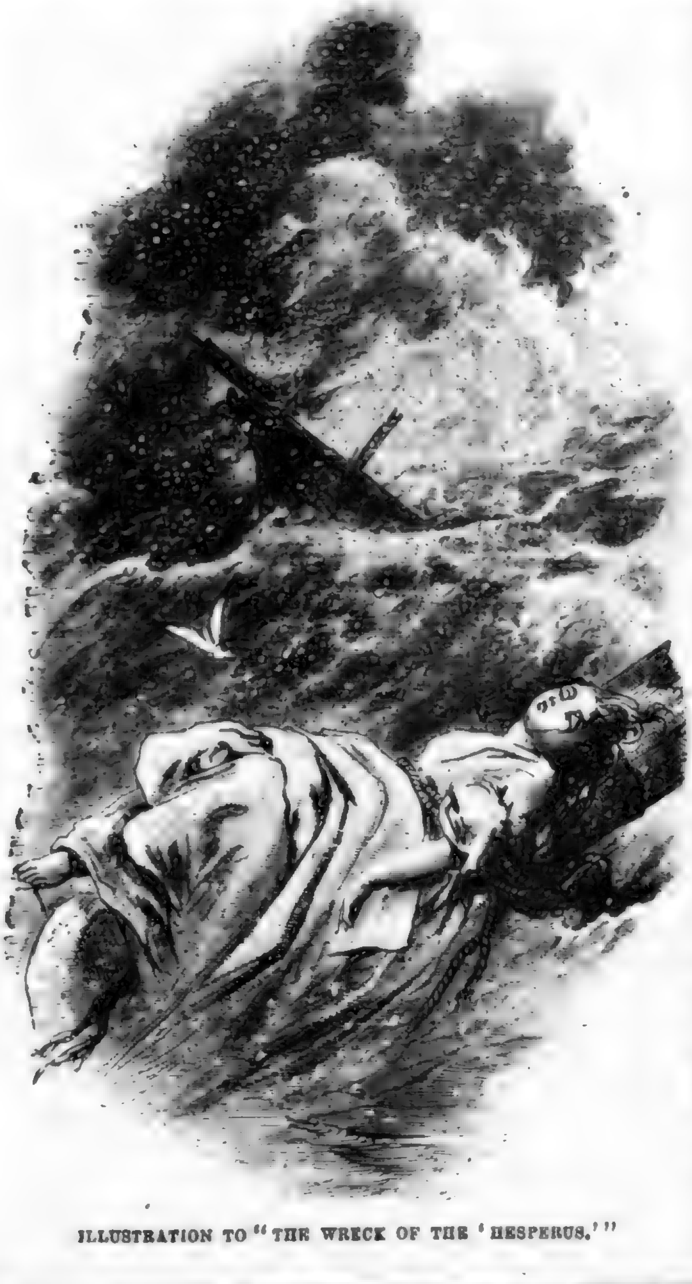


ILLUSTRATION TO "THE WRECK OF THE 'HESPERUS.'"

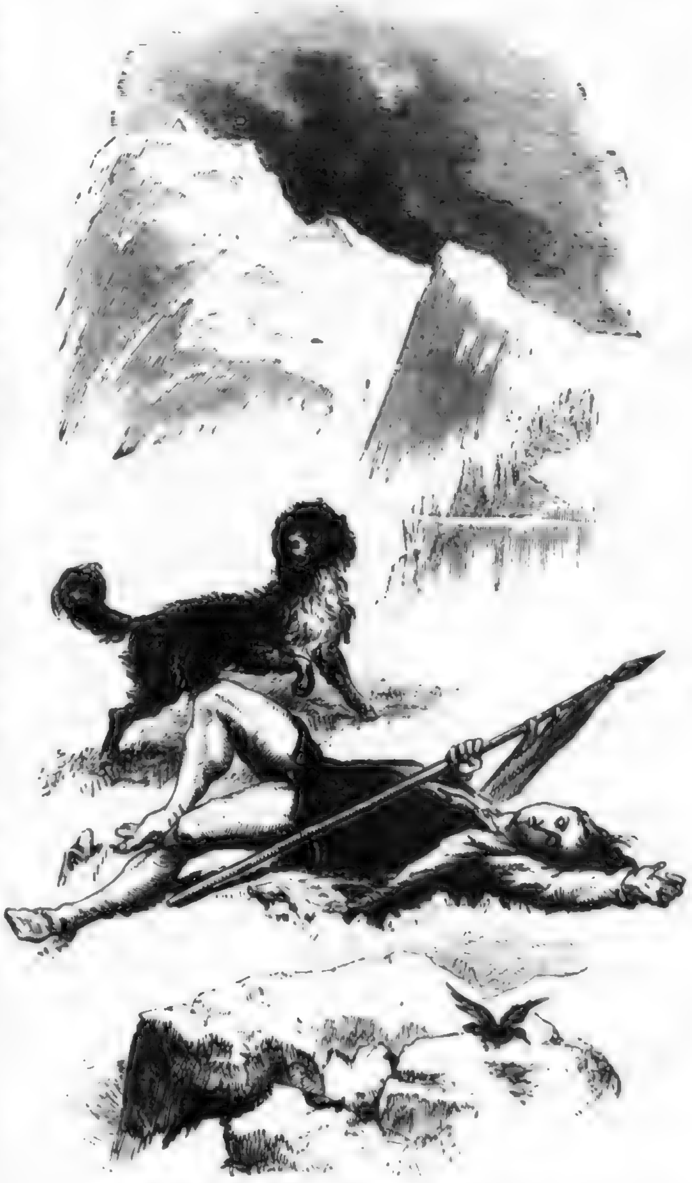


ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR."

Since the time when he became officially connected with Harvard College, he has resided in Cambridge, in the habitation around which cluster many interesting and precious memories. And, just as the hero who occupied that mansion early in the Revolution was "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in like manner was Mr. Longfellow honored in all the land.

In one other respect was he like Washington, and that is in possessing a fully rounded character. Although such persons are, it is thought, not generally appreciated, yet they do win the respect of the community when their characters and lives are examined closely. We have heard an artist say, that if you wish to realize all the beauty of a lovely face, you must study it sufficiently to draw a likeness of it. Then you understand fully all there is which causes you to admire it.

In many respects his life and fame were singular. We doubt if any other man of this day was so well known and respected. The singularity consists in the fact that there was nothing startling in his character or works. Many men attain fame through some event in their career that brings them prominently before the community. In Mr. Longfellow's life there was nothing of this description, and his fame rests on solid foundations. He stands before us like a beautiful building, which presents at first glance perfect symmetry; and when we examine in detail we find still the comparison holds; the beauty is the result of a rare adaptation of means to ends, every column is in proportion—the curious carvings and the stained-glass windows, and all the details of the structure, excite admiration the more as our investigations are thorough.

There have been poets in modern times, and, we suppose, in all ages, whose works have excited momentary attention, who have been the idols of an hour—brilliant writers that flashed like meteors, and like meteors fell to the earth, leaving only blackened masses of shapeless material. There have been men in all the walks of life who have stood forth like pictures shown by the stereopticon, that seemed permanent works of art on the sheet, when yet they were instantly succeeded by others views. But from the time Mr. Longfellow commenced writing, his fame has been steadily increasing. This, we think, is partly due to the character back of the work. He disliked publicity, but was willing to give of the treasures of his intellect and muse to all. The hospitality for which he was noted was not confined to the entertainment of his friends at his genial home; but he gave without stint from the storehouse of his mind those riches which many keep to themselves. We have said that he was universally respected and admired. The more intimately he was known the better he was loved.

He was very fond of children, and was always attentive to them, his patience never failing while entertaining them. On the day when the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge was celebrated, how patiently and kindly he received the children, who fairly besieged him for his autograph, which he gave to them all.

Not many days before Mr. Longfellow's illness set in, two little boys belonging to one of the Cambridge public schools took it into their heads, as we learn from one of their teachers, to go and ask him for his autograph. They were not particularly prepossessing boys, either in appearance or dress; but the poet's door was not found closed. Seated, for aught we know, upon that "ebon throne," which, perhaps, these same two boys had helped to give him, he received his little visitors as if they had been princes in disguise. His autograph was willingly written in their albums, and then he took them through the house—through his own home himself—into the library and the parlor and the dining-room; and when he had shown them the wonders and beauties of the old mansion, he dismissed them courteously at the door with the words that "he should not mind if he had two little boys like them for his own." It was in every way a most lifelike and charateristic act. It was Mr. Longfellow "all over."

A glittering morning in September found the writer *en route* to Cragie House, the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, situated at Cambridge, about three and a half miles from the City of Boston. The lines of the poet had fallen in pleasant places. There is an atmosphere of fascinating repose in the dreamy old-world village, its quaint, dignified homestead, its lordly elms, its venerable tangled greenery—a village in which edifices more than a century old frown reprovingly upon a few small, flippant *parvenu* residences that have sprung up like mushrooms "in the span o' the night"—a village where, at every turn, one expects to encounter ladies of state and dignity attired in mob caps and mittens, or grave old courtiers, be-ruffled, be-wigged and be-sworded. The blood-red finger of Autumn was upon the foliage, and the yellow-leaves clung to the brave old trees oozing the last heart throb of Summer in drops of gold, as we entered the grounds attached to the mansion commonly known by the Bostonians as Washington's House.

This ancient mansion formerly belonged to Colonel John Vassal, by whom it was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is considerably more than a hundred years old, as Colonel Vassal expired in it in 1747. It is supposed that the house was built in the year 1733. After the death of Colonel Vassal his son inhabited it.

At the commencement of the Revolution it was occupied by Hon. Jonathan Sewall, and on the 2d of July, 1775, on the arrival of Washington, it became the headquarters of the great captain. Mrs. Washington, who arrived in Cambridge on the 11th of December of the same year, resided in it during her sojourn in New England. After this it was inhabited by Andrew Cragie, the Apothecary-General of the Northern Army. The house then passed to Thomas Tracy, a nabob, whose servants drank costly wines from carved pitchers. "Spacious times," as the old chronicler words that period of milk and honey. Mr. Tracy was the owner of privateers that scoured the seas, compelling hostile galleons to surrender their sunniest juices, and West Indiamen to disgorge silks, satins, fruits and spices. "Spacious times," of a verity!

In 1792 Andrew Cragie purchased the estate and dwelt in the old hall until his demise in 1819, his widow surviving him until 1841. In 1843 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow became possessor of Cragie House, in which he resided, as he informed the writer, for over forty years. He saw what Washington saw; the same placid meadow-lands, the same undulating horizon, the same calm stream and broad green reaches sloping to the Charles River, with the gentle Milton hills as a background. Talleyrand, periwigged and powdered, has dined at Cragie House, while Edward Everett, Jared Sparks and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, have spent some times within its walls. What a bright page in the history of its country, what a golden link, what a blossoming garland, was the home of our poet!—a home where, soaring in the high regions of his fancy, he was surrounded by the glories of the past, and "wined" in the mellowness of a still more glorious present.

The house stands some little distance back from the street—Mount Auburn Street—in the midst of stately elms, one of which Mr. Longfellow had recently "topped" at the suggestion of Mr. Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, while that high and mighty personage was visiting him. The mansion is of wood, two stories in height, with a high slated roof, from out of which two perky-looking windows peep like a pair of watchful eyes between chimneys that stand up as listening ears. The top of the roof is flat and railed. Four pillars support the façade, while shady verandas stretch upon either side. The house is painted cream color, the pillars white, the sun-blinds bright-green. A flight of steps leads up to the hall-door, upon which a glittering brass knocker disports itself in swaggering brassiness. The hall is square and carpeted. Opposite the door is the staircase, and upon the first landing stands an old Dutch clock, mounted in brass devices, and crowned with a figure of Father Time brandishing his scythe. We paused reverently before this faithful chronicler of the golden hours set in diamond minutes that flash past us on the river of life, mentally repeating Mr. Longfellow's lines:

> "Somewhat back from the village street
> Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
> Across its antique portico
> Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.
> And from its station in the hall,
> An ancient timepiece says to all:
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'"

Two oil-paintings hang upon the walls, one of them representing a monk trudging by the side of a mule laden with firewood. Upon the right hand is the study.

Longfellow's study! The mind becomes filled, as with a subtle essence of the beautiful, at its mere mention. What glorious dreaming, what golden fancying, what glittering weaving has lighted up this inner sanctuary as with dayshine!—great thoughts, great feelings trooping in like angelic visitants upon a sheen of dazzling light. The stream flowing from Mr. Longfellow's soul—deep, calm, beautiful and pure—reflects no shape of ill; evil finds no glancing mirror in its pellucid waters. It may be said, as was written over "poor Goldsmith," *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—he touches nothing that he does not adorn. What tender grace hangs round Mr. Longfellow's creations like a perfume. "Hyperion," whose course is as that of a river wandering at its own sweet will. "Evangeline," simple, earnest, graceful, true—that charming picture of rural life and rural love. "The Golden Legend," that human heart-throb of tenderness and devotion. "Hiawatha," that wondrous song of Indian life, glowing with color and with light. Ballads familiar in our mouths as household words. Songs and sonnets, touching in their earnest purity as the prayers of children. From Longfellow's study has came forth the teeming treasures of his brain as gems from the enchanted cave in the Oriental tale. Longfellow's study! and we paused on the threshold while memory woo'd us with one soft caress laden with the perfume of the poetry of the man into whose presence we were about to enter.

When, after the battle of Bunker Hill, the house was allotted to General Washington as his quarters, the apartment which Mr. Longfellow used as his sanctum was then devoted to the same purpose by the great commander, many of Washington's unpublished letters being indited in this particular room.

We were received by Mr. Longfellow with a high-bred courtesy and that exquisite finish of manner perfect as the *ad unguem* attributed to Phidias. He was seated in the chair, as represented in the drawing, and engaged in the perusal of his new poem, still in its cradle, and not yet known to fame—"Keramos." This poem treats of Keramic or Ceramic art—Mr. Longfellow, out of his scholarship, using the Greek K—and will be published before the coming year. He will not stoop to conquer Wedgewood or Sevres, but will roam at his sweet wild will in magical Idalian iridescence, Egyptian color, and the vivid hues of China—traveling in his weird song from Indus to the Pole. "It is an old love of mine," he said, "and one I wooed in an earlier poem," alluding to the lines upon the colored tiles in the fireplace of the room over our heads, which had been Washington's bedchamber.

The study is square, low-ceilinged and paneled. The fireplace is of the Georgian era, as is also the high wire fender. Bookcases in carved oak, the magic tracery of which would put a Belgian altar-screen—even that of Verbruggen's at Antwerp—to the blush, surround the apartment. These shrines contain a choice collection of choice editions of authors, amongst which we noticed the works of De Quincey, Irving, Bacon, Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Bryon, *et hoc genus omne.* The walls are decorated with two portraits of the poet himself, whose "eye in fine frenzy rolling" is as bright to-day as in the picture of that enthusiastic, yet dreamy-looking, youth of five and twenty. Mr. Longfellow's eye flashed like that of an eagle's, caressed like that of a woman's, and, if he reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye," he was assuredly possessed of a soul-window "like Mars, to threaten and command."

Portraits of Sumner, Emerson, Felton and Hawthorne gaze at the visitor from the walls, Hawthorne's being especially vivid. The future author of the "Scarlet Letter" was a classmate of the poet's, a retiring youth, noted for a peculiarly shaped coat ornamented with brass buttons. Portraits of Washington and his wife, by Schapless, hang over the doorway, while opposite, upon an oaken table, stands a bust of Greene, the historian, by Crawford, and above it a statuette of Dante. A bust of Sheakspeare crowns a bookcase to the right. A high desk is situated near a window, at which the poet occasionally wrote, but not often; while at an open desk, upon a round table in the centre of the apartment, are those glorious soul-whisperings revealed, which vibrate through the hearts of men like strains of music "when soft voices die."

A circular mirror, the fashion of the bygone time, surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, adorns the panel over the fireplace. In the right hand corner, as the visitor enters, stands an old upright clock, but not *the* clock which gives its "Never, for ever" in a dozy, dreamy way. Upon a small table a photograph of the ghost of Hamlet's father, from the piece of sculpture of Thomas Gould, sternly confronts the poet.

"I have some curious and priceless relics here," said Mr. Longfellow, presenting us with the waste-paper basket of "Tommy" Moore, a shaky-looking little straw common thing, just large enough to contain those gilt-edged invitations from double duchesses and lords-in-waiting, which the charming warbler loved to receive.

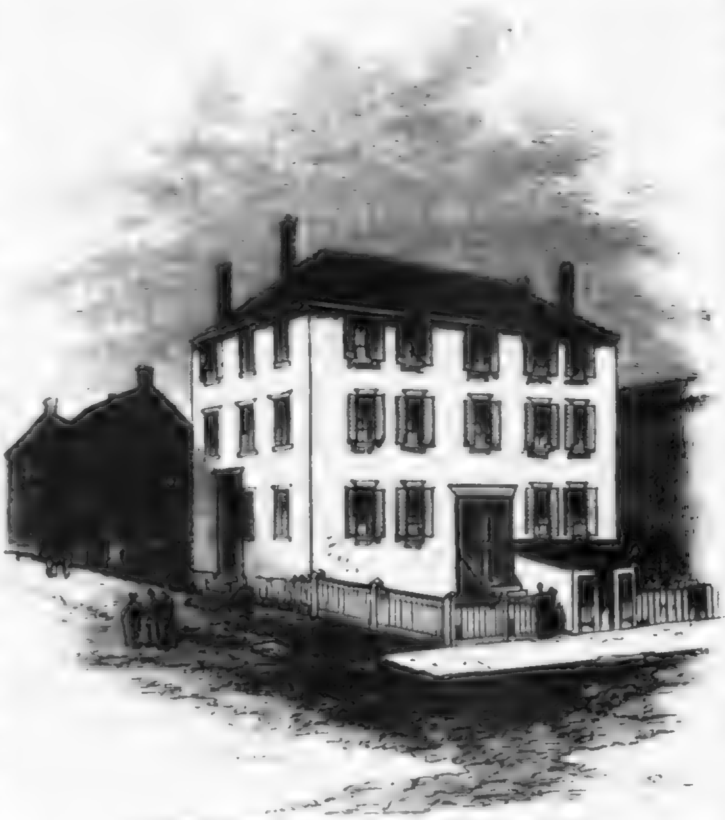
"This is Coleridge's inkstand, presented to me by S. C. Hall," said our host; and, as we gazed upon it, we mused that to this ebon font came the hand that gave the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" to an enraptured world. Mr. Longfellow next showed us a Samian cup from a Brito-Roman tomb excavated in Yorkshire, and an agate vase and mountings chiseled by the marvelous Benvenuto Cellini, a veritable *rara avis in terris.* The centre-table was littered with books, presentations from illustrious authors and fledgelings from trembling, unknown ones. "I always keep Tom Taylor's Breton ballads upon my table," said the poet; "they are exquisitely refreshing. Here are two volumes of a work I am engaged upon, 'Poems of Places.' There is nothing original of mine about this work. Sixteen volumes have been published here and four in England. The poems solely refer to localities. This work also lies near my hand, 'London, its Celebrated Characters and Places,' given me by Mr. Walter, of the *Times.*"

Mr. Longfellow spoke very eulogistically of Tennyson, preferring his "Maude," and purely lyric poems. He considered the last act of Harold intensely dramatic, immensely powerful. He admired much of Browning and much of Swinburne, comparing the latter's gift of word-play to a juggler keeping half a dozen balls in the air, to the awe and astonishment of all beholders. He reveled in Rosetti's translations from the Italian, possessing, as they do, that exquisite finish so dear to the inner heart of the true poet. With the song "La Neige," Mr. Longfellow expressed himself perfectly charmed. Asking Mr. Longfellow what he thought of Byron, "Byron makes the blood leap!" was his reply. "Every poet should be taken at his best, and at his best he should be criticised. Byron, at his best, makes the blood leap."

In reverting to the prose-writers, our host gave the palm to Thackeray, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "I consider that 'Esmonde' is the best written work in English fiction." Of Wilkie Collins's power of weaving a story, Mr. Longfellow spoke admiringly, making special mention of the introduction to "No Name."

The question of copyright having come upon the *tapis*, *apropos* of the burlesque of "Evangeline," which, the poet was glad to learn, possessed no relation to the poem, save in the title of the piece, our host pronounced a very decided opinion with reference to its anomalous position, concluding with: "Copyright is the only property the law does not protect, and one might as well lay down that, after a man's building a house, and enjoying it for a short time, another person is to come in and take possession of it."

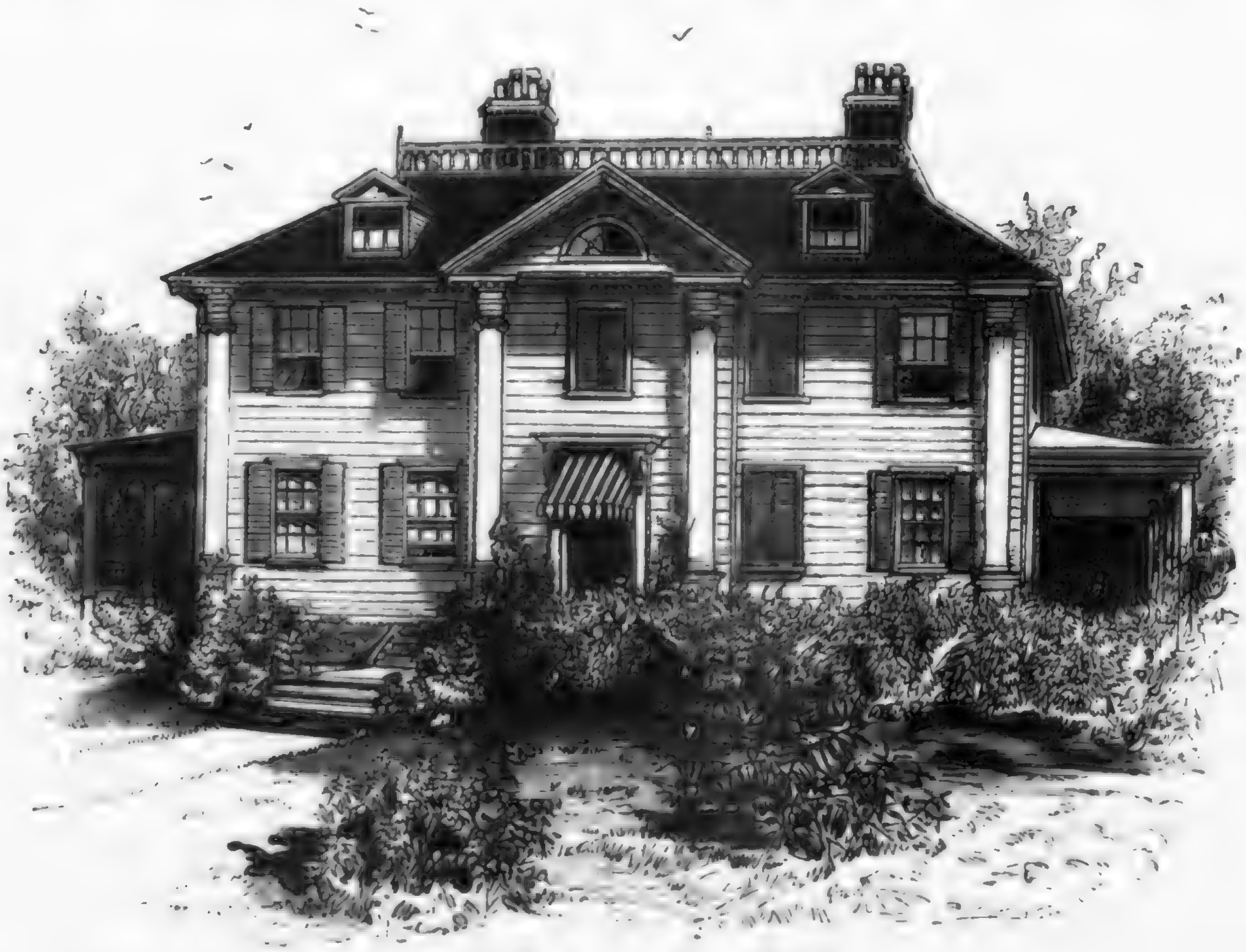
Mr. Longfellow had no preference for any of his own works. "One may have a favorite child," he said, "but it is not so with me. If I possessed any leanings, they might go out toward the 'Golden Legend'; but I place 'Evangeline,' 'Hyperion' and the 'Golden Legend' in the same category. When I read some of the old songs, I recall the special atmosphere in which they were written, and I read them as though I were another man." Having asked him if any of his sonnets were composed under exceptional circumstances, he replied in the affirmative, stating that "The Two Angels" was written upon an occasion of joy and of sorrow, of pleasure and pain—joy, at the birth of his daughter; sorrow, upon the death of the wife of his friend Lowell, now Minister at St. James's.



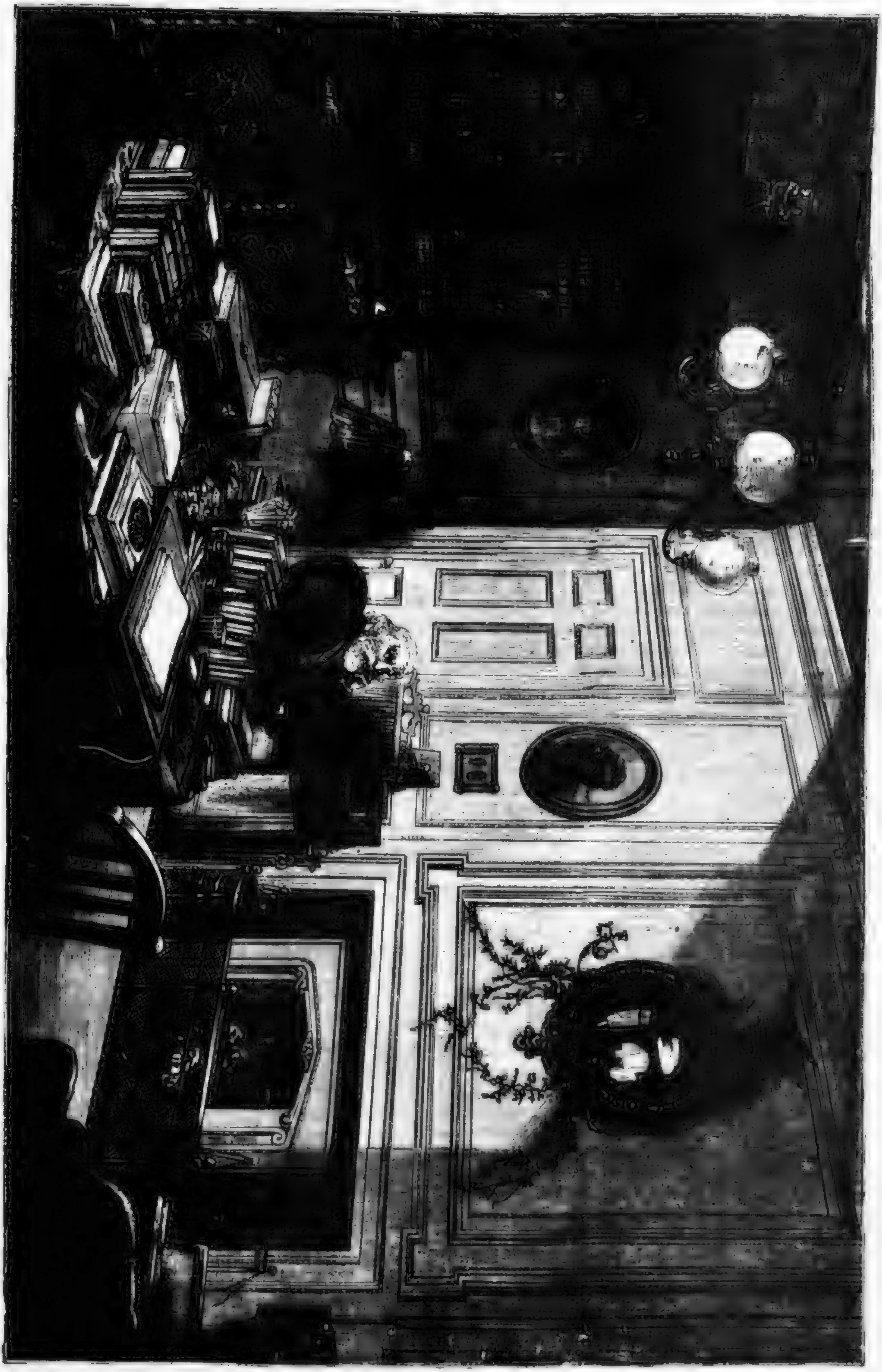
LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Mr. Longfellow was of opinion that no young aspirant to literary fame should marry, unless he be possessed of an independence outside the realms of fiction. Something tangible, which would ease off the corroding anxiety for the Lares and Penates, the wife and child, that eats like a cancer, emasculating brain-work. Uneven writing is the inevitable outcome of struggling authorship—that ghastly conflict between the brain and bread-and-butter. A young *littérateur* should woo wisely and well, and build up a name, together with some weather-protection against the rainy day, ere he plunges into "wedded misery"; for such the poet was pleased to designate the condition of the impecunious *ménage*.

We accompanied Mr. Longfellow through the brave old house, rich in paneling and quaint coignes of vantage. In the library, the chamber formerly occupied by Washington's aides-de-camp, are two illustrations by Birkett Foster of "Hyperion."



LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY.

"I have had the great good fortune," observed our distinguished *cicerone*, "to have my books illustrated by two masters, Gilbert and Birkett Foster, Gilbert doing the figures, Foster the landscapes."

Bookcases are scattered all through the mansion, in halls, in passages, in every available nook, all of the richly carved oak to which their owner was so much attached. In the apartment in which Washington slept the poet wrote "Hyperion," that true romance, that beaker of the wine of youth; also "Voices of the Night." The portrait of a Venetian Senator by Tintoretto, and a likeness of David, challenge attention, especally the former, the flesh tints being still wondrously luminous. A portrait of Liszt, the composer, is also included in Mr. Longfellow's collection.

Fain would we have lingered within the charms of the place, within the spell of the "Autumn fruitage of a mind eminent for the fragrance and luxuriance of its early blossoms, and whose golden Summer has not unbeseemed the promise of its Spring"; but the magic-wove hour had passed, and we were compelled, *bon gré mal gré*, to turn Bostonward.

Before parting Mr. Longfellow pointed out to us the quaint old mansion wherein the Baron Riedeser, commander of the Hessians, and his wife, were prisoners on parole subsequent to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga; also the magnificent old elm beneath which Washington took command of the American army on the 3d of July, 1775.

"The fact is, I hate everything that is violent," said the poet to some friend who had been with him during a thunderstorm, and to whom he was excusing himself for the care with which he had endeavored to exclude from his house the tokens of the storm; and one sees this in his poetry, which is at its highest point when it is most restful, and is never so happy in its soft radiance as when it embodies the spirit of a playful or childlike humility.

"Hiawatha" is generally regarded as the most original of his poems, because the happy nature-myths which best expressed the religious genius of the American Indians appealed to what was deepest in himself, and found an exquisitely simple and harmonious utterance in the liquid accents of his childlike and yet not unstately verse. His material in "Hiawatha" was so fresh and poetical in itself, as well as so admirably suited to his genius, that in his mind it assumed its most natural form, and flowed into a series of chants of childlike dignity and inimitable grace.

The story of Nature has never been told with so much liquid gayety and melancholy—so much of the frolic of the childlike races, and so much of their sudden awe and dejection—as in "Hiawatha." One never takes it up without new delight in the singular simplicity and grace, the artless art and ingenuous vivacity, of that rendering of the traditions of a vanishing race. How simple and childlike Longfellow makes even the exaggerations so often found in these traditions, so that you enjoy, where you might so easily have sneered! How spontaneously he avoids anything like dissertation on the significance of the natural facts portrayed, leaving us the full story and poetry of impersonation, without any attempt to moralize or dilate upon its drift! How exquisitely the account of the first sowing and reaping of the Indian corn, of Hiawatha's revelation of agriculture to his people, is told in his three days' wrestling with Mondamin, in his conquest over him, and the sowing of the bare grain, that the green and yellow plumes of Mondamin may wave again over his grave! And how eerie is the tale of the first warning of spiritual truths, the return of spectres from beyond the grave to warn Hiawatha that for him, too, there are secrets which it will need a higher revelation than his to reveal:

"One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the firelight,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water,
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.
Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the furthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.
From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
'These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!'
Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her;
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.
Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;
Said within himself, 'Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?'
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.
When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, 'They are famished;
Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished.'

* * * *

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering firelight,
Heard a sighing, oft-repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.
From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.
And he said: 'O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?'
Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:
'We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you,
Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.
Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.'"

There you see Longfellow at his best, rendering with a singular mixture of simplicity and dignity legends of which the very essence is a mixture of simplicity and dignity, yet a mixture so rare that the least false note would have destroyed the whole poetry of the tradition.

Longfellow, when his subject suits him, presents it with the simplicity of a really great classic, with all its points in relief, and with nothing of the self-conscious or artificial tone of one who wants to draw attention to the admirable insight with which he has grasped the situation. He can be very conventional, when the subject is conventional. When it is not, but is intrinsically poetical, no one gives us its poetry more free from the impertinences of subjective ecstasy than he.

He was a singularly restful, singularly simple-minded, and—whenever his subject suited him, as in one very considerable and remarkable instance it certainly did—a singularly classical poet, who knew how to prune away every excrescence of irrelevant emotion.

The Massachusetts Historical Society preserve vivid recollections of two charming meetings with their fellow-member, Longfellow. He accepted the membership to which he had been elected in December, 1857. Those who were associates in it twenty-five years ago will recall two signal occasions delightfully associated with his presence and speech. The one was a special meeting to which he invited the Society at his own residence, at Washington's headquarters, in Cambridge, on June 17th, 1858. There was much of charming and instructive interest in the scenes and associations of the occasion, added to the communications made by several members full of historic information freshly related from original sources. The host himself was silent, save as by his genial greeting and warm hospitality he welcomed his grateful guests. The other marked occasion was also at a special meeting of the society, held in December, 1859, at the house of Mr. Sears. The meeting was devoted to tributes of respect and affection for Washington Irving, from many who had shared his most intimate friendship. Mr. Longfellow gave hearty and delicate expression to his regard for Irving, while Everett, Felton, Colonel Aspinwall, Prescott, and Dr. Holmes, contributed their offerings to the memory of that admired author.

We suppose that if the great multitude of readers were to render a decision as to which of Longfellow's poems they most valued, the "Psalm of Life" would command the largest number. This is a brief homily enforcing the great truths of duty and of our relation to the Eternal and Invisible. Next in order would very probably come "Excelsior," a poem that springs upward like a flame and carries the soul up with it in its aspiration for the unattainable ideal. If this sounds like a trumpet-call to the fiery energies of youth, not less does the still small voice of that most sweet and tender poem, "Resignation," appeal to the sensibilities of those who have lived long enough to have known the bitterness of such a bereavement as that out of which grew the poem. Or take a poem before referred to, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and in it we find the history of innumerable households told in relating the history of one, and the solemn burden of the song repeats itself to thousands of listening readers as if the beat of the pendulum were throbbing at the head of every staircase. Such poems as these—and there are many more of not unlike character—are the foundation of that universal acceptance his writings obtain among all classes. But for these appeals to universal sentiment his readers would have been confined to a comparatively small circle of educated and refined readers.

There are thousands and tens of thousands who are familiar with what we might call his household poems who have never read "The Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," "Hiawatha," or even "Evangeline." Again, ask the first schoolboy you meet which of Longfellow's poems he likes best, and he will be very likely to answer, "Paul Revere's Ride." When he is a few years older he might perhaps say, 'The Building of the Ship," that admirably constructed poem, beginning with the literal description, passing into the higher region of sentiment by the most natural of transitions, and ending with the noble climax:

> "Thou, too, sail on, thou ship of state,"

which has become the classical expression of patriotic emotion.

Nothing lasts like a coin and a lyric. Long after the dwellings of men have disappeared, when their temples are in ruins and all their works of art are shattered, the plowman strikes an earthen vessel holding the golden and silver disks on which the features of a dead monarch, with emblems, it may be, betraying the beliefs or the manners, the rudeness or the finish of art and all which this implies, surviving an extinct civilization. Pope has expressed this with his usual Horatian felicity in the letter to Addison on the publication of his little "Treatise on Coins"—

> "A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
> And little eagles wave their wings in gold."

Conquerors and conquered sink in common oblivion; triumphal arches, pageants the world wonders at, all that trumpeted itself as destined to an earthly immortality pass away, the victor of a hundred battles is dust, the parchments or papyrus on which his deeds were written are shriveled and decayed and gone—

> "And all his triumphs shrink into a coin."

So it is with a lyric poem. One happy utterance of some emotion or expression which comes home to all may keep a name remembered when the race to which the singer belonged exists no longer. The cradle-song of Danaë to her infant, as they tossed on the waves in the imprisoning chest, has made the name of Simonides immortal. Our own English literature abounds with instances that illustrate the same fact so far as the experience of a few generations extends. Some of the shorter poems of Longfellow must surely reach a remote posterity, and be considered then, as now, ornaments to English literature. We may compare them with the best short poems of the language without fearing that they will suffer. Scott, cheerful, wholesome, unreflective, should be read in the open air. Byron, the poet of malcontents and cynics, in a prison cell; Burns, generous, impassioned, manly, social, in the tavern hall; Moore, elegant, fastidious, full of melody, scented with the volatile perfume of the Eastern gardens, in which his fancy reveled, is pre-eminently the poet of the drawing-room and the piano; Longfellow, thoughtful, musical, home-loving, busy with the lessons of life, which he was ever studying, and loved to teach others, finds his charmed circle of listeners by the fireside. His songs, which we might almost call sacred ones, rarely, if ever, get into the hymn-books. They are too broadly human to suit the specialized tastes of the sects, which often think more of their differences from each other than of the common ground on which they can agree. Shall we think less of our poet because he aimed in his verse not simply to please, but also to impress some elevating thought on the minds of his readers? The Psalms of King David are burning with religious devotion, and full of weighty counsel, but they are not less valued, certainly, than the poems of Omar Khayam, which cannot be accused of too great a tendency to find a useful lesson in their subject. Dennis, the famous critic, found fault with the "Rape of the Lock" because it had no moral. It is not *necessary* that a poem should carry a moral, any more than that a picture of a Madonna should always be an altar-piece. The poet himself is the best judge of that in each particular case.

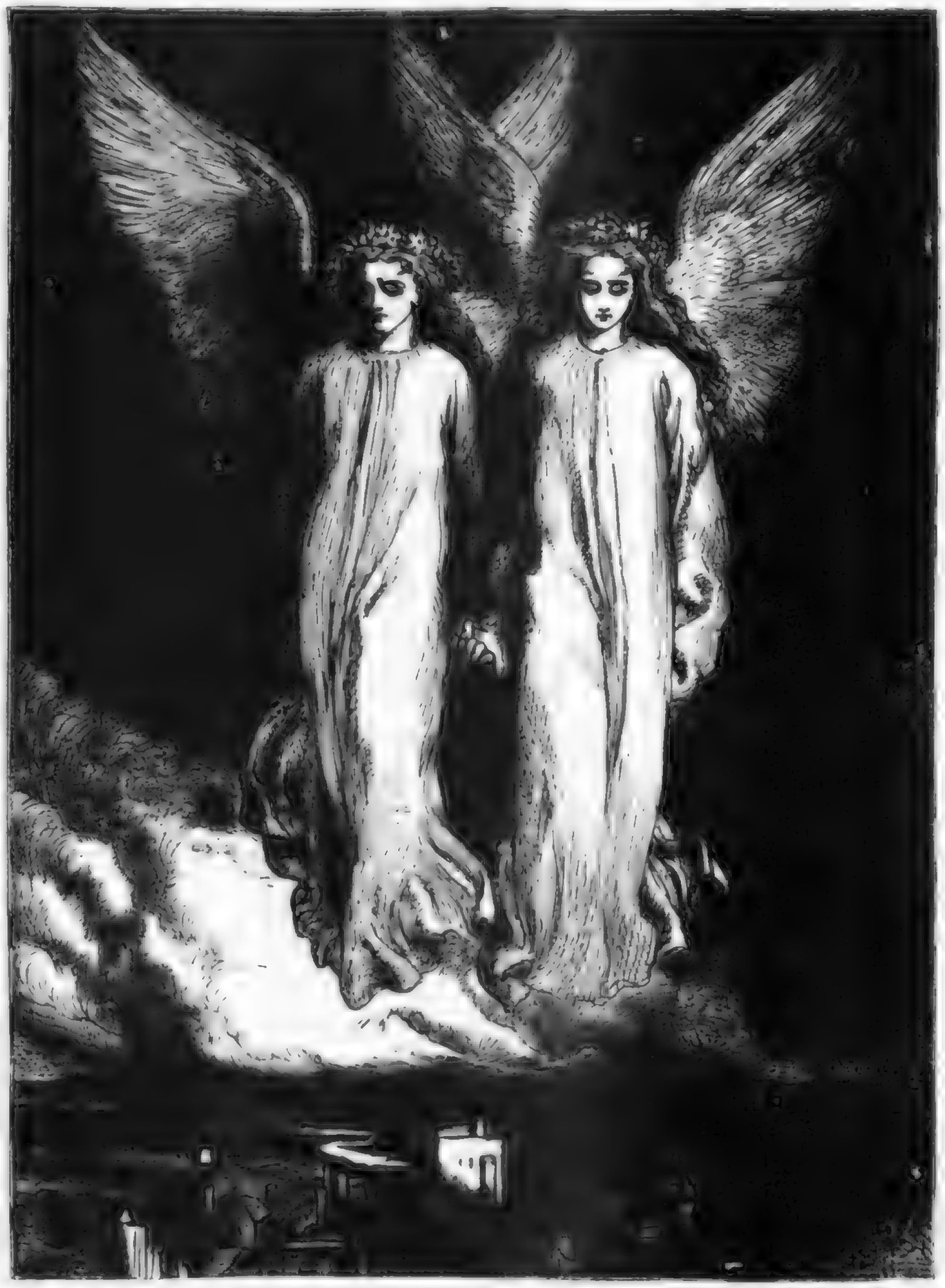


ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM "THE TWO ANGELS."

No poet knew better than Longfellow how to impress a moral without seeming to preach. Didactic verse, as such, is no doubt a formidable visitation, but a cathedral has its lesson to teach as well as a school-house. These beautiful medallions of verse which Longfellow has left us might possibly be found fault with as conveying too much useful and elevating truth in their legends; having the unartistic aim of being serviceable, as well as delighting by their beauty. Let us leave such comment to the critics, who cannot handle a golden coin fresh from the mint without clipping its edges and stamping their own initials on its face.

He has not been untimely taken. His life was "prolonged with many years, happy and famous." Death came to him in good season, or ever the golden bowl was broken, or the pitcher broken at the cistern. Desire had but lately failed. Life was fair to him almost to its end. On his seventy-fourth birthday a little more than a year ago, with his family and a few friends round his dinner-table, he said, "There seems to me a mistake in the order of the years. I can scarcely believe that the four should not precede the seven."

But in the year that followed he experienced the pains and languor and weariness of age. There was no complaint—the sweetness of his nature was invincible.

"On one of the last times that I saw him," says Professor Norton, "as I entered his familiar study on a beautiful afternoon of this past Winter, I said to him, 'I hope this is a good day for you.' He replied, with a pleasant smile, 'Ah! there are no good days now.' Happily the evil days were not to be many."

The accord between the character and life of Mr. Longfellow and his poems was complete. His poetry touched the hearts of his readers because it was the sincere expression of his own. The sweetness, the gentleness, the grace, the purity, the humanity of his verse were the image of his own soul. But beautiful and ample as this expression of himself was, it fell short of the truth. The man was better than the poet.

Intimate, however, as was the concord between the poet and his poetry, there was much in him to which he never gave utterance in words. He was a man of deep reserves. He kept the holy of holies within himself, sacred and secluded. Seldom does he admit his readers to even its outward precincts. The deepest experiences of life are too sacred to be shared with any one whatsoever. "There are things of which I may not speak," he says in one of the most personal of his poems.

> "Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
> Those volumes closed and clasped for evermore?
> Not mine. With reverential feet I pass."

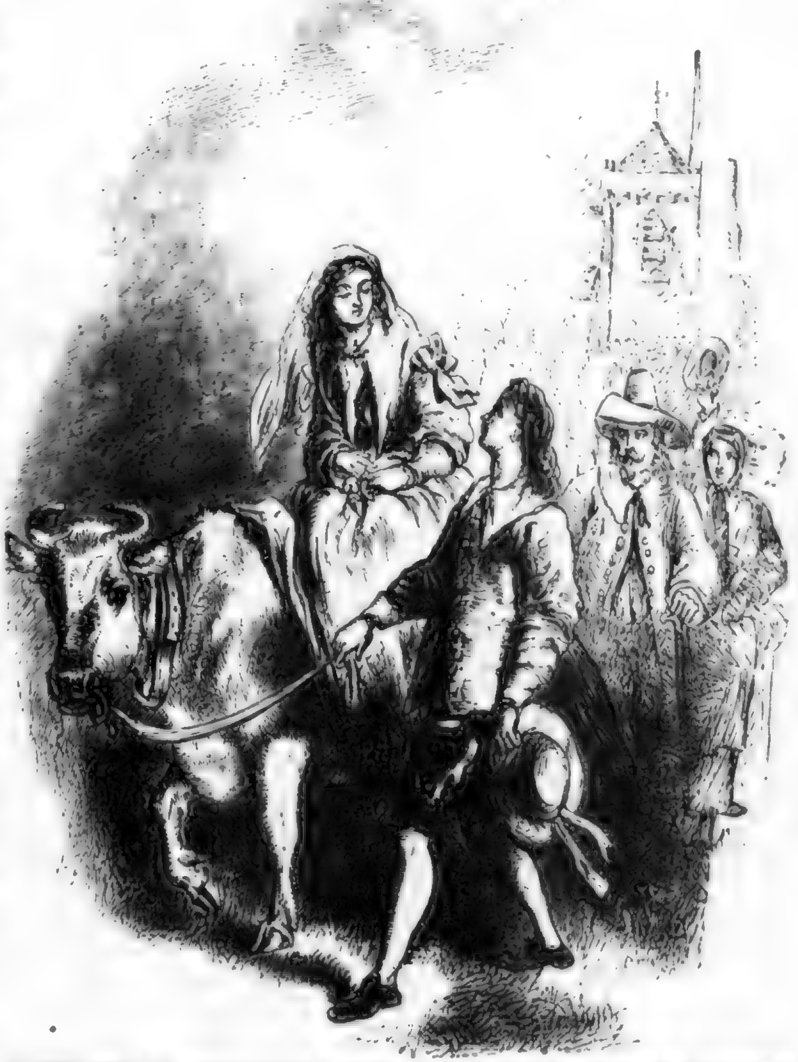


ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH."

It was the felicity of Mr. Longfellow to share the sentiment and emotion of his coevals, and to succeed in giving to them their apt poetic expression. It was not by depth of thought or by original views of nature that he won his place in the world's regard; but it was by sympathy with the feelings common to good men and women everywhere, and by the simple, direct, sincere and delicate expression of them, that he gained the affection of mankind.

LAST SCENE OF LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

He was fortunate in the time of his birth. He grew up in the morning of our republic. He shared in the cheerfulness of the early hour, in its hopefulness, its confidence. The years of his youth and early manhood coincided with an exceptional moment of national life, in which a prosperous and unembarrassed democracy was learning its own capacities, and was beginning to realize its large and novel resources; in which the order of society was still simple and humane.

He became, more than any one else, the voice of this epoch of national progress, an epoch of unexampled prosperity for the masses of mankind in our New World, prosperity from which sprang a sense, more general and deeper than had ever before been felt, of human kindness and brotherhood. But even to the prosperous, life brings its inevitable burden. Trial, sorrow, misfortune, are not to be escaped by the happiest of men. The deepest experiences of each individual are the experiences common to the whole race.

And it is this double aspect of American life—its novel and happy conditions, with the genial spirit resulting from them, and at the same time its subjection to the old, absolute, universal laws of existence—that finds its mirror and manifestation in Longfellow's poetry. He was a national poet in the fullest sense, and therefore a universal poet.

No one can read his poetry without a conviction of the simplicity, tenderness, gentleness and humanity of the poet. And those who were his friends know how these qualities shone in his daily conversation. Praise, applause, flattery—and no man ever was exposed to more of them—never touched him to harm him. He walked through their flames unscathed, as Dante through the fires of purgatory. His modesty was perfect. He accepted the praise as he would have accepted any other pleasant gift—glad of it as an expression of goodwill, but without personal elation. Indeed, he had too much of it, and often in an absurd form, not to become at times weary of what his own fame and virtues brought upon him. But his kindliness did not permit him to show his weariness to those who did but burden him with their admiration. It was the penalty of his genius, and he accepted it with the pleasantest temper and a humorous resignation. Bores of all nations, especially of our own, persecuted him. His long-suffering patience was a wonder to his friends. It was, in truth, the sweetest charity. No man was ever before so kind to these moral mendicants. One day Professor Norton ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of the persecutions of one of the worst of the class, who to lack of modesty added lack of honesty—a wretched creature—and when the professor had done, he looked at him with a pleasant, reproving, humorous glance, and said, "Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?" It was enough.

He was the most gracious of men in his own home; he was fond of the society of his friends, and the company that gathered in his study or round his table took its tone from his own genial, liberal, cultivated and refined nature.

On the Sunday previous to his departure he strolled upon the piazza to enjoy the open air. The rawness of the March winds affected him with chillness which brought on an attack of vomiting in the evening. Sunday night he slept under the influence of opiates, and was more comfortable on Monday. On Monday evening his malady assumed a dangerous character, yet after that he again rallied. An increase of inflammation Thursday night induced partial unconsciousness, which recurred at intervals Friday morning. With a return of consciousness he knew his end was near. Pain was now nearly absent. He talked very little, and for an hour before death became again unconscious. He died easily and peacefully, surrounded by his family.

"His soul to Him who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the (poet's) sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

Funeral services were held at the Longfellow mansion on Sunday afternoon. The remains were laid in a plain casket covered with broadcloth embossed with black ornaments. On the top were placed two long palm-leaves crossed, and the casket was encircled with a rim of the passion-flower vine, bearing the beautiful blossom. The silver plate had this inscription:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BORN, FEBRUARY 27, 1807.

Died, March 24, 1882.

The brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, conducted the services, making a short prayer and reading the following selections from Mr. Longfellow's poems. The first selection was from the "Golden Legend":

"Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the croaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it."

The second selection was the poem entitled "Suspiria":

"Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

"Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves.

"Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!"

The third selection was:

"All is of God! If he but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messenger to shut the door?"

His verse, his fame, are henceforth the precious possessions of the people whom he loved so well. They will be among the effective instruments in shaping the future character of the nation. His spirit will continue to soften, to refine, to elevate the hearts of men. He will be the beloved friend of future generations as he has been of his own. His desire will be gratified—

"And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times, beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you,
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting."

A STRANGE BETROTHAL.

BY M. C. HUNGERFORD.

THERE was not, in all of Galshielshire, a sweeter, bonnier lass than Alice Browne. So thought John Carr in his secret heart, as he toiled up the hill upon whose crown she stood like a young queen, waiting for him, and watching his slow ascent with none of the lovelight in her eyes that would once have bid him bound like a deer to her side. Faithless in act had he been to her, and unworthy of her loving he knew himself to be; but his soul acknowledged her superiority to all other women, and he thrilled with the fear of losing her, as he furtively read her calm, disdainful face.

It was a distant greeting that passed between the two when at last they were together, and then, for a while, there was uncomfortable silence. He would rather have borne reproaches from her than this scornful, expressive dumbness; and beneath the coldness of her clear, accusing eyes he shrank, and found himself unable to utter the fair words of explanation he had flattered himself would make all smooth between them again. All the winsome speeches, coined before he met her, flew from his mind now in her stern presence; but silence was endurable no longer, so, with averted eyes, he broke into a blundering, shamefaced attempt at apology for the conduct which had vexed her.

"I am not vexed," said Alice, with slow coldness.

"My own true lass!" exclaimed John Carr, springing to her side, with the gloom lifting swiftly from his face.

"Nay," she commanded, restraining him by a gesture, as he would have taken her in his arms. "If ye cannot see without telling that things are not the same between us two, then I must say some words to you that happen ye'll care little to hear."

"I was hoping you had forgiven me, Alice," said her lover, humbly enough.

"And why should I forgive you?"

"Only because of the goodness that is in you. But come, Alice, lass," John continued, pleadingly, "dinnot be so hard on a first transgression. I cannot let you say all's over between us, if that is what you mean, till you've given me another chance."

"Listen to me, John," said the girl, drawing her little young figure up to its full height and speaking, this time more sadly than coldly, "I am not vexed nor angered with you, but oh! so grieved, so grieved. I am not blaming you, either. It was my own blindness that could not see you were not what I thought you. I think I must have believed you were just what I used to wish you to be, and it's a sore thing now to feel I was mistaken."

"But let me explain," interrupted John. "Must I be condemned without even a hearing, just because of a little flirting that I don't say was quite right with that sly Jennie Inglis, who's always thrusting her bold face in a fellow's sight. Supposing I did wear her bit of a blue ribbon in my coat at the fair, 'twas herself pulled the snood from her hair and tied it upon me, daring me to leave it be till the night was out. I meant nothing by it, and last night I took her home from the singing-school because it did not seem like a civil thing in a man to leave a poor lassie to wend off alone through the trees."

"She might have bided in if she saw no way to get home again without calling one out of his way to take her there," said the other, with some asperity "I 'am not blaming you for giving protection to any woman that needs it; neither was it a great walk for you; but there's been plenty to tell me that it was near to dawn before you came back from that little walk."

"There's aye plenty to fling a stone at poor Jennie," said John, reddening; "and your gossips maybe told you more than there was to tell."

"I'm not heeding what they told me. I think no worse of Jennie or of you now than when I met you with her last Sunday at dusk, winding the pretty rings of her hair whilst you listened to her lilting with the same smile on your face that was very dear to me till I saw it given to another."

"I wish I'd never seen her foolish face or listed to her senseless chatter," said John, angrily.

"Don't abuse the girl. She only follows her nature, and I think," said Alice, reflectively, "that you follow yours. I am not angered or jealous, as you seem to think, and I forgive you freely."

"Then why will you break your troth? Try me once more, and let all go on as it was before," urged John, eagerly.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nay, I must break it, for all the old love in my heart for you is dead; and when I sent for you, John Carr, it was to tell you so, and to give you these."

She laid in his hand as she spoke a little packet which held the few trinkets he had given her. A silver thimble, a little gold ring, a knot of scarlet ribbons—they had lain on her breast—and the half of a broken sixpence—he knew where its mate was biding.

Even if her words had not told him of a decision from which there was no appeal, the returned gifts would have signified that their love-story was over.

Deep down in his heart was he sorry with such sorrow as became a man who loses a woman like Alice Browne. Perhaps he could not have analyzed the feeling that made him stand with the unfolded packet in his hand, gazing after her with no attempt to follow, as she walked slowly away from him down the hillside to the river-bank where her homeward path lay.

No vain regrets for the past, or mourning over a broken dream, made Alice neglectful of duty; bravely she went on in the dull routine of her daily life, in the little cottage where she lived alone with her grandmother.

Prying eyes that watched her closely saw her grow paler, sadder, and more slender, and gossiping tongues said that she wore the willow for a lover that had played her false.

She let them talk, but kept her secret well, and none ever knew that she herself had given her trothplight back to John Carr, and set him free unasked.

All day the ceaseless hum of her spinning-wheel drowned her sad thoughts, but in the gloaming, while granny dozed peacefully within the room, a strange loneliness used to fall upon Alice as she sat alone upon the little porch, mourning for her lost love, perhaps, but not for her lost lover. Having found her idol clay of the meaner sort, he could hold his place in her heart no longer.

Before John Carr had won the heart he knew so little how to value, Stephen Grahame had loved Alice with a steadfast devotion that he humbly waited for fitting opportunity to tell of. Loyally, then, he buried the secret of his love in his own breast when his friend bade him wish him joy—prayed honestly for their happiness, and strove to conquer his hopeless love.

When he saw the careless lover's fickle fancy caught by Jennie's pretty, foolish face, he was too noble to feel a throb of joy and hope that Alice might still be left for him, but rather a strong pang of sympathy for the sorrow that he knew would be hers when she discovered the unworthiness of her lover.

He never knew exactly when the revelation came, but that she was no longer plighted to his friend her looks and actions told him plainly. Then, most unobtrusively, after a time, he offered her humble, quiet attentions that were almost unconsciously accepted.

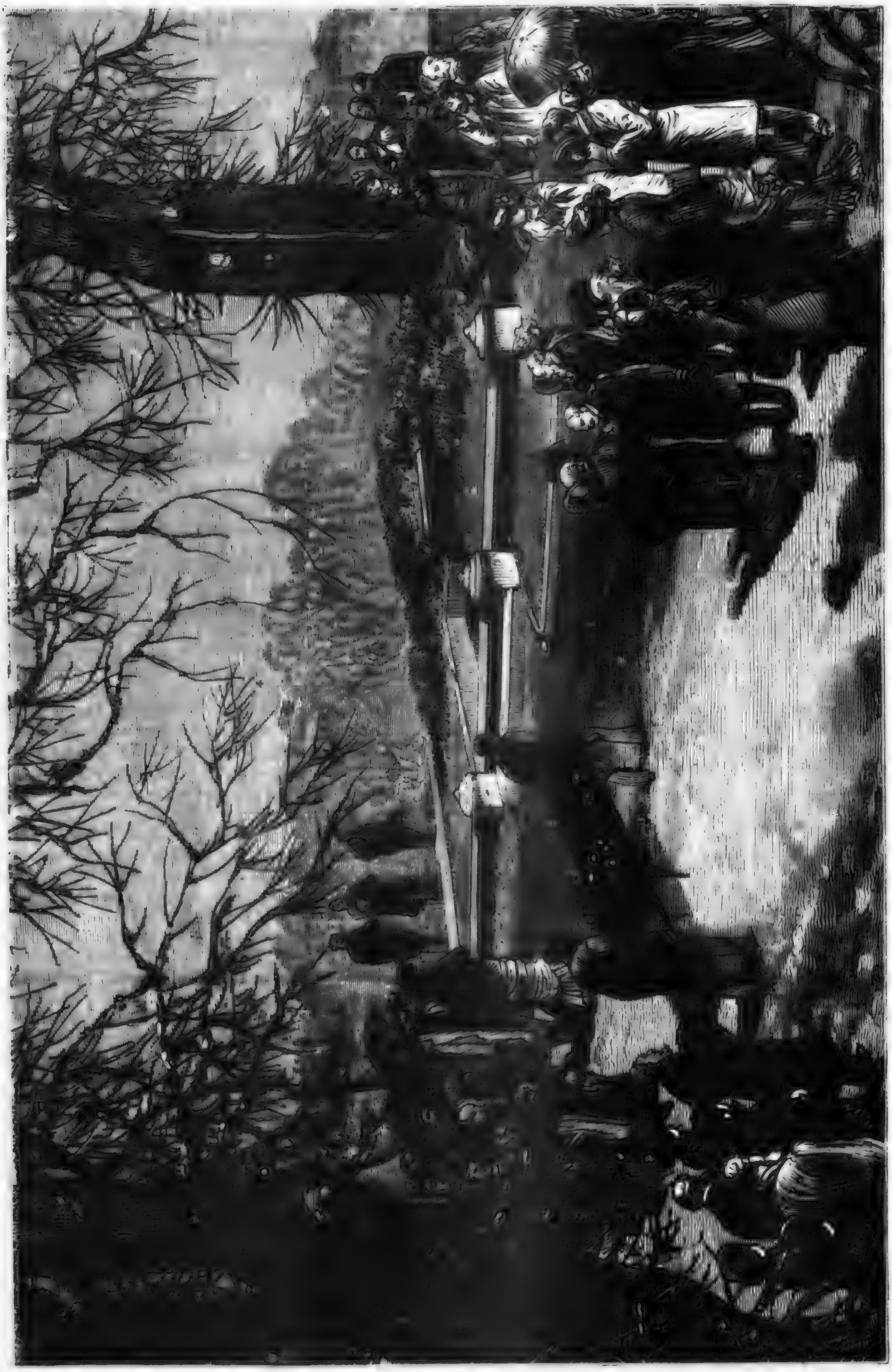
She did not even know that she watched for him, but the evenings when he came not to linger by the porch after some small errand invented for an excuse, grew to be the saddest and dullest of all. He spoke at last, too soon, one wiser in that strange study—the heart of woman—might have told him; but his own heart drove him on, and he told her of the long-repressed love that he had borne for her since the time when he, a great boy then, had seen her with her pale, sick mother, who came home to die and leave her poor, pretty girl-bairn to old grandmother's care.

It was a sore pain to Alice then that she could give no hope to this fond true lover, who only asked leave to have her for his wife if she could even bear the constant sight of him, and would trust to time and the fervor of his own devotion to win some small return at last.

But she told him sadly and frankly, that although she knew she had wasted her love on an unworthy object, her heart was dead within her, and never again could it quicken to love or lover.

* * * * * * *

Blithely dawned the day of Selkirk Fair, which also was to be the wedding-day of John Carr and Jennie Inglis;

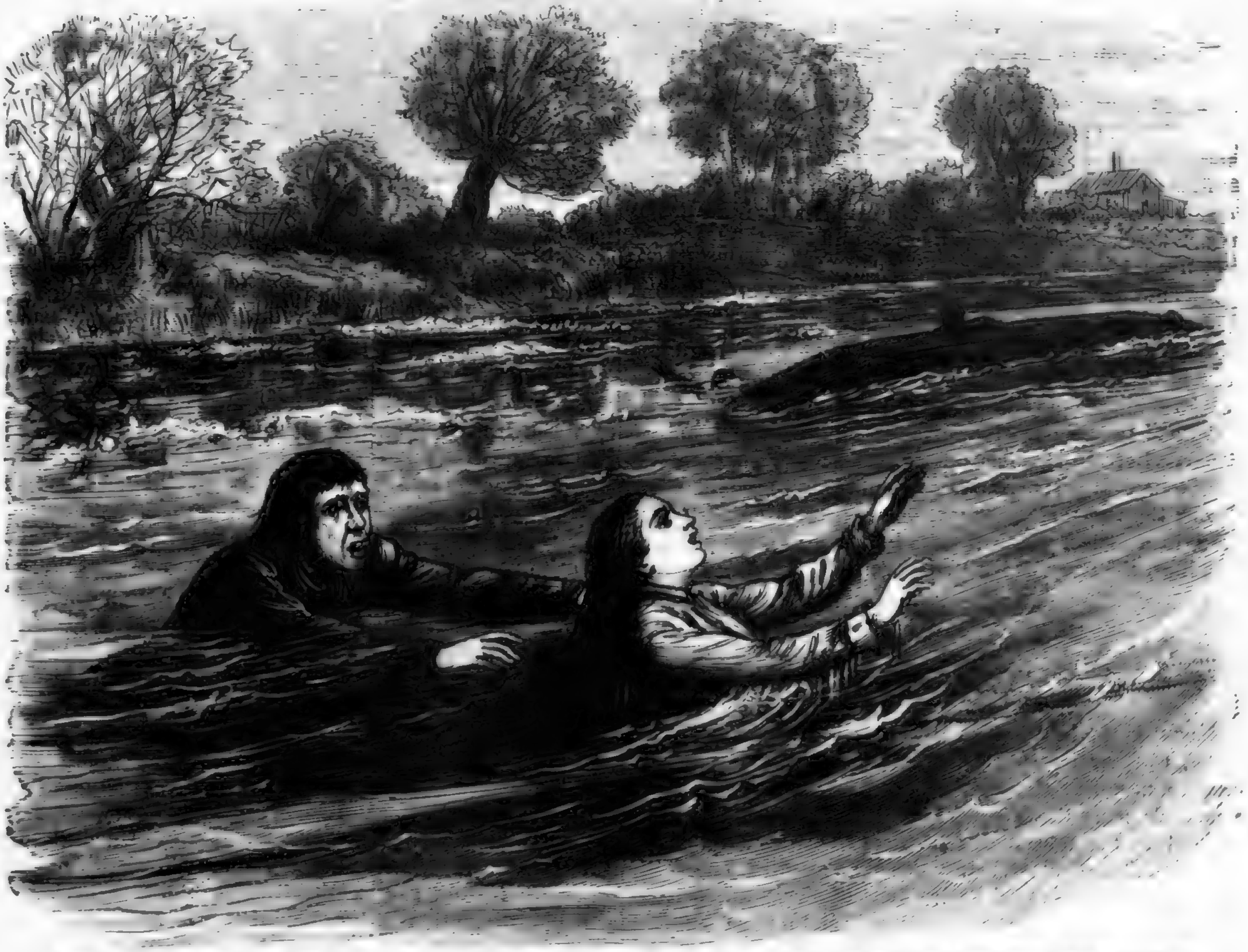


LONGFELLOW.—THE POET LAID TO REST IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—SEE PAGE 740.

and it came none too soon, said evil-tongued Rumor, to save the light-headed bride's fair fame. Fair was the weather, but such goes aye before mirk say those who ken the sky.

After the noon, black blotches of storm-clouds began to scud across the heavens, and innocent-looking cloudlets that were white and fleecy as lamb's wool when the sun was high, knitted themselves together and hung low and threatening in inky blackness as it sank below the hills. The day that began so fairly would end in storm; and it behooved the Selkirk people to be stirring if they would sleep at home that night.

Alice Browne left the scene of festivity early and alone. Her life of late had been much within herself; and now, having come out to give the lie to the unkind story that she was dying of a broken heart, she was glad of an excuse to escape from the curious eyes that watched her.



A STRANGE BETROTHAL.—"THE FRAGILE VESSEL CAPSIZED, AND THOSE SO LATELY FULL OF RECKLESS MERRIMENT WERE BATTLING FOR LIFE IN THE BLACK, SWIFT-RUNNING CURRENT."—SEE PAGE 750.

"Is it safe to cross?" she asked the ferryman, as she glanced timidly at the formidable waves that raged against the bank.

"Ay, safe enough," was the answer. "With no weight than thine, the little boat will skim over as dry as a gull."

Alice seated herself in the stern, and the boatman feathered his oars for his task.

"Hold, man, hold!" cried a breathless voice. "Wait, can't ye? Here's a dozen more fares for ye!"

Another moment and John Carr, with his wedding-party, were in the boat, in spite of the ferryman's protestations against the overloading.

"Light hearts are light weight," laughed they, and the last-comer, as he sprang in, shot the receding boat far out from the shore.

Alice, muffled in her cloak, passed unrecognized, as she wished, by the gay party, who sang, jested and frolicked as if they were still on the fair-ground, tossing off the overstrong brew, and not separated only by a frail plank from the fiercely raging flood.

"Sit still for your lives!" shouted the boatman, sternly, as his little craft, laden to the water's edge, quivered from stem to stern with the strain of their movements.

Too late the warning. Even while the words of alarm fell unheeded upon their ears, the fragile vessel capsized, and those so lately full of reckless merriment were battling for life in the black, swift-running current.

Besides Alice, there had been one other silent member of the ill-starred party, like her—with them, but not of them. He, as he rose to the surface after the first sudden plunge, struck out with strong arms to gain an oar which floated near. A fortunate wave tossed it within his reach, and he had extended his arm to seize it when a hand grasped his wrist with paralyzing clutch.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, too manly even in the grasp of death to shake her off, "if you cling to me we are both lost."

"Farewell, then, Stephen," said the gentle voice of Alice Browne, as she instantly loosened her hold upon his arm, only to find herself seized upon, as Stephen recognized her voice at the first syllable.

"God help you, Alice! are you here? Hold fast, my darling! I will save you, or perish with you."

"Come life or come death, I will cling to you," said Alice, gaspingly.

He moved her hands to a position where her weight would hamper him the least, and, nerved by the new hope that sank into his heart, struck out bravely, and fought with the black flood for her dear life and his. Again the oar was dashed within his reach, and, with its support, by vigorous effort, gained the shore in safety with his precious burden.

The rescued pair sank exhausted upon the bank, with hearts united in a mute prayer of thankfulness.

The silence that fell upon them Alice broke by saying, as she raised her solemn, beautiful eyes to his:

"I thought never to wed, Stephen, but the words spoken while the death-agony was upon me, I will not take back with the first breath of life, that is so much sweeter now than before I was so nigh to losing it. I will, indeed, cling to you in life as I did just now in the death-struggle."

There is no need to tell that the outstretched hand was not refused, and the betrothal of the rescued on the bank was consummated later in the holy kirk.

John Carr and his bride rest together; their nuptial couch is of sedge, and the Tweed ever murmurs restlessly above them. The children of Alice and Stephen Grahame yet live; but the head of the youngest is frosted with the snows of age.

Never was a happier marriage than theirs, and often was it spoken of in the country round as "the good that comes by chance." Chance, however, is but the way in which some people spell Providence.

The ferry has long since given place to a bridge. Where it landed of old stands a simple stone cross, the cenotaph of the hapless party whose bodies never were found.

Ask the villagers its origin, and some old crone to tell you, in a dialect which it were hopeless to attempt to reproduce, the story of the "Strange Betrothal."

A PIECE OF AMBER.

By F. W. Rudler, F.G.S.

Nothing would seem to be easier than to decide, offhand, whether any natural object which happens to fall under our notice should be classed in the animal, in the vegetable, or in the mineral kingdom. Yet the student of natural science soon finds that these so-called "kingdoms of nature," instead of being sharply separated, one from another, are surrounded by frontiers of a very unscientific character. The wall that was supposed to form an impassable barrier turns out, upon close inspection, to be the frailest possible fence, which, with the advance of knowledge, has to be broken down first at one point and then at another. So intimate is the connection between the animal and vegetable worlds, that it occasionally becomes a nice question to determine whether a given organism should find its place in the one sphere or the other, or should not rather occupy a neutral border-land between the two.

But surely no such difficulty can possibly arise in the case of minerals! In the mineral world we come in contact with bodies which not only have never possessed life, but, so far as we can judge, have been produced without the operation of any living agency. Nevertheless, the mineralogist is not altogether free from embarrassment. Like the zoologist and the botanist, he finds it impossible to draw a hard and fast line around the objects of his study, and there are times when he is perplexed to know whether he should, or should not, include a given substance in the mineral kingdom. Take, for instance, a piece of *amber*. Is it to be called a mineral or not?

A piece of amber is so familiar an object that it is needless to occupy a single line in describing its appearance or its properties. If we have not often seen the amber in its rough state, we at least know it well enough when worked into ornamental forms. The string of amber beads, or the mouthpiece of the meerschaum pipe, will furnish specimens to be found in almost every household. So beautiful a substance is naturally claimed as an ornamental stone by all writers upon gems; it is described in our standard treatises on mineralogy, and it figures in every mineralogical system. Moreover, in some parts of the world the amber is dug out of the earth, and even systematically mined for, just as any other mineral substance might be worked. All this looks very much as though we should be justified in regarding amber as a true mineral. And yet it needs but a slight examination of the body to suggest that the relations of amber lie rather among vegetable products than in the mineral world.

If we are in doubt about the nature of any given substance, the safest course is to look for some other substance, of known origin, which resembles it so closely that a comparison may be fairly made between the two bodies. In this way we may be able to argue from that which is known to that which is unknown, and such an argument from analogy is perfectly legitimate in any scientific inquiry. Let us, then, seek for some amber-like substance, of whose nature and origin we really do know something, in order that our knowledge of this body may throw light upon the history of a piece of amber.

When it is required to produce an imitation of amber, the manufacturer does not substitute any other mineral substance, or even a piece of yellow glass, but he has recourse to some of those resinous bodies which are brought into this country for the use of the varnish-maker. The favorite substitute for amber is either *copal* or *gum animé*. Samples of these bodies may be obtained at any drysalter's, and on placing them by the side of a piece of amber the similarity is unmistakable. In color and lustre, in transparency and refractive power, in hardness and density, they run so close together that it often requires a good judge to distinguish between them, especially if the specimens happen to be polished. The amber, it is true, is rather harder, and less brittle, so that it is more easily worked in the lathe; but such differences escape superficial observation.

Moreover, these resinous substances agree with amber in being fusible and combustible bodies, and in being capable of solution in the same liquids. Amber varnish, for example, may be made by dissolving amber in hot oil and oil of turpentine; and in like manner copal varnish may be made with the same solvents. Again, the chemist finds on analysis that the amber, the copal and the animé have, speaking broadly, the same ultimate composition. All these bodies contain only the three elements called carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—elements which are not characteristic constituents of minerals, but are, on the contrary, extremely common in vegetable products.

In fact, the copal and the animé are known to be resinous bodies which have exuded from certain trees. In many parts of the world the formation of these bodies may be witnessed in the forests, just as the exudation of gum from a plum-tree may be witnessed in our own garden. Knowing, then, the vegetable origin of copal, we may fairly suspect a similar origin for amber. And this suspicion is converted into something like certainty when we examine the subject more narrowly.

On looking over a large number of pieces of amber, we may occasionally find one which incloses fragments of vegetable matter, such as a bit of bark or a morsel of a leaf. Some fine examples of these vegetable inclosures are represented in Fig. 2. More frequently, however, the included bodies are the remains of insects and spiders, sometimes in a singularly beautiful state of preservation. A few typical forms are shown in Fig. 3.

The "fly in amber" has come to be a proverbial expression, and has furnished the poet with many a metaphor. How such an object got into the amber is not more puzzling than the famous problem as to how the apple got inside the dumpling. The enigma is immediately solved by examining a number of pieces of copal and animé, for in some of these we may be sure to find inclosures of almost the same kind. In the case of these resins, it is clear that the substance when in a liquid state flowed over the surface of the tree from which it was exuded, and having entangled any little insect which happened to be within reach, slowly hardened around it, and thus sealed it up in a delicately-tinted, transparent shrine. Exactly the same kind of action explains the origin of the flies in amber. They likewise must have been entrapped when the enveloping substance was in a liquid condition; and we infer that the liquid amber when first poured out must have been of a tolerably thin consistency, since it has allowed the most delicate parts of the insect to be preserved in an almost uninjured condition. The occasional presence of a wing or a joint of the leg at some distance from the body of the insect tells of the hopeless struggle which the imprisoned creature must have made to free itself from the viscous medium in which it was destined to be entombed.

So plentiful are such organic remains in association with some of our modern resins, that animé is said to have obtained its name from this circumstance; *gum animé* being an animated gum. Incidentally it may be remarked that the term *gum* should be restricted to such bodies as are soluble in water, or are at least softened by it, while the term *resin* is reserved for those bodies which are not affected by water. Many natural exudations are mixtures of substances belonging to the two classes, and are therefore termed *gum-resins.* If the natural resin, as it flows from the tree, be mixed, not with gum, but with oil, the product is then known as a *balsam.*

It thus appears that resinous exudations are not necessarily definite chemical compounds, but are to be regarded, in most cases, as mixed bodies of variable composition. Such, too, is the case with amber. A careful chemical study of this material shows that, so far from being a simple resin, it contains two or three distinct kinds of resinous bodies, with a small proportion of certain other constituents, such as an acid called succinic acid.

One of these resins, however, is dominant, forming nearly nine-tenths of the amber, and this principal constituent has been isolated by Professor Dana as a distinct mineral species to which he has given the name of *succinite.* The amber itself cannot in strictness be regarded as a true species, inasmuch as it is a mixed body, and the scientific notion of a mineral species carries with it the idea of homogeneity, or uniformity of composition. A mixture of minerals is, generally speaking, a *rock*, and not a *mineral species.*

Succinum, from which the specific term "succinite" is derived, was the Latin word for amber, and this alone is sufficient to show that even the Romans connected it with *succus*, the juice or sap or exudation of a tree. In fact, the occurrence of organic remains enveloped in amber was much too striking a fact to be overlooked by any one who had much to do with the material, while the significance of these remains was easily understood, even by unscientific observers. Pliny's account of the origin of amber is sufficiently accurate, and even the myths of the ancient poets are not altogether destitute of foundation. According to the Greek legend, amber was the petrified tears shed by the sisters of Phaeton, who were transformed into poplar-trees while bewailing their brother's death. The idea of a vegetable exudation evidently lies at the root of this legend.

Although several resins closely resembling amber are produced at the present day, it can scarcely be said that any true amber is now in course of formation. The trees which yielded amber flourished during part of the Tertiary period, but have long since become extinct. The resinous substance which they produced became embedded in the earth, and in course of time gradually hardened; hence amber is best described as a *fossil resin.* Literally, the term "fossil" signifies something which is "dug up," the word being derived from the Latin verb *fodio*, "to dig." It was accordingly used by old writers to designate anything in the shape of a mineral substance, such as a piece of iron-ore; but in modern science the term has become conveniently restricted to denote the remains of some organism, dug out of the earth in a more or less mineralized condition, and generally representing some form of life which has become extinct. We speak, for example, of a fossil shell or a fossil coral, and in like manner we may refer to amber as a fossil resin. Such fossil resins, notwithstanding their organic origin, are admitted by courtesy into the mineral kingdom. They mark the meeting-point where the mineralogist and the botanist stand on common ground.

Mineralogists are acquainted with a large series of fossil resins, but amber is the only one of any commercial importance. Thus, during the excavations for Highgate Archway, there was found in the London clay a honey-yellow resin which has been called *Copalite, fossil copal*, or *Highgate resin.* It should be noted, however, that the term "fossil copal" has also been applied to the East African copal of the present day. For it is remarkable that much of this resin is found at depth of two or three feet beneath the surface, in districts near Zanzibar, where there is not at the present day a single copal-tree. So again the dammar resin, secreted by the kowrie-pine of New Zealand, is often found embedded in the ground. Such resins may perhaps be best termed *semi-fossil;* they differ essentially from amber and from other resins which are truly fossil, inasmuch as they are the products of trees now living, while the amber-trees are altogether extinct.

It was shown many years ago by Professor Goeppert, of Breslau, that the amber-yielding trees must have been closely allied to the pine-trees of the present day. Pieces of wood, more or less altered, are occasionally found in such intimate association with the amber as to prove beyond doubt that they represent the very trees which yielded the fossil resin. The amber is found attached to the wood, or penetrating between the wood and the bark, or even between the rings of the stem which indicate annual growth. Fig. 4 shows the characteristic microscopic structure of the wood of the amber-tree. The principal tree has been termed by Goeppert *Pinites succinifer.* Other trees, however, no doubt contributed to the production of the resin. These amber-trees, as we learn by studying associated remains, were accompanied by various species of oak, beech, birch, willow, camphor-trees, ferns and other plants, mostly belonging, however, to species which are no longer living, and thus indicating the remote antiquity of the amber flora.

As to the animal remains which are enshrined in amber, these consist of just such creatures as we might expect to find creeping over the trunks of trees in the amber forests. They are chiefly insects, spiders and small crustaceans, like wood-lice. It is not surprising that the spiders are especially numerous, inasmuch as these creatures would be found dwelling beneath the bark, or seated on the surface of the tree in such positions as to be readily overwhelmed by the flowing amber. A piece of a bird's feather has been recorded among the inclosures in amber, but it need scarcely be said that specimens with small fish and even frogs, such as are occasionally offered for sale as remarkable curiosities, and are often figured in old works on natural history, are nothing but artificial productions. A suitable piece of amber is skillfully hollowed out into a cavity upon its under side, and into this cavity the organism is introduced; the orifice is then so neatly sealed up that the mode of insertion is not detected by an unpracticed eye. It is worth noting that two pieces of amber may readily be united by smearing the surfaces with linseed-oil, and pressing them together while warm. In like manner, it is merely necessary to steep the amber in hot oil in order to soften it, so that it may be bent into almost any desired shape.

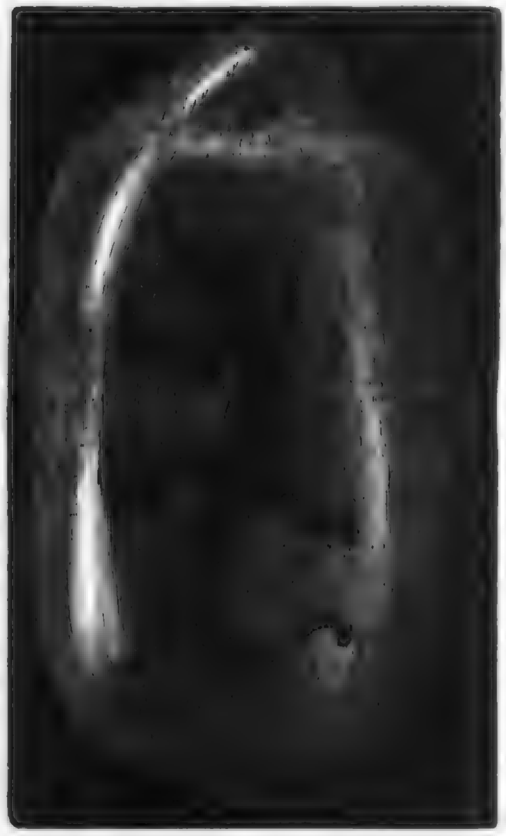


FIG. 1.—A LIZARD IMPRISONED IN A PIECE OF AMBER.

Looking at the geographical distribution of amber, it is clear that the extinct trees which yielded this resin must have flourished over a very wide area; while the vast quantity of amber which has for so many ages been obtained from the Baltic coast indicates the local luxuriance of the amber-pines.

All over the wide plains of North Germany amber may be found, in association with the lignites of the Tertiary series; but its principal locality is on the Prussian shores of the Baltic Sea, especially between Dantzig and Memel. There it is found in the "amber-earth," which is a loose clayey sandstone presenting, when fresh, a bluish color, whence it is also termed "blue earth." The position of the principal amber-bearing bed, in relation to the overlying strata, is shown in Fig. 5. From the presence of sharks' teeth and other fossils in this blue earth, it is evident that the bed is of marine formation; while the dull and worn surface of the nodules of amber which it contains naturally leads to the supposition that the pieces of resin must have been rolled about on the shore or washed by the sea before they became embedded in this sandy deposit. The amber-beds belong to that division of the Tertiary series which is known as the Miocene.

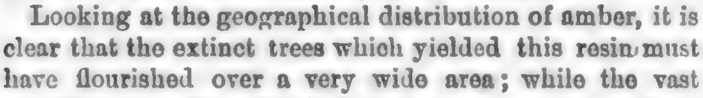


FIG. 2.—VEGETABLE REMAINS IN AMBER.

The chief, if not the only, locality where amber is systematically worked by underground excavations, is at Palmnicken, in the peninsula of Samland, in Eastern Prussia. The earth from these mines is brought to the surface and carefully washed, when the pieces of amber are picked out and sorted for the market. At many points along the Pomeranian and Prussian shores of the Baltic the amber is dug from the soil or picked from the cliffs. Sometimes the amber-gatherers explore the face of the cliffs in boats, and detach the amber by means of long poles. Others, again, merely collect the pieces which are cast ashore by the sea. The waves beating upon the cliffs, or tearing up the deep-seated beds, wash out the masses of amber. After a storm the detached nodules are heaved to the surface and floated to the shore. The amber-fishers, clad in leathern dresses, wade into the sea and fish for the amber with nets, or pick it from among the stones on the margin of the shore, just beneath the sea-level, while in deeper water they obtain it by dredging, or even by diving.

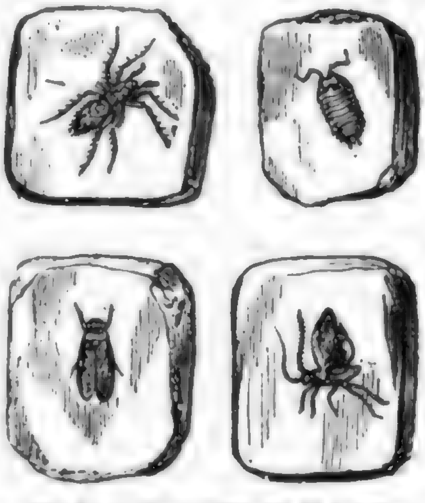


FIG. 3.—ANIMAL REMAINS IN AMBER.

Most of the rough amber finds its way to Dantzig and Königsberg, where the trade is almost entirely in the hands of Jewish merchants. Some of the amber of commerce also comes from the western coast of Denmark, and the substance is likewise found on the southeastern coast of Sweden.

Occasionally pieces of amber are cast upon the eastern shores of England, especially near Aldborough, in Suffolk. It was also dug up many years ago in the old gravel-pits at Kensington. Some beautiful varieties of amber are found in Sicily, and important deposits are known in the neighborhood of Bologna. It also occurs in the vicinity of the sulphur-mines of Cesena, in the Romagna, and has occasionally been found in Galicia, Silesia, Roumania, and elsewhere.

Much of the Italian amber is remarkable for its beautiful opalescence, or cloudy play of color. The color of amber is subject to considerable diversity, some varieties being of a pale primrose-tint, or even quite white, while others present a deep reddish-brown color, occasionally so dense as to appear nearly black. The variety most prized by the Orientals, who are great admirers of this material, is the straw-yellow amber, slightly clouded. Every Turk, however poor, strives to get an amber mouthpiece for his pipe, not only because the substance is beautiful in itself, but on account of the popular notion that it is incapable of transmitting infection—a point of some importance with people who hold it to be a mark of friendship to pass the pipe from mouth to mouth.

Amber has been a favorite material for ornamental purposes from a very early period. Homer, as the Rev. C. W. King has pointed out, makes no mention of any gem in his minute description of various jewels save the amber which decorated the gold necklace offered by the Phœnician trader to the Queen of Syra. It was one of the Seven Sages of Greece—Thales of Miletus—who discovered the remarkable property which amber possesses, when rubbed, of attracting light bodies. This is the very oldest experiment recorded in the annals of electrical science. Indeed, the word "electricity" comes immediately from *electron*, the Greek name of amber. Possibly the word "electron" itself had reference to the characteristic yellow color of amber, for it is notable that a pale-yellow alloy of gold and silver was also called "electron." As to our own modern word *amber*, it comes, like so many of our scientific words, from an Arab source.

By the Romans amber was so highly prized that Pliny tells us a small figure carved in this substance would fetch, in his day, more than a healthy living slave. Roman ladies at one period were in the habit of carrying a ball of amber in the hand, for sake of the delicate balsamic odor which it emitted when warmed in this way. The German campaign of Germanicus led to an exact knowledge of the great amber-yielding locality on the Baltic. In the reign of Nero, who was a passionate admirer of this substance, a Roman knight was dispatched to inquire into the amber trade, and thereupon the king of the amber-gatherers sent a present of 13,000 pounds to the emperor. The chief amber-yielding locality was known to the Romans as *Glesaria*, and the substance itself was termed by the old German tribes *gles*, or *glas*, a word with which our modern *glass* is closely connected.

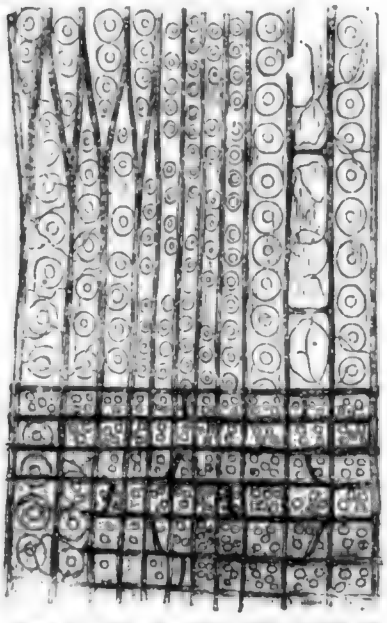


FIG. 4.—MICROSCOPIC STRUCTURE OF THE WOOD OF THE AMBER-TREE.

It appears that when the Teutonic tribes settled in England they brought with them much amber, for beads and necklaces of this material are common in the Anglo-Saxon burial-mounds. But there is indisputable evidence that amber was known and prized in England in prehistoric times, probably ages before an Englishman ever set foot upon its shores.

If the reader should ever visit the Brighton Museum, in England, he will there find, carefully treasured in one of the glass cases, the finest example of ancient amberwork ever found in that country. It is an amber cup (Fig. 6), holding a good half-pint, and showing by the concentric markings upon its surface that it must have been turned in the lathe. This unique specimen was found many years ago in a tumulus, or burial-mound, at Hove, in Sussex. In the same barrow there had also been deposited a bronze dagger, a double-edged stone ax and a whetstone. It is probable that the amber vessel was an imported article, for it is doubtful whether such an object could have been wrought in that country at so early a period. But whether the workmanship be native or not, it is almost certain that the raw material was of foreign origin; and it is a well-established fact that a widely-extended trade in amber was carried on at a very early period.

Such enterprising people as the Phœnicians, the Etruscans, and the early Greeks, tempted by the great value of amber, pushed their way fearlessly across Europe, and came into commercial relations with the peoples of the North. By intercourse with the tribes dwelling on the Prussian and Danish coasts amber was freely obtained and carried to the south of Europe by these early pioneers of commerce.

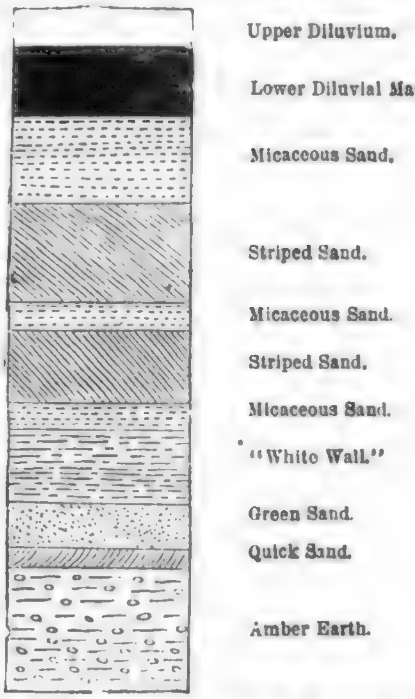


FIG. 5.—GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE COAST OF SAMLAND, NEAR GROSS HUBNICKEN, SHOWING POSITION OF THE AMBER-EARTH.

It was thus that amber was to be had at Olbia, on the Black Sea, or at Adria, at the head of the Adriatic, or at Massilia, in the south of Gaul; and from these ports it was readily distributed throughout the civilized world.

It is curious to reflect how so trivial a substance as the fossil resin of the Tertiary pine forests became in this way a means of opening up at a very remote period important lines of commerce between the north and the south of Europe, and by thus bringing distant peoples into relation with each other, assisted in dispersing a knowledge of the arts of life over a vast area. A piece of amber, in short, became a powerful factor in the early history of European civilization.

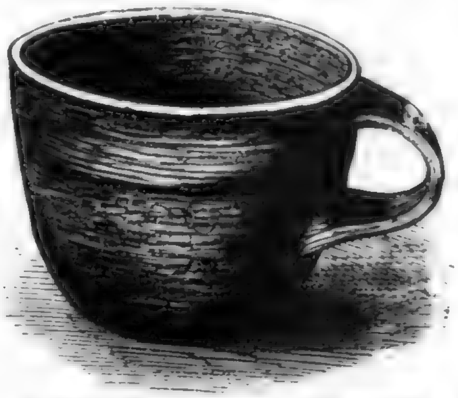


FIG. 6.—ANCIENT AMBER CUP FOUND IN A BARROW AT HOVE, NEAR BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

The Spring of 1882 has exhibited unwonted severity and want of punctuality, even for an American Spring. Ethereal mildness would not come, or, if for one day it appeared, its disappearance was more speedy than its arrival had been.

A few warm days in March and then a biting frost in April had, the fruit-growers say, ruined the crop, although the ruin of the peaches has now become a proverb rather than a fact. Nor do we care so much, since we have the freckled apricots of California to fall back upon.

The roses—truly our immediate June emotion—are finer than ever. Klunder and Long gave a reception—a rose-tea or a tea-rose—to the ladies of New York in late April days, where they exhibited the most beautiful varieties of the imperial flower; and now as we see the same in garden-beds, we are persuaded that the rose in America will rival the rose in England in time.

Up to this year, however, we have not been able to raise roses which compared with those of England. The rose loves cold and damp atmosphere, and is blighted by our sudden dryness and heat. Still we never fail of a rose.

"Three hundred times has June renewed
Her roses since that day,"

wrote Bryant of a certain tercenary.

Alas! that the roses of this June drop their leaves on the grave of the American Anacreon; he who sang so gently of Evangeline and Hiawatha; he who so dearly "loved a lover"; who sang in the "Golden Legend" the song of good wine and of chivalrous gentlemen; who told in prose his own delicate love-story. Longfellow, the beautiful old man, the poet of the perfect life, the poet of Spring, of children, of the more tender phases of the human heart; the poet of culture; the poet with an academic flavor; the man of serene virtues and of regulated pulses; the man who committed no eccentric faults, but was as musical as his meters, he has gone, and the whole world is poorer.

It was the most touching incident in the last days of Longfellow that his birthday was especially celebrated at the Massachusetts Blind Asylum by the poor children and men and women who read with their fingers. Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos, the gifted daughter of Dr. Samuel G. and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on whose delicate shoulders has fallen the double mantle of her father's philanthropy and her mother's genius, wrote for that occasion a charming dialogue spoken by five blind boys, in which Longfellow was pronounced the "Poet of Spring," and after this dialogue these afflicted children repeated the "Psalm of Life."

Who would not have borne the sorrows of seventy-five years to have heard *them* say:

"Life is real, life is earnest!"

with the high hope which poetry inspires! But Longfellow's life was, with the exception of one dreadful tragedy, singularly tranquil and happy. He had few sorrows and no disappointments.

In the decay of his health and the necessary retirement of old age, these echoes from the outer world were the solace of the dying poet. He felt the singular beauty of his own destiny as the schools all over the country sent in their tributes to him; he knew that he had put his ear to the confessional of posterity, and for that future does the poet long to sing. Flowers were very dear to him, and to a lady who sent him a basket of them on March 7th, he wrote: "I thank you for this volume of lyrics from the hand of a Master. If I could, I would write you a poem on them! But that might be more stupid than my prose. Let me refer you to Horace Smith's 'Hymn to the Flowers'—a little studied, perhaps, but very charming."

And so, crowned with flowers, passed away the most famous and honorable life in the annals of contemporaneous American poetry—that of Henry W. Longfellow.

New York has her "Spring sensations," one of which is the opening of the Academy of Design. Its fifty-seventh exhibition has not been loudly praised, and yet the first picture mentioned in the catalogue—"An Eastern Lady," by F. A. Bridgman—is a brilliant thing. Very natural, individual, and good, too, is the "Interior of Biskra House," by the same artist. Rosina Emmet's "Waiting for the Doctor" is admirable. She is "hard to beat," this young artist. "On the St. John's River," by Thomas Moran, is Turneresque and very pretty. A landscape, by Albert P. Ryder, is most poetic. "Waves off Pier Head," by Elihu Vedder, fine; "The Days That Are No More," by C. Y. Turner, lovely; "Winter," by Macy, not bad; "The Ruins of a Moorish Mosque," by Samuel Coleman, and "Dutch Shipping," by the same; "The Portrait of a Lady," by our American Teniers—Eastman Johnson—all very fine; "The Bridge of Sighs," by Walter L. Palmer—our coming Canaletto—charming, and a dining-room interior, by the same, admirably done. All these struck the Opera-glass as it wandered aimlessly through the rooms. "A Cavalier," by Charles N. Flagg, delicately done; the admirable modeling of flesh, by Carroll Beckwith, in a piece called "Azalie," reminds one that this artist gives unusual promise; and "The Milkmaid of Popindrecht," by J. Alden Weir, exquisite; Edwin M. Blashford tells well the story of the Bunker Hill morning, when the farmers

"Fired that shot heard round the world";

and Gilbert Gaul's "Charging the Battery" is spirited.

The Opera-glass goes to a picture-gallery without a catalogue, and looks at what will not allow itself to be passed, then buys a catalogue to trace out who has thus seized upon its range of vision.

Altogether the plan is not a bad one, nor did the Opera-glass fail to see William P. W. Dana's "Episode in the Chase of the Frigate *Constitution*," owned by William Astor—a good picture, as is "Brush Burning" by Edward Moran.

American art advances steadily, although with an occasional halt. There is not as much done in water-color as there should be. We are still far behind the English.

The English artists resident amongst us are raising the tone of water-color, and amongst those who thus deserve honorable mention we notice the flower pieces of William Pretyman, of Albany; also his "Niagara."

Patti sang her last liquid note to us, and ran away in April, but promises to come back. Indeed, that excited audience at Wallack's old theatre, those flowers, and the ducats ("oh! my ducats") must have made an impression on her musical and money-loving organization.

Amongst the Spring sensations who can forget the doggies—the dear doggies!

The Dog-show was rich in dangerous dogs. "Cecil," a Chesapeake Bay dog, slipped his collar, and was only chained with great difficulty. "Ben," the champion bull-dog, came into very close quarters with a lady's arm. These are painful episodes, and should not happen again. The growing taste for collies was largely ministered unto, but the club medal prize was given "Croxtette," a pointer, owned by A. E. Godeffroy. Some splendid St. Bernards added their bowwow to the scene, and the funny crooked-legged "Dachshundes" came in for silver medals. "Rab and his Friends" were amongst these.

At the parade of the prize-winners, all the fashion of New York was present, and the musical notes of hundreds of tired puppies pleaded for freedom. It is a sure thing that half of them went into hospital. They always get ill, poor dogs, when thus brought to a Bench Show.

In the theatrical world the "Merry War," by Johann Strauss, the prettiest and gayest opera bouffe of the day, found ample encouragement at the Thalia Theatre. What capital actresses, what pretty dresses, what a satisfactory tenor and baritone, what *fun*, what successful *mises en scène* these amiable Germans give us! They are far ahead of the American actors just now. The music is beautiful, and the piece delightfully amusing.

Edwin Booth gave his remarkable impersonation of *Bertuccio* in "The Fool's Revenge," and his other great characters at Booth's Treatre in the late Spring, assisted by Miss Bella Pateman, who played admirably in a "fourteenth century Florentine manner."

Mr. Booth steadily improves. Mannerisms drop away, the old force increases. It is a pleasing union of two famous American names as we read that Lilian Taylor, daughter of "Bayard the Brave," has lately translated, with great success, two of Edwin Booth's acting plays into the German, receiving a thousand dollars for the work. Mr. Booth will use this translation during his German engagement in the coming Summer.

All lovers of music, and those who regret that musical instruction cannot be made cheaper, will gladly learn that the munificent bequest of a million of dollars left for a Musical Academy by Mr. Wood is about to take form and become a fact.

In the meantime the question of throwing open Columbia College to female students has been much agitated. Some of the best names in New York are to be found advocating this plan, and a meeting, at which Mr. Parke Godwin presided, was held at the Union League Club, to advance this theory. While wishing for women every advantage, and particularly desiring that they should be taught the solid and useful branches which go to make up the real side of a valuable education, it does occur to the practical that there are grave objections to the co-education of the sexes, particularly in a large city, and with the impersonal teaching of a college. While we have Vassar and the Normal College, it would seem that both rich and poor are alike able to gain all the instruction that a woman can need to make of her—even a *savant.*

Young men have a feeling of pride and of good fellowship in their exclusive college life, with its boating and ball-playing, into which woman does not properly enter.

The shopping-woman of the period hears with dismay that "Stewart's" is to be closed for ever. It has been in its day the greatest shopping palace in the world, and although since the death of Mr. Stewart it has lost its primal force and vigor, it has always been a sight to show to a foreigner. No greater proof of its power could be offered than that a dozen or more shops confess to have lived upon its mere droppings, and as the crowd rushed to buy things "cheap," these neighbors of the Jumbo of all drygoods elephants have profited largely.

And since he has come in as a neighbor, let us have Jumbo in "on all fours." He is a worthy giant, indeed. "The largest animal on the face of the earth," Mr. Barnum says. How he recalls the antediluvian age, from which he has been left over! His temper, which has become a matter of national English concern, is soured by time and disappointment, and it was cruel to take him from his "auld wife," Alice (who did not mind his little domestic tantrums). But Jumbo should now be allowed to live and die here on this solid continent, which is large enough to hold him, and he should not be made to suffer on a steamship at the will of any number of pygmy men. It is the sad fable of Gulliver realized.

The springtime was rich in weddings, amongst others that of Mr. Victor Drummond to Miss Lillie Lamson, one of the most elegant and aristocratic of brides. Mr. Drummond has been long and favorably known as Secretary of Legation at Washington, and is the nephew of the famous and eccentric Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who came very near her great-aunt, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her indifference to dress and in her love of adventure. When she visited America, in 1840, she spent a week at Marshfield with Mr. and Mrs. Webster. Thirteen trunks accompanied her, and, of course, the young ladies of the house looked anxiously for the beautiful dresses of the English lady of rank. Alas, no! she wore a shabby old gown, and india-rubbers on her feet during her whole visit, and the thirteen trunks remainded unlocked. They must have held her MSS.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's book on America was well spoken of at the time, but such works are ephemeral. Nothing has lasted but Dickens's "American Notes." They are as fresh as June itself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Ozone Formed by Light.—An interesting discovery is announced from Paris by M. J. Dessan a French chemist, who has been for years engaged in the study of oxygen and ozone. He finds that oxygen can be transformed directly into ozone by the rays of light. The oxygen he used in his experiments was prepared from chlorate of potash, and very pure. It was contained in a glass bell-jar, which, together with all the other vessels employed, was coated with blackened paper to exclude the light and keep the oxygen dark. While in this condition the oxygen had no action in the ozone test with which it communicated; but when the rays from an oxy-hydrogen limelight were reflected upon the bell-jar so as to fall upon the gas within for twenty-five minutes, the solution of iodide of potash and amidou used as an ozone test became blue, and indicated the presence of that substance. The discovery, if it be sufficiently verified, will throw considerable light on the physiological action of solar radiation.

Nickel-Plating.—A simple process of nickel-plating by boiling has been described by Dr. Kaiser. A bath of pure granulated tin, tartar and pure water is prepared, and after being heated to the boiling-point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve, and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel. If a little carbonate or tartrate of cobalt is added to the bath, a bluish shade, either light or dark, may be given the coating, which becomes very brilliant when it is properly polished with chalk or dry sawdust.

Absorption of Oxygen in Coal-Mines.—The Belgian Academy of Sciences has received a report on the researches made by M. Fabre, regarding the diseases to which coal-miners are especially liable. He finds that, as coal absorbs rapidly up to one hundred times its own volume of oxygen, the air which the miners have to breathe is deprived of oxygen to a hurtful degree; the atmosphere of a mine is also further vitiated by the gaseous carbon compounds given off by the slow combustion of the coal. M. Fabre concludes that a supply of air is more essential than that of light, and even the best ventilated mines require better ventilation.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why is Twenty-second Street the most æsthetic street in the city? Because it's too too (22).

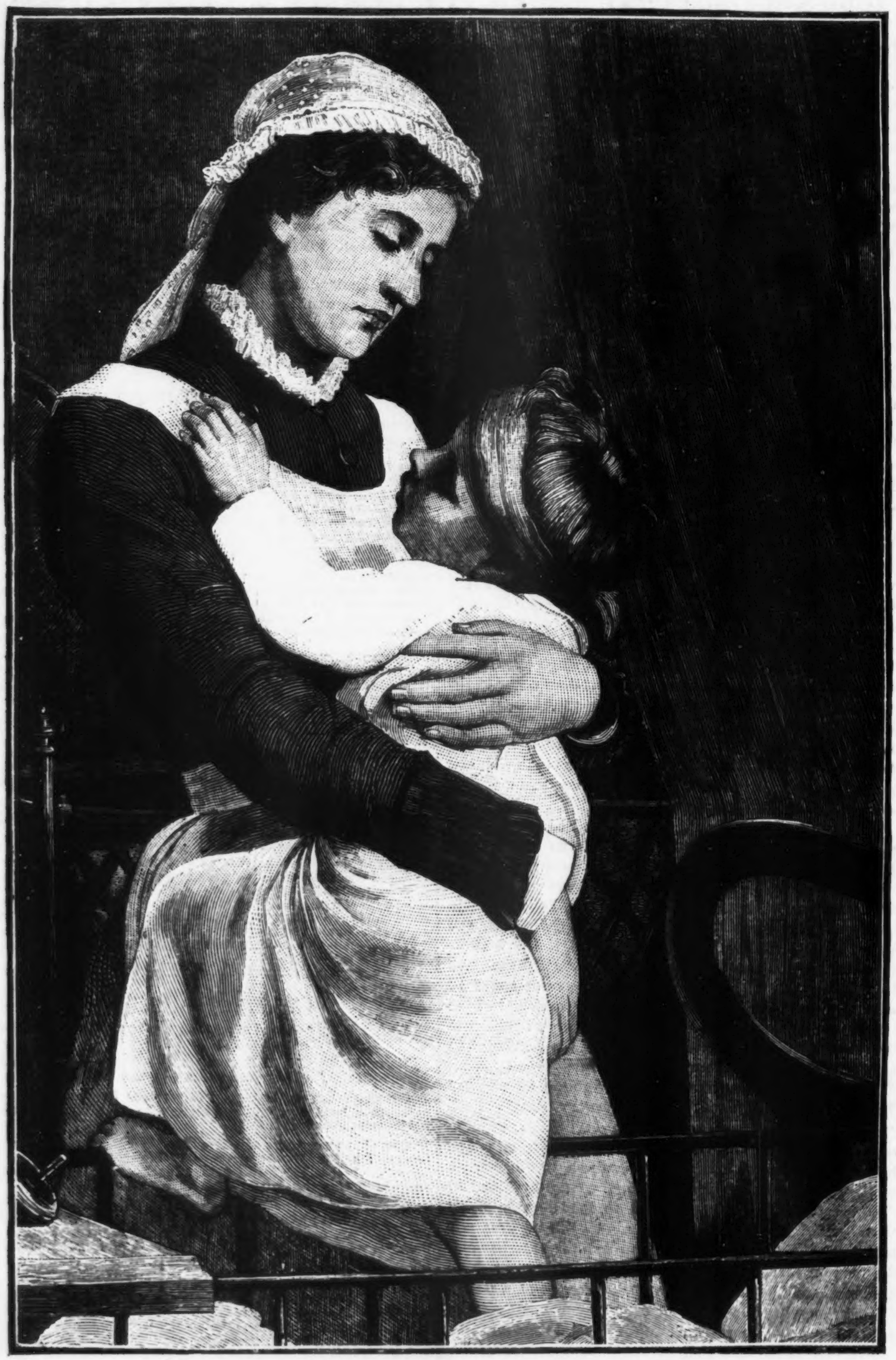
What is the most æsthetic of nations? Ans. The Arabs, because their life is always intense (in tents).

Chesterfield used to say, "Never walk fast; a gentlemen is never in a hurry." But, then, there were no railroad trains or horse-cars to catch in his day.

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sur," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments lying on the table.

At a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman; "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the middle of the front row."

Little Gracie had been told that it was impolite to take the last biscuit on the table. The other morning, at breakfast, she was observed to gaze long and earnestly at the solitary biscuit on the bread-plate. The temptation at last proved too great. Reaching for the coveted morsel, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I'se almost 'tarved! I dess I won't be polite to-day. I'll wait till tome day when I ain't so hungry."



THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.— FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Gen. Lit